THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

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From the painting by Ed. Grützner.

Falstaff ("The Merry Wives of Windsor").

Falstaff. "Myself, and skirted page."

Act I., Sc. III.

THE MODERN READERS
SHAKESPEARE

With Notes and Comments by HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, M.A.,
ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A., C. H. HERFORD, Litt. D.,
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VOLUME VI

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

KING HENRY VIII

SOCIETY OF SHAKESPEAREAN EDITORS
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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE EDITIONS

The earliest known edition of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is a Quarto printed in 1602, with the following title-page:—

"A most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedie, of Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* and the merrie Wiues of *Windsor*. Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors of Sir *Hugh* the Welch Knight, Iustice *Shallow*, and his wise Cousin M. *Slender*. With the swaggering vaine of Auncient *Pistoll*, and Corporall *Nym*. By *William Shakespeare*. As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaines Seruants. Both before her Maiestie, and elsewhere. London Printed by T. C. for Arthur Iohnson, and are to be sold at his shop in Powles Church-yard, at the signe of the Flower de Leuse and the Crowne" (reprinted in the Cambridge Shakespeare and in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library;* a facsimile is included in Dr. Furnivall's Shakespeare Quartos, Quaritch). A second Quarto, a mere reprint of the first, appeared in 1619.

In the first Folio the play occupies pp. 39–60; its length there is more than double that of the Quartos, from which it differs to such an extent as to give the impression of being a revised and expanded version of a mere garbled and pirated sketch.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The first Quarto was entered in the Stationers' Registers under date January 18, 1602; the play was probably writ-

ten after *Henry V*, *i. e.* after the middle of the year 1599. In the epilogue to *II Henry IV* a promise had been given to continue the story with Sir John in it; this promise was not kept in *Henry V;* and *The Merry Wives*, according to a well authenticated tradition, was composed by command of the Queen, "who obliged Shakespeare to write a Play of Sir John Falstaff in Love, and which I am very well assured he performed in a fortnight: a prodigious thing when all is well contrived, and carried on without the least confusion" (Gildon, 1710; Dennis first mentions the tradition in 1702; *cp.* title-page of 1602 edition).

The date of the first composition of the play may with certainty be placed at about 1600 (probably Christmas 1599).[1]

An old tradition identifies Justice Shallow with Shakespeare's old enemy, Sir Thomas Lucy (of the deer-poaching story); Lucy died in July, 1600, and it is held by some that the poet would not have waited "till his butt was in the grave before he aimed his shafts at him." At the same time it is noteworthy that the "dozen white luces" is only found in the Folio, not in the Quarto editions.

THE RELATION OF THE QUARTO AND FOLIO VERSIONS

The question at issue, on which scholars are divided, is whether the Quarto represents a pirated edition of an early sketch of the play, revised and enlarged in the first Folio version, or whether both versions are to be referred back to the same original. In support of the former theory it is alleged that the substitution of "King" in the Folio (I, i, 119) for "council" of the Quarto, the possible reference to the cheapening of knighthood ("These knights

[1] Shakespeare acted in *Every Man in His Humour* in 1598, and the two plays have much in common (*cp. e. g.* Ford and Kitely; Nym's reiteration of "humor," &c.).

In the "Return from Parnassus" acted at Cambridge, probably Christmas, 1601, the French Doctor is obviously an imitation of Dr. Caius.

will hack," II, i, 55), and similar internal evidence, point to the reign of James I; these scholars therefore date the Folio version about 1605. On the other hand, Mr. Daniel (Introduction to his editions) maintains that "the character of the publishers of the Quarto, its proved omissions, its recomposed passages (*i. e.* passages actually the work not of Shakespeare, but of the note-taker), its retention of (essential) passages omitted in the Folio, the complication in both of the time-plot . . . . . lead almost inevitably to the conclusion that there was but one original for both Quarto and Folio." He points out further that the alleged internal evidence of later revision is of little real value, but it is somewhat difficult to get rid of these minutiæ, and some slight revision after 1603 is not inconsistent with this latter theory.

THE SOURCES

The comedy of contemporary manners probably owed very little to older plays or novels, but it contains incidents not uncommon in Italian and other stories. In the following tales a suspicious husband is baffled much in the same way as Master Ford:—(1) The tale from *Il Pecorone di Ser Giovanni Fiorentino;* (2) The old English version of this story in *The Fortunate, the Deceived, and the Unfortunate Lovers,* 1632, reprinted in 1685; (3) The Tale in *Straparola* similar to that in *Il Pecorone;* (4) The Tales of the Two Lovers of Pisa, from Tarlton's *Newes out of Pergatorie,* 1590; (5) The second tale from *Straparola,* in which the youth makes love to three ladies at once (*cp.* Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library,* Part I, vol. iii).

HERNE

It would seem that there existed in Shakespeare's day a tradition at Windsor that Herne was one of the keepers of the Park, who, having committed an offense for which he feared to be disgraced, hung himself upon an oak, which was ever afterwards haunted by his ghost.

The difference between the Quarto and Folio reference to the story is noteworthy; the former reads:—

"Oft have you heard since Horne the hunter dyed . . ."

The Folio makes the tale a more ancient one (*cp.* IV. iv. 37–39).

The earliest notice of "Herne's oak" is in a *Plan of the Town and Castle of Windsor and Little Park* (Eton, 1742); in the map a tree marked "Sir John Falstaff's oak" is represented as being on the edge of a pit just on the outside of an avenue which was formed in the seventeenth century, and known as Queen Elizabeth's Walk. Halliwell first printed, in his edition of the Quarto, a set of verses *Upon Herne's Oak being cut down in the spring of 1796.* Antiquarian research has demonstrated the exactness of Shakespeare's knowledge of Old Windsor (*cp.* Tighe and Davis' *Annals of Windsor*, Vol. I, pp. 673–686).

DURATION OF ACTION

As the play stands in the Quartos and Folios it is impossible to arrange the time consistently, owing to the confusion as regards Falstaff's interviews with the Merry Wives in Act III, sc. v; the errors are probably due to compression of the play for stage purposes. The first part of the scene, according to Mr. Daniel (*Translations of New Shakespeare Society*, 1878–9), is inseparably connected with the day of Falstaff's first interview with Mrs. Ford; the second part is as inseparably connected with the day of the second interview. The first part clearly shows us Falstaff in the afternoon, just escaped from his ducking in the Thames; the second part as clearly shows him in the early morning about to keep his second appointment with Mrs. Ford. He proposes to make Ford's portion of the scene commence the 4th Act, changing *good morrow* into *good even* (Act III, v, 29) and *this morning* into *to-morrow morning* (Act III, v, 47). According to this arrangement the following time analysis

would result:—Day 1, Act I, sc. i to iv; Day 2, Act II, sc. i to iii, Act III, sc. i to iv, and the Quickly portion of scene v; Day 3, the Ford portion of Act III, sc. v, to end of the play.

If this suggestion is carried out, a further change is necessary in Act V, i, 14, where *this morning* should be read in place of *yesterday*.

TIME OF ACTION

Though the play was in all probability composed after *Henry V*, the action may be supposed to take place after the events recorded at the end of II *Henry IV;* the further degradation of the character of Falstaff in *The Merry Wives* belongs to the early years of "the madcap prince's" reign, when he had already renounced "the tutor and the feeder of his riot." The characters intimately associated with Falstaff were transferred with him from II *Henry IV*, with the exception of "Nym," who appears for the first time in *Henry V;* Shallow's "cousin," Slender, of *The Merry Wives*, takes the place of "Silence" of II *Henry IV;* Mistress Quickly is identical only in name with the Hostess Quickly of *Henry IV*, and *Henry V*.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The Merry Wives of Windsor, as we have it, was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies the third place in the list of Comedies. An imperfect and probably fraudulent edition, however, came out in 1602, and was reprinted in 1619. In this edition the play is but about half as long as in the authentic copy of 1623; the scenes following each other in the same order, except in one instance; and some prose parts being printed in the manner of verse. Much question has been made, whether the impression of 1602 were from a correct copy of an unfinished play, or from a report stolen at the theater and mangled in the stealing.

Of course every reader of Shakespeare has heard the tradition that Queen Elizabeth, upon witnessing the performance of *Henry IV*, was so taken with Falstaff that she forthwith requested the Poet to represent him in the quality of a lover; in compliance with which request he wrote *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Queen Elizabeth was indeed a great woman, and did some great things: but if it were certain that she was thus the occasion of this play, there are many who would not scruple to set it down as the best thing she had any agency in bringing to pass; and another many who might regard it as the best but one. If this be wrong, there is no help for it; for such, assuredly, will always be the case so long as men can "laugh and grow fat."

But there is much diversity of judgment touching the amount of credit due to this tradition. Mr. Collier says: "When traced to its source, it can be carried back no

further than 1702: John Dennis in that year printed his *Comical Gallant*, founded upon *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and in the dedication he states that 'the comedy was written at the command of Queen Elizabeth, and by her direction; and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days.' Dennis gives no authority for any part of this assertion: but because he knew Dryden, it is supposed to have come from him; and because Dryden was acquainted with Davenant, it has been conjectured that the latter communicated it to the former. We own that we place little or no reliance on the story, especially recollecting that Dennis had to make out a case in favor of his alterations, by showing that Shakespeare had composed the comedy in an incredibly short period, and consequently that it was capable of improvement."

All which is clever and spirited enough, but strikes us as a rather too summary disposing of the matter; the tradition not being incredible in itself, nor the immediate sources of it unentitled to confidence: for, granting that "Dennis had to make out a case in favor of his alterations," would he not be more likely to avail himself of something generally received, than to get up so questionable a fabrication? The date of his statement was but eighty-six years after the Poet's death;—a time when much traditionary matter, handed down from the reign of Elizabeth, was doubtless in circulation, that had not yet got into print: Dennis moved more or less in the literary circle of which Dryden was the center; and that circle, however degenerate, was the lineal successor of the glorious constellation gathered about Shakespeare. It is considerable that Dennis gave no reason for the Queen's alleged request; which reason Rowe a few years later stated to be the pleasure she had from Falstaff in *Henry IV;* —a difference of statement that rather goes to accredit the substance of the tradition, because it looks as if both drew from a common source, not one from the other; each using such and so much of the traditionary matter

as would best serve his turn. Their account, or rather, perhaps, the general belief from which it was taken, was received by Pope, Theobald, and other contemporaries,—men who would not be very apt to let such a matter go unsifted, or help to give it currency unless they thought there was good ground for it.

An excellent and pleasant conceited comedy of Sir John Falstaff and the Merry Wives of Windsor was entered in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, Jan. 18, 1602. The title-page of the edition which came out soon after reads thus: *A most pleasant and excellent conceited comedy of Sir John Falstaff and the Merry Wives of Windsor; intermixed with sundry variable and pleasing humours of Sir Hugh the Welch Knight, Justice Shallow, and his wise Cousin M. Slender; with the swaggering vein of Ancient Pistol, and Corporal Nym. By William Shakespeare. As it hath been divers times acted by the Right Honourable my Lord Chamberlain's servants; both before Her Majesty, and elsewhere.* We may set it down, therefore, as tolerably certain that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was performed before the Queen near the close of 1601, notwithstanding the opinion of Chalmers, that "she was then in no mood for such fooleries." And probably one reason for getting up the piratical edition of 1602 was, that the play had been "divers times acted, both before Her Majesty and elsewhere." Now, that Queen Elizabeth was capable of appreciating the genius of Falstaff, will hardly be questioned; that she had been present at the performance of *Henry IV*, is quite probable, considering the great popularity of that play as evinced in that five editions of it were published between 1598 and 1613; that, having seen the irresistible Knight as there presented, she should desire to see more of him, was certainly natural enough: all which being granted, there appears nothing to hinder, either that she should request the Poet to continue the character through another play, or that he should hasten to comply with the request. Moreover, we learn from the *Accounts of the Revels at Court,*

that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was acted before King James, in November, 1604. May we not justly conclude, then, that this was probably one of the plays referred to by Ben Jonson in his noble poem, *To the Memory of my beloved Mr. William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us?*

> "Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were,
> To see thee in our waters yet appear;
> And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
> That so did take Eliza and our James!"

So that, upon the whole, we can by no means bring ourselves to regard the forecited tradition with the contempt which Mr. Collier seems to think it deserves. The only part of it that much troubles us to digest, is that concerning the time wherein it makes the play to have been written: this, we confess, staggers us somewhat: yet, supposing it to be false, it does not greatly invalidate the substance of the tradition; and we are well assured that the play, as published in 1602, might well enough have been written by *Shakespeare* within the time alleged. The question, therefore, turns somewhat upon the point, whether that edition was from a correct copy of an imperfect and unfinished play, a sort of rough draught hastily gotten up for the occasion, or from a false and mutilated copy stolen from the actors' lips by incompetent reporters, to gratify the cupidity of unscrupulous publishers. This question we have not room to discuss; and, if we had, the long discussions, indulged in by former critics to little purpose, shuts us up from all hope of being able ever to determine it. We may remark, however, there can be little doubt that the edition of 1602 was fraudulent and surreptitious; though this need not infer but that it may have been from a faithful copy fraudulently obtained for the press. Yet there are some things in it, such as the printing of prose so as to look like verse, which go to show that it was partly taken down as spoken, and partly made up from memory; the pirates apparently having no ear to distinguish prose and verse, and so presuming it to be

poetry, because written by a poet. That such frauds and piracies were practiced with some of Shakespeare's plays, scarce admits of dispute. But, for aught appears, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* may have been at that time very imperfect and inferior to what it is now, and yet the first edition a stolen and mangled copy of the play as it then was. And, whether from a correct or from a mutilated transcript, that edition contains passages of which no traces are discoverable in the play as it now stands. Such is the following from the fifth act:

> "*Sir Hugh.* Go you and see where brokers sleep,
> And fox-ey'd serjeants, with their mace;
> Go lay the proctors in the street,
> And pinch the lousy serjeant's face:
> Spare none of these when they're a-bed,
> But such whose nose looks blue and red.
> *Quickly.* Away, begone; his mind fulfil,
> And look that none of you stand still:
> Some do that thing, some do this,
> All do something, none amiss."

There being no corresponding passage in the later edition strongly argues that the play, at least in this part, was entirely rewritten after the first copy was taken for the press; for men, whether purloining a manuscript or reporting it as spoken, would obviously be much more apt to omit or alter words and sentences, than to make additions or put in quite other matter. On the other hand, the authentic edition has some passages that can hardly be explained but upon the supposal that the play was revised, and those passages inserted, after the accession of James in the spring of 1603. Such is the odd reason Mrs. Page gives Mrs. Ford for declining to share the honor of Knighthood with Sir John: "These knights will *hack;* and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry:" which can scarce bear any other sense than as referring to the prodigality with which the King dispensed those honors in the first of his reign; Knighthood being thereby in a way to grow so *hackneyed* that it would

rather be an honor not to have been dubbed. And, indeed, perhaps it may as well be noted here, that many of Shakespeare's plays apparently underwent so many revisals and improvements between the first sketching and the last finishing of them, that any allusions they may contain to the events of his time afford a very uncertain clew to the date of their original composition.

There remains a question of some interest as to the time when *The Merry Wives* was first written; whether before or after Henry IV; for, if before, this at once upsets that part of the tradition which assigns the huge delight the Queen had at seeing Falstaff in wit and war, as the cause of her requesting to see him in love. Knight and Halliwell, taking the edition of 1602 as a faithful, though perhaps surreptitious, copy of the play as then written, date "the original sketch" as far back as 1592 or 1593. In proof of this they urge what passes between Sir Hugh Evans, "mine Host de Jarterre," and Dr. Caius, respecting "a duke de Jarmany"; because in 1592 a German duke actually did travel in England, with such special privileges and accommodations as are indicated in the play. Mr. Knight's argument runs thus: "Now, if we knew that a real German duke had visited Windsor, (a rare occurrence in the days of Elizabeth,) we should have the date of the comedy pretty exactly fixed. The circumstance would be one of those local and temporary allusions which Shakespeare seized upon to arrest the attention of his audience. We have before us a narrative, printed in the old German language, of the journey to England of the Duke of Wurtemburg in 1592; which narrative, drawn up by his secretary, contains a daily journal of his proceedings. He was accompanied by a considerable retinue, and traveled under the name of "The Count Mombeliard."

From the resemblance of this name to Garmomble, an apparent anagram of Mumpelgart, which occurs in the copy of 1602, Mr. Knight justly infers the identity of the person. Yet the force of his reasoning is not altogether apparent, as it proceeds by a very uncertain meas-

ure between the date of an event alluded to and the date of the allusion itself. Surely, in proportion to the rareness of an occurrence and the sensation it caused, it would naturally be remembered and remarked upon afterwards: nor is it easy to see how so rare and remarkable a thing as Mr. Halliwell represents this to have been, was "a matter to be forgotten in 1601." Shakespeare's "local and temporary allusions," be it observed, were not merely for novelty and popularity, or used as ear-catchers to his audience; but for whatsoever matter he saw in them that could be made to serve the general purposes of art: and that the thing in question would not so soon be spoilt for his use, appears in the interest it has for us; and would have, even if we had never heard of any such event occurring in his time.

In further proof of his point Mr. Knight alleges several passages from the finished play, which are not found in the "original sketch," and which apparently refer to things occurring after the supposed date of that sketch. But all such arguments are at once nonsuited by the supposition, which, to say the least, is a probable one, that the edition of 1602 was not from a faithful transcript, however obtained, of an unfinished play, but from a copy fraudulently taken down and made up by unskillful reporters.

There appears no good reason, therefore, but that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* may have been written after *Henry IV*, the First Part of which was first published in 1598, and probably written the year before: that it was written earlier than 1596, nobody pretends. And that *The Merry Wives* had not been heard of in 1598, is further probable from its not being mentioned by Meres in his *Wit's Treasury*, which came out that year; for, his purpose being to approve Shakespeare "the most excellent among the English in both" comedy and tragedy, it seems rather unlikely that he would have passed by so apt a document of comic power, had it been known.

A deal of perplexity has been gotten up as to the time

of the action in this play; that is, in what period of his life Falstaff undertook the adventure at Windsor, whether before or after his exploits represented in *Henry IV*, or at some intermediate time: questions scarce worth the discussing or even the raising, but that it would hardly do to ignore a thing about which there has been so much ado. Much of this perplexity seems to have risen from confounding the order in which the several plays were made, with the order of the events described in them. Now, at the close of *Henry IV* Falstaff and his companions are banished the neighborhood of the Court, "till their conversations appear more wise and modest to the world"; and near the opening of *Henry V*, which follows hard upon the close of the former play, we have an account of Falstaff's death. And because *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was probably written after both those plays, therefore the Poet has been thought by some to have ventured upon the questionable experiment of bringing Sir John and two of his followers upon the stage after their death; just as though one could not write the latter part of a man's life, and tell the story of his last hours, and then go back and give the history of his boyhood and youth, without breaking the sacred peace of the grave. That the exploits at Windsor were before those at Gadshill, Eastcheap, and Shrewsbury, in the order of time, is shown by Mrs. Quickly's progress; who in the *Merry Wives* is a maiden and the housekeeper of Dr. Caius; but in the other plays she has become a wife, though still Quickly; then she dwells awhile in widowhood, until, the sweetness of her former marriage having taught her better than to live out of wedlock, "she taketh to herself another mate." And the same thing is further shown in Falstaff's fearing lest the noise of his shames should come to the ears of the Court; which fear could hardly be, but that he still have something there to lose: for he seems not to be aware how completely his genius in other exigencies will triumph over his failures in love-making. Nevertheless, it must be owned that the Poet, probably because the subject never

occurred to him, or because he sometimes lost the historical order of things in an overmastering sense of art, did not in all cases take care to shun such anachronisms as criticism hath delighted to find in his plays. Perhaps it should be observed in this connection, that the two parts of *Henry IV* cover a period of ten and a half years, from the battle of Homildon, September, 1402, to the death of the King, March, 1413; in which time Falstaff doubtless had intervals of leisure for such adventures as those at Windsor. So that the action of the Comedy, supposing it were not before, might well enough have taken place some time during, the action of the History. And if the former seems too early a date for the mention of "the wild Prince and Poins"; it would be considered that the Poet represents the Prince as already noted for his loose and idle courses, his connection with the rioters of Eastcheap having begun even before his father reached the throne.

For the plot and matter of *The Merry Wives*, Shakespeare was apparently little indebted to any thing but his own invention. *The Two Lovers of Pisa*, a tale borrowed from the novels of Straparola, and published in Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatorie*, 1590, is thought to have suggested some of the incidents; and the notion seems probable enough. In that Tale a young gallant falls in love with a jealous old doctor's wife, who is also young, and really encourages the unlawful passion. The gallant, not knowing the doctor, takes him for confidant and counselor in the prosecution of his suit, and is thus thwarted in all his plans. The naughty wife conceals her lover first in a basket of feathers, then between the ceilings of a room, and again in a box of deeds and valuable papers. If the Poet had any other obligations, they have not been traced clearly enough to be worth the mentioning.

As a specimen of pure comedy, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* by general concession stands unrivaled; the play being not only replete with the most ludicrous situations and predicaments, but surpassingly rich both in quality and variety of comic characterization. To say nothing

of Falstaff, who is an inexhaustible store-house of laughter-moving preparations, there is comic matter enough in the other persons to keep the world in perpetual laughter. Though historically connected with the reign of *Henry IV*, the play is otherwise a delineation of the manners and humors of the Poet's time: in which view we need but compare it with Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*, great as is the latter, to see "how much easier it was to vanquish the rest of Europe than to contend with Shakespeare."

The action of this play proceeds throughout by intrigue; meaning thereby such a complication of cross-purposes and conflicting aims, wherein the several persons strive to outwit and circumvent one another. And the stratagems all have the appropriate merit of causing a grateful surprise, and a perplexity that interests because it stops short of confusion; while the awkward and grotesque predicaments, into which the persons throw each other by their cross-plottings and counter-plottings, are often a source of exquisite diversion. The play finely illustrates, moreover, though in its own peculiar line, the general order and method of Shakespeare's art; the surrounding parts falling in with the central one, and the subordinate plots drawing, as by a hidden impulse, into harmony with the leading one: if Falstaff be doomed to repeated collapses from a hero into a butt, that others may laugh at him instead of with him, the Welch Parson and French Doctor are also defeated of their revenge, just as they are getting over the preliminary pains and vexations, and while pluming themselves with forthcoming honors are suddenly deplumed into "vlouting-stogs"; Page and his wife no sooner begin to exult in their success than they are taken down by the thrift of a counter-stratagem, and left to the double shame of ignobly failing in a disreputable undertaking; and Ford's jealousy is made to scourge him with the very whip he has twisted for the scourging of its object. Thus all the more prominent characters have to chew the ashes of disappointment in

turn, their plans being thwarted, and themselves made ridiculous, just as they are on the point of grasping their several fruitions. But Falstaff is the only one of them that rises by falling and extracts grace out of his very disgraces. For in him the grotesque and ludicrous is evermore laughing and chuckling over itself: he makes comedies extempore out of his own shames and infirmities; and is himself the most delighted spectator of the side-shaking scenes where himself figures as chief actor.

This observation and enjoyment of the comical as exhibited in himself, which forms perhaps the leading characteristic of Sir John, and explains much in him that were else inexplicable, is here seen, however, laboring under something of an eclipse. The truth is, Falstaff is plainly out of his sphere; and he shows a sad want of his usual sagacity and good sense in getting into it,—in supposing for a moment that he could inspire such a passion in such a place: nor does it seem probable that the Poet would have exhibited him thus, but that he were moved thereto by somewhat else than the native promptings of his genius. For of love in any right or respectable sense Sir John is essentially incapable; and to represent him otherwise, had been to contradict, not carry out, his character. Shakespeare doubtless understood this; and, being thus reduced to the alternative of committing a gross breach of decorum or of making the hero unsuccessful, the moral sanity of his genius left him no choice. Accordingly Sir John is here conspicuous not so much for what he practises as for what is practised upon him; he being, in fact, the dupe and victim of his own heroism, and provoking laughter more by that he suffers than by that he does. So that the internal evidence of the play strongly favors the tradition of the Queen's requesting to see Falstaff in love; as such request affords the only clear solution of the Poet's representing one who was plainly a favorite with him in so unsuitable a quality. For, if we may believe Hazlitt, "wits and philosophers seldom shine in that character"; and,

whether this be true or not, it is certain that "Sir John by no means comes off with flying colors."

But Falstaff, notwithstanding these drawbacks, is still so far himself that "naught but himself can be his conqueror." If he be overmatched, it is not so much by the strength or skill of his antagonists, as from his being persuaded, seemingly against his will and for the pleasure of others, into a line of adventure where he is not qualified to thrive. His incomparable art of turning adversities into commodities; the good-humored strategy whereby he manages to divert off all unpleasant feeling of his vices and frailties; the marvelous agility and aptness of wit which, with a vesture of odd and whimsical constructions, at once hides the offensive and discovers the comical features of his conduct; the same towering impudence and sublime effrontery, which so lift him aloft in his subsequent exploits; and the overpowering eloquence of exaggeration, with which he delights to set off and heighten whatsoever is most ludicrous in his own person or situation;—all these qualities, though not in their full bloom and vigor, are here to be seen in triumphant exercise.

Upon the whole, however, this bringing forth of Sir John more for exposure than for exhibition is not altogether grateful to those whom he has so often convulsed into health: though he still gives us wholesome shakings, we feel that it costs him too much: the rare exhilaration he affords us elsewhere, and even here, invests him with a sort of humorous reverence; insomuch that we can hardly help pitying even while we approve his merited, yet scarcely merited, shames and failures; and we would fain make out some excuse for him on the score of these slips' occurring earlier in his life, when experience had not yet disciplined away the natural vanity which may sometimes lead a man of genius to fancy himself the object of the tender passion. And in like manner we are apt to apologize for the Poet's exposure of his and our favorite, on the ground that, being to represent him in an enterprise where he could

not deserve success, nor even work for it but by knavery, he was under a strong moral necessity of causing him not only to be thwarted, but to become the laughing-stock of those who thwart him, and, which is especially galling to one so wit-proud as Sir John, "to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English." And we are the more disposed to leniency towards Falstaff amid his unparalleled swampings, forasmuch as his merry persecutors are but a sort of decorous, respectable, common-place people, who borrow their chief importance from the victim of their mischievous sport; and if they are not so bad as to make us wish him success, neither are they so good that we like to see them grow at his expense. But on this point Mr. Verplanck has spoken so aptly, that mere justice to the subject bids us quote him: "Our choler would rise, despite of us, against Cleopatra herself, should she presume to make a dupe and tool of regal old Jack, the natural lord and master of all about him; and, though not so atrociously immoral as to wish he had succeeded with the Windsor gypsies, we plead guilty to the minor turpitude of sympathy, when he tells his persecutors, with brightening visage and exultant twinkle of eye,—'I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.'"

A further account of this huge magazine of comedies must be deferred till we encounter him at the noon of his glory, stealing, drinking, lying, recruiting, warring, and discoursing of wine, wit, valor, and honor, with Prince Hal at his side to wrestle forth the prodigies of his big-teeming brain.

Sir John's followers are under the cloud with him, being little more than the shadows of what they appear when their master is fully himself: the light of Bardolph's nose is not well kindled yet; Pistol, ancient Pistol's tongue has not yet learned to strut with such potent impotence as it elsewhere waxes great withal. Quickly, however, is altogether herself as far as she goes, and she lets off some brilliancies that would not discredit her maturity in the

more congenial atmosphere of Eastcheap; though, of course, we may not expect her to be the woman now that she will be when she has known Sir John "these twenty-nine years, come peascod time." Acting here in the capacity of a matchmaker and go-between, her perfect impartiality towards all of Anne Page's suitors, both in the service she renders and in the return she accepts, finely exemplifies the indefatigable benevolence of that class of worthies towards themselves, and is so true to the life of a certain perpetual sort of people, as almost to make one believe in the transmigration of souls.—"Mine Host of the Garter" is indeed a model of a host: up to any thing, and brimful of fun, so that it runs out at the ends of his fingers, nothing suits him so well as to uncork the wit-holders of his guests, unless, peradventure, it be to uncork his wine-holders for them. His exhilarating conceit of practical shrewdness,—"Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel?"—which serves as oil to make the wheels of his mind run smooth and glib, is richly characteristic, both of himself individually and of the class he represents.—Sir Hugh Evans is an odd marriage of the ludicrous and the respectable. In his officious simplicity he moralizes the play much better, doubtless, than a wiser man could do it. The scene where, in expectation of the fight with the French doctor, he is full of "cholers," and "trempling of mind," and "melancholies," and has "a great dispositions to cry," and strikes up a lullaby to the palpitations of his heart without seeming to know it, while those palpitations in turn scatter his memory and discompose his singing, is replete with a quiet delicacy of humor, hardly to be surpassed. It is quite probable, as hath been said, that both he and Doctor Caius are delineations, slightly caricatured, of what the Poet had seen and conversed with; there being a portrait-like reality and effect about them, with just enough infusion of the ideal to lift them into the region of art.

Hazlitt boldly pronounces Shakespeare "the only writer who was as great in describing weakness as strength." However this may be, we are pretty sure, that after Fal-

staff there is not a greater piece of work in the play than Master Abraham Slender, cousin to Robert Shallow Esquire,—a dainty sprout, or rather sapling, of provincial gentry, who, once seen, is never to be forgotten. In his consequential verdancy, his aristocratic official boobyism, and his lean-witted, lack-brain originality, this pithless hereditary squireling is altogether inimitable and irresistible;—a tall though slender specimen of most effective imbecility, whose manners and character must needs be all from within, because he lacks force of nature enough to shape or dress himself by any model. Mr. Hallam, whose judgment in such things is not often at fault, thinks Slender was intended as "a satire on the brilliant youth of the provinces," such as they were "before the introduction of newspapers and turnpike roads; awkward and boobyish among civil people, but at home in rude sports, and proud of exploits at which the town would laugh, yet perhaps with more courage and good-nature than the laughers."

Ford's jealousy is managed with great skill so as to help on the plot, bringing out a series of the richest incidents, and drawing the most savory issues from the mellow, juicy old sinner upon whom he is practising. The means whereby he labors to justify his passion, spreading temptations and then concerting surprises, are quite as wicked as any thing Falstaff does, and have, besides, the further crime of exceeding meanness; but both their meanness and their wickedness are of the kind that rarely fail to be their own punishment. The way in which his passion is made to sting and lash him into reason, and the crafty discretion of his wife in glutting his disease and thereby making an opportunity to show him what sort of stuff it lives on, are admirable instances of the wisdom with which the Poet delights to underpin his most fantastical creations. The counter-plottings, also, of Page and his wife, to sell their daughter against her better sense, are about as far from virtue as the worst purposes of Sir John; though their sins are of a more respectable kind than to expose them to ridicule. But we are the more willing to forget their un-

handsome practices herein, because of their good-natured efforts at last to make Falstaff forget his sad miscarriages, and to compose whatsoever vexations and disquietudes still remain, in a well-crowned cup of social merriment.—Anne Page is but an average specimen of discreet, placid, innocent mediocrity, yet with a mind of her own, in whom we can feel no such interest as a rich father causes to be felt by those about her. In her and Fenton a slight dash of romance is given to the play; their love forming a barely audible undertone of poetry in the grand chorus of comicalities, as if on purpose that while the sides are shaken the heart may not be left altogether untouched.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

FALSTAFF

Two features strike us at a glance as being clear and prominent in Falstaff's character; on the one hand, his great wealth of wit, his inexhaustible store of happy devices, plots and pranks, and the indestructibility of his good humor; on the other hand, his equally great amount of sensuality, love of pleasure and excessive carnal lusts. The *point de vue* of his life, and the center upon which all his aims and actions turn, is, that his wit, his inventive talents, and his shrewdness shall in all cases furnish him with the means of gratifying his sensual desires, and protect him in case of need. Enjoyments of every description he must have; and it is only a good joke, a successful piece of mischief—to him the greatest of all enjoyments—that he thinks even more attractive than a glass of sack and the charms of Dolly Tear-sheet. Falstaff is the most consummate epicurean, in the form of a knight of Shakspeare's day but—owing to a halo of ingenious and irresistible wit, and an ideal mental freedom, which humorously disregard all difficulties, and even the whole seriousness of life—an epicurean who appears to a certain extent spiritualized, sublimated into a sort of poetical ideal, which raises him far above the usual run of common rakes, and prevents moral indignation from casting its judgment upon him. Falstaff does not possess any great passions, because to gratify them would cost him too much trouble, and afford an indeed great, but after all only a passing enjoyment. He has also nothing in common with actual wickedness and gross crimes and vices, because the former

undermine their own enjoyment, and also because they are inseparably connected with hate; moreover, great crimes are accomplished only with trouble and exertion, and are always followed by a dread of punishment; gross vices, lastly, necessarily blunt and deaden the sense of enjoyment. Neither is he at all jealous or envious—for envy is its own tormentor—he is more inclined to be glad to see others enjoying themselves, and even helps his boon-companions in attaining their desires, as long as these do not cause himself any inconvenience or annoyance. But as regards the lesser sins, such as bragging, lying and deceiving, he is not over-particular, and has even no great objections to a little thieving, when it can be done easily, and especially when connected with some good joke. He trusts to his wit to save him from any unpleasant consequences of such *bagatelles;* such things he considers natural and unavoidable because he cannot find any enjoyment or procure the means of any enjoyment without them. If this were possible he would rather not be guilty of a single transgression, except as a joke, and even though not altogether good and virtuous, still he would like—without a struggle, however—to be upright and honest. It is true he likes virtue even less than vice, because it demands a greater amount of energy, and, worst of all, self-denial and self-control. He does not believe in virtue; he thinks it a delusive piece of sophistry, a mere illusion to suppose that any one should give up enjoyment and pleasure against the instincts of nature, in order to obtain so-called true happiness. To him, therefore, virtue, like honor, is a mere "word," a thing that no one possesses, that has "no skill in surgery," but at most is an honor to the dead who are insensible to it; hence a mere "scutcheon," so "he'll none of it." And yet, at the same time, he knows very well that he must appear to possess certain virtues such as bravery, honesty, and above all things honor and authority; for without the appearance of these he would find it impossible to live. Accordingly his wit and shrewdness have here again to come to his aid, together with his

consummate impudence. In the same way as his inventive genius is inexhaustible when wanted to help him out of scrapes, and other difficulties, so the manner in which he contrives to impose upon blockheads and simpletons is inimitable. And as the aim of his existence, in a double sense, has so wholly become flesh and blood, and is steadily pursued by him, so, in spite of all obstacles, he in most cases succeeds in attaining his object. The result of this is a captivating *nonchalance* and naturalness, and an imposing amount of self-confidence.—Ulrici, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.*

MISTRESS PAGE AND MISTRESS FORD

There are the two "Merry Wives" themselves. What a picture we have of buxom, laughing, ripe beauty! ready for any frolic "that may not sully the chariness of their honesty." That jealous-pate, Ford, ought to have been sure of his wife's integrity and goodness, from her being so transparent-charactered and cheerful; for your insincere and double-dealing people are sure to betray, some time or other, the drag that dishonesty claps upon the wheel of their conduct. The career of a deceitful person is never uniform. In the sequel, however, Ford does make a handsome atonement—that of a frank apology to the party whom he had abused by his suspicions; and he winds up the play with the rest, not the least happy of the group from having an enfranchised heart. He says well:—

> "Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt.
> I rather will suspect the sun with cold
> Than thee with wantonness. Now doth thy honour stand,
> In him that was of late a heretic,
> As firm as faith."

—Clarke, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

THE CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY

Ford's jealousy, which is the main spring of the comic incidents, is certainly very well managed. Page, on the

contrary, appears to be somewhat uxorious in his disposition; and we have pretty plain indications of the effect of the characters of the husbands on the different degrees of fidelity in their wives. Mrs. Quickly makes a very lively go-between, both between Falstaff and his Dulcineas, and Anne Page and her lovers, and seems in the latter case so intent on her own interest as totally to overlook the intentions of her employers. Her master, Dr. Caius, the Frenchman, and her fellow-servant Jack Rugby, are very completely described. This last-mentioned person is rather quaintly commended by Mrs. Quickly as "an honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal, and I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate; his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way; but nobody but has his fault." The Welch Parson, Sir Hugh Evans (a title which in those days was given to the clergy) is an excellent character in all respects. He is as respectable as he is laughable. He has "very good discretions, and very odd humours." The duel-scene with Caius gives him an opportunity to show his "cholers and his tremblings of mind," his valor and his melancholy, in an irresistible manner. In the dialogue, which at his mother's request he holds with his pupil, William Page, to show his progress in learning, it is hard to say whether the simplicity of the master or the scholar is the greatest. Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol, are but the shadows of what they were; and Justice Shallow himself has little of his consequence left. But his cousin, Slender, makes up for the deficiency. He is a very potent piece of imbecility. In him the pretensions of the worthy Gloucestershire family are well kept up, and immortalized. He and his friend Sackerson and his book of songs and his love of Anne Page and his having nothing to say to her can never be forgotten. It is the only first-rate character in the play: but it is in that class. Shakespear is the only writer who was as great in describing weakness as strength.
—Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

HONEST KNAVERY

Great emphasis is laid throughout on honest knavery, in contrast to Falstaff's knavery. A wife, says the two women, may be merry and yet honest too; even at the end of the seventeenth century there was a song which Halliwell quotes, in which, alluding to the moral of this play, the verse "wives may be merry and yet honest too," returns as a refrain. That the tricks played upon Falstaff were not only "admirable pleasures" but "*honest* knaveries," can alone move the plain, true, timid, and pious pastor to take pleasure in them. This simple but honest knavery celebrates its victory throughout over-cunning and presumption. The crafty self-loving dig the pit and fall into it themselves; it is dug too strangely wide even for the simple, because self-conceited cunning estimates too lightly its opponent honesty. These words may be regarded as the soul of the play. It is a reflection to be drawn from no other of Shakespeare's dramas, but only from this play of intrigue. All the underplot of the piece relates to this point and to this lesson. The cunning host—a boaster full of mockery and tricks, who considers himself a great politician and Machiavellian—teases the wavering, fencing Dr. Caius and the pedantic Welshman Evans; the same vexation befalls him as Falstaff, that the simple men, who cannot even speak English, combine against him, and cheat the crafty man about his horses. The jealous Ford gives away money and name, and places the honor of his house at stake, only to learn more certainly the supposed treachery of his wife; the eavesdropper hears not of his innocent better half, but of his own shame, and suffers torments himself in return for those which he would have prepared for the envied unsuspecting Page and his innocent wife. In Page's house again other tricks are devised. Husband and wife conspire against each other and against the happiness of their innocent daughter, to whom the one wishes to give an awkward simpleton for a husband, and the other an old fellow; mutually they fall into the snares laid for them,

and Fenton brings home the bride who has committed a "holy offence," since marriages are settled in heaven, and wives are not, like land, to be purchased by money. Alike in all these corresponding affairs does business seek to ensnare honesty—cunning, simplicity—jealousy, innocence—and avarice, the inoffensive nature; and their evil design reverts upon themselves. Unclouded honest sense is always superior to base passion. And this moral, which links together these four intrigues, will be found, if we consider the piece from an ethical point of view (for the sake of its principal character and its development), to have a special reference to Falstaff's position and character. The selfishness which we exhibited as the soul of Falstaff's nature appears at its highest climax when, opposed to the virtue and simplicity which are its usual prey, in its vain security it considers the more subtle means of ensnaring as no longer necessary, and is thus ensnared in a gross trap. An egotist like Falstaff can suffer no severer defeat than from the honesty in which he does not believe, and from the ignorance which he does not esteem. The more ridiculous side of self-love is, therefore, in this play subjected to a ridiculous tragic-comic fall, which, as regards time and the development of the plot, precedes the serious comic-tragic fall which meets Falstaff on the accession of the king, when the serious and mischievous side of his self-love was just on the point of a dangerous triumph. —Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

SHAKESPEARE'S GENIUS

The Merry Wives of Windsor does not rank high among the dramas of Shakespeare; and we cannot help feeling a little depressed at the unrelieved discomfitures of Falstaff. On this account I am inclined to regard the play as a most striking illustration of the power and the versatility of Shakespeare's genius. And this the more if, as we may reasonably suppose, the piece was produced in haste, and with some impatience both of the task and the subject.

But if the vivid imagination, the ready wit, and all that appertains to the indefinable gift of genius is strikingly displayed, the comedy will fill us with scarcely less astonishment as we recognize the writer's mastery of material, especially of contemporary literature, and his intimate acquaintance with contemporary life.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

UNIQUE CHARACTER OF THE PLAY

The Merry Wives of Windsor stands apart with an unique character. It is essentially prosaic, and is indeed the only play of Shakspere written almost wholly in prose. There is no reason why we should refuse to accept the tradition put upon record by Dennis and by Rowe that *The Merry Wives* was written by Shakspere upon compulsion, by order of Elizabeth, who in her lust for gross mirth, required the poet to expose his Falstaff to ridicule, by exhibiting him, the most delightful of egoists, in love. Shakspere yielded to the necessity. His *Merchant of Venice* might pass well enough with the miscellaneous gathering of upper, middle, and lower classes which crowded to a public theater. Now he had to cater specially for gentle-folk and for a queen. And knowing how to please every class of spectators, he knew how to hit off the taste of "the barbarian." *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is a play written expressly for the barbarian aristocrats with their hatred of ideas, their insensibility to beauty, their hard efficient manners, and their demand for impropriety. The good folk of London liked to see a prince or a duke, and they liked to see him made gracious and generous. These royal and noble persons at Windsor wished to see the interior life of country gentlemen of the middle-class, and to see the women of the middle-class with their excellent bourgeois morals, and rough, jocose ways. The comedy of hearing a French physician and a Welsh parson speak broken English was appreciated by these spectators who uttered their mother-tongue with exemplary

accent. Shakspere did not make a grievance of his task. He threw himself into it with spirit, and despatched his work quickly,—in fourteen days, if we accept the tradition. But Falstaff he was not prepared to recall from heaven or from hell. He dressed up a fat rogue, brought forward for the occasion from the back premises of the poet's imagination, in Falstaff's clothes; he allowed persons and places and times to jumble themselves up as they pleased; he made it impossible for the most laborious nineteenth century critic to patch on *The Merry Wives* to *Henry IV*. But the Queen and her Court laughed as the buck-basket was emptied into the ditch, no more suspecting that its gross lading was not the incomparable jester of Eastcheap, than Ford suspected the woman with a great beard to be other than the veritable Dame Pratt.—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

CORRECTNESS OF PROPORTION

This Comedy belongs to that class of Shakspeare's plays that is marked by correctness of proportion both in characters and distribution. Indeed, it would be difficult to name a play that is more distinguished by the avoidance of redundancy, by the specific quality of correctness. The characters, which are very numerous,—they amount to twenty—are all wrought to an equal degree of finish, and are brought forward or subordinated with the exact relief that corresponds with their several functions and importance. The scenes follow in succession with admirably regulated length and variety of movement, and with such exact compensation of tone and humor as to move forward the busy action without delay or confusion, without a hint of tediousness or a moment of dissatisfaction from the beginning to the end. These are qualities that best evidence the height and maturity of poetic powers. Still it is apparent that for such powers the scope and subject of the play did not afford the fullest opportunities of exercise. It is not for an instant to be

placed beside the more perfect poetical comedies, beside *As You Like It*, or *Twelfth Night*, or even beside *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, or perhaps *Love's Labor's Lost;* works for which lavish expenditure of poetic gold vindicates rank in a higher class notwithstanding defects in correctness and proportion.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

A FARCICAL COMEDY

Apart, however, from a lack of elevation in style, and from a certain slenderness in the drawing of characters, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is an admirable farcical comedy, breezy in its movement, full of capital situations, and, at the same time, satisfying strict literary requirements with a skillfully interwoven major and minor plot. It deals purely with *bourgeois* life, and critics have seen in this an additional evidence that it was prepared for the special benefit of Elizabeth and her train, who would relish this vigorous sketch of middle-class society, with its manners and morals so entirely at variance with those of a refined and dissolute court. The allusions in Act V to Windsor Castle, and to the chairs and insignia of the Knights of the Garter, seem even to suggest the scene of the first performance, though it is questionable whether Elizabethan gallants could have entirely enjoyed the spectacle of one of their own order, however degraded, suffering discomfiture at the hands of citizens' wives. Nor is it true to say that *The Merry Wives* is Shakspere's only play of middle-class life. *The Comedy of Errors*, in spite of its classical source and names, deals with exactly the same social grade; and indeed the two plays are akin in their unflagging bustle and wealth of humorous incident, which produce, besides other results, in one case the cure of a jealous wife, and in the other, of a jealous husband.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

THE APPEAL OF THE PLAY

There is real poetry in the short fairy scene of the last act. The poet here takes his revenge for the prose to which he has so long been condemned. It is full of the aromatic wood-scents of Windsor Park by night. What is altogether most valuable in *The Merry Wives* is its strong smack of the English soil. The play appeals to us, in spite of the drawbacks inseparable from a work hastily written to order, because the poet has here for once remained faithful to his own age and his own country, and has given us a picture of the contemporary middle-class, in its sturdy and honest worth, which even the atmosphere of farce cannot quite obscure.—Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

REPOSE

The movement of the principal action is beautifully contrasted with the occasional repose of the other scenes. The Windsor of the time of Elizabeth is presented to us, as the quiet country town, sleeping under the shadow of its neighbor the castle. Amidst its gabled houses, separated by pretty gardens, from which the elm and the chestnut and the lime throw their branches across the unpaved road, we find a goodly company, with little to do but gossip and laugh, and make sport out of each other's cholers and weaknesses. We see Master Page training his "fallow greyhound"; and we go with Master Ford "a-birding." We listen to the "pribbles and prabbles" of Sir Hugh Evans and Justice Shallow, with a quiet satisfaction; for they talk as unartificial men ordinarily talk, without much wisdom, but with good temper and sincerity. We find ourselves in the days of ancient hospitality, when men could make their fellows welcome without ostentatious display, and half a dozen neighbors "could drink down all unkindness" over "a hot venison pasty." The more busy inhabitants of the town have time to tattle, and to laugh, and be laughed at. Mine Host of the

Garter is the prince of hosts; he is the very soul of fun and good temper;—he is not solicitous whether Falstaff sit "at ten pounds a week" or at two;—he readily takes "the withered serving man for a fresh tapster";—his confidence in his own cleverness is delicious:—"am I politic, am I subtle, am I a Machiavel?"—the Germans "shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay. I'll sauce them." When he loses his horses, and his "mind is heavy," we rejoice that Fenton will give him "a hundred pound in gold" more than his loss. His contrivances to manage the fray between the furious French doctor, and the honest Welsh parson, are productive of the happiest situations. Caius waiting for his adversary—"de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him"—is capital. But Sir Hugh, with his,—

> "There will we make our peds of roses,
> And a thousand fragrant posies,
> To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry,"—is inimitable.—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakespeare.*

SHAKESPEARE'S KNOWLEDGE OF LANGUAGES

A brilliant proof of Shakespeare's knowledge of languages—which may be compared with his humorous use of the Latin-English element—is the masterly way in which he makes Dr. Caius murder the English language in "The Merry Wives." Those who have ever heard a Frenchman "clip" the Queen's English will not hesitate to admit that the poet has grasped and reproduced this jargon with inimitable truth and in the wittiest manner. And, as far as is known, Shakespeare had no model in any contemporary writer for this character of his. Are we to believe that he engaged an assistant with a knowledge of French for the occasion? This would be a most arbitrary and unwarrantable assumption, and it is only a prejudiced mind that could come to any such conclusion. Shakespeare undoubtedly, in this case also, made his studies

from real life; in London there were numerous representatives of the different nationalities with whom he might easily have come in contact. This is another point that must be taken into consideration if a correct idea is to be formed of the degree of Shakespeare's linguistic knowledge, and of the manner in which he acquired it. That Shakespeare made industrious use of the existing translations of modern authors, in the same way as he did of works originally written in Latin or Greek, is a fact too well known to admit of a doubt; but it is only a very limited argument against his having known the languages. It would be absurd to imagine that he despised translations of French and Italian romances, for the latter, more especially, had been a mine full of valuable material to him.—Elze, *William Shakespeare.*

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Sir John Falstaff
Fenton, *a gentleman*
Shallow, *a country justice*
Slender, *cousin to Shallow*
Ford, Page, } *two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor*
William Page, *a boy, son to Page*
Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welsh parson*
Doctor Caius, *a French physician*
Host of the Garter Inn
Bardolph, Pistol, Nym, } *sharpers attending on Falstaff*
Robin, *page to Falstaff*
Simple, *servant to Slender*
Rugby, *servant to Doctor Caius*

Mistress Ford
Mistress Page
Anne Page, *her daughter*
Mistress Quickly, *servant to Doctor Caius*

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

Scene: *Windsor, and the neighborhood.*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Sir John Falstaff is attracted to Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, two women of Windsor, and, although they are married, he determines to win their affections. Anne, daughter to Mistress Page, is courted by a young provincial gentleman, Abraham Slender, by a Welsh schoolmaster and preacher, Sir Hugh Evans, by a French physician, Doctor Caius, and by Fenton, a courtier.

ACT II

Falstaff writes notes to both Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, and when the ladies compare them, they are found to be almost identical in wording. They are angry, and counsel together how they may avenge themselves and punish the man's impudence. Mistress Ford makes an appointment with him. Pistol and Nye, servants to Sir John, tell the husbands that their master loves the ladies. Page is content to let his wife settle with Falstaff, but Ford disguises himself and wins from the knight the secret of his appointment with Mistress Ford.

ACT III

On the night of the meeting, Mistress Page goes to Mistress Ford's house before the knight's arrival and they prepare a large basket of soiled linen, intending to tell Falstaff that the only way he can safely leave the house is to be carried out in this basket. Just as they are carrying out this ruse, the jealous Ford, accompanied by

several friends, comes in. He, too, is deceived by the basket of soiled clothes and Falstaff is dumped into the Thames. Although nearly drowned by this treatment, Sir John is quite ready to renew his suit upon receipt of another message from Mistress Ford appointing another meeting-time. Ford again calls upon Falstaff and is told how he escaped the irate husband, and when he is again to meet the wife. Ford determines to watch his wife more closely than before. In the meantime Anne Page is favoring Fenton, while her mother prefers Doctor Caius, and her father has promised her to Slender.

ACT IV

Falstaff comes the second time to Mistress Ford's house. Again Ford surprises them and the knight escapes dressed as an old witch, while the husband is searching the basket, believing Falstaff to be concealed therein. The ladies now tell their husbands all about Falstaff's letters and their punishment, and together the four plan a final bit of fun with the fat gentleman. Master and Mistress Page and Anne each scheme to use this third meeting for a furtherance of his or her matrimonial plans.

ACT V

Falstaff comes to Windsor Park wearing a buck's head. Some young people, including Anne Page, are dressed as fairies, and they set upon him, pinch him, and burn him with their tapers. The four chief conspirators reveal themselves to him and reproach him for his attempted evildoing, but in the end forgive him. Then they all go to Page's house, there to feast and to celebrate Anne's marriage with Fenton, for the girl had succeeded in her plans in spite of her father and mother.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

Windsor. Before Page's house.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace and 'Coram.'

Shal. Aye, cousin Slender, and 'Custalorum.'

Slen. Aye, and 'Rato-lorum' too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself 'Armigero,' in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, 'Armigero.'

Shal. Aye, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

13. *"these three hundred years";* Shallow here identifies himself with "all his successors gone before him"; an aristocratic way of speaking once common in England, and not wholly laid aside yet.

Slen. All his successors gone before him hath done 't; and all his ancestors that come after him may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Evans. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes, py'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benev-

Washington Allston was once the guest of an English nobleman who, though Shallow in nothing else, said he came over with William the Conqueror. We are indebted to Mr. Verplanck for this anecdote, and also for the information that Shallow's mode of speech, though common, is *characteristic* of him.—H. N. H.

22. *"The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat."* No satisfactory explanation of this passage has as yet been offered; various suggestions have been made, *e. g.* "salt-fish"= the hake borne by the stockfishmongers; "same" for "salt"; "'tis ott fish" (assigned to Evans), &c. May not, however, the whole point of the matter lie in Shallow's use of "salt" in the sense of "saltant," the heraldic term, used especially for vermin? If so, "salt fish"= "the leaping louse," with a quibble on "salt" as opposed to "fresh fish." There is further allusion to the proverbial predilection of vermin for "old coats," used quibblingly in the sense of "coat-of-arms."—I. G.

olence to make atonements and compremises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Evans. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it:—there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Evans. It is that fery person for all the orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage be-

51. To *"speak small"* means much the same as what old Lear so touchingly says over his dying Cordelia: "Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman." So also in Chaucer:

"The company answered all,
With voice sweet entuned, and so *small,*
That methought it the sweetest melody."—H. N. H.

tween Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Evans. Aye, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [*Knocks*] What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Page. [*Within*] Who 's there?

Enter Page.

Evans. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed. How doth

good Mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la! with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slen. You 'll not confess, you 'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not. 'Tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he 's a good dog, and a fair dog: can there be more said? he is good and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Evans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wronged me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed: is not that so, Master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed he hath; at a word, he hath, believe me: Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wronged.

97. *"Outrun on Cotsall," i. e.* on the Cotswold hills (in Gloucestershire); probably an allusion to the famous Cotswold Games, which were revived at the beginning of the seventeenth century, though evidently instituted earlier; the allusion does not occur in the first and second Quartos.—I. G.

114. *"at a word";* in a word.—C. H. H.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you 'll complain of me to the king.

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight; I have done all this. That is now answered.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel: you 'll be laughed at.

Evans. Pauca verba, Sir John; goot worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage. Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Bard. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Aye, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus!

Slen. Aye, it is no matter.

121. *"lodge";* the keeper's lodge.—C. H. H.

122. *"kissed the keeper's daughter";* Scott in Kenilworth suggests that this was part of the charge made against the Poet by Sir Thomas Lucy. *Council* and *counsel,* just below, are probably a quibble, the one meaning the Star-Chamber, the other being used in the sense of *secresy.* Sir Thomas seems to have gained nothing by his proceedings against the Poet but the honor of being "laughed at."—H. N. H.

Nym. Slice, I say! pauca, pauca: slice! that 's my humor.

Slen. Where 's Simple, my man? Can you tell, cousin?

Evans. Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, fidelicet Master Page; and there is myself, fidelicet myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it and end it between them.

Evans. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book! and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol!

Pist. He hears with ears.

Evans. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, 'He hears with ear'? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slen. Aye, by these gloves, did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else, of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Evans. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! Sir John and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.
Word of denial in thy labras here!
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest!

Slen. By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

Nym. Be avised, sir, and pass good humors: I will say 'marry trap' with you, if you run the nuthook's humor on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Evans. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions passed the careires.

Slen. Aye, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I 'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk I 'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

185. *"Scarlet and John";* Robin Hood's boon companion; an allusion to Bardolph's red face.—I. G.

Evans. So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Anne Page, with wine; Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we 'll drink within. [*Exit Anne Page.*

Slen. O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford!

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [*Kisses her.*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all except Shal., Slen., and Evans.*

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

222. *"a fortnight afore Michaelmas."* The blunder is doubtless intended. Theobald unnecessarily proposed *Martlemas.*—C. H. H.

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz! marry, this, coz; there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me?

Slen. Aye, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Evans. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he 's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Evans. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Aye, there 's the point, sir.

Evans. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Evans. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Evans. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say 'Marry her,' I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Evans. It is a fery discretion answer; save the fall is in the ort 'dissolutely': the ort is, according to our meaning, 'resolutely': his meaning is good.

Shal. Aye, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Aye, or else I would I might be hanged, la!

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Evans. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt Shallow and Evans.*

Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I 'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence; three 'veneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

295. "*go wait upon ;* it was formerly the custom in England for persons to be attended at dinner by their own servants wherever they dined.—H. N. H.

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Aye, indeed, sir.

Slen. That 's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favored rough things.

Re-enter Page.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I 'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I 'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The same.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way: and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir.

Evans. Nay, it is petter yet. Give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone: I will make an end of my dinner; there 's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter!

Host. What says my bully-rook? speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou 'rt emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow. [*To Bard.*] Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit.*

Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive.

Pist. O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield? [*Exit Bardolph.*

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinderbox: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskillful singer; he kept not time.

9. *"Keisar";* an old form of Cæsar, the general word for an emperor; Kings and Keisars being a common phrase. The meaning of *Pheezar* is uncertain. Malone derives it from *pheeze,* to *whip,* or to *beat,* and so used in the *Induction to the Taming of The Shrew.* —H. N. H.

26. *"conceited";* ingenious.—C. H. H.

Nym. The good humor is to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. 'Convey,' the wise it call. 'Steal!' foh! a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

Fall. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behavior, to be

30. *"A minute's rest";* "a minim's rest" is the ingenious suggestion of Bennet Langton; *cp. Romeo and Juliet,* II. iv. 24, "rests me his minim rest."—I. G.

34. *"a fico for the phrase"; fico* is a Pistolism for *fig.*—H. N. H.

49. *"Carves";* probably used here in the sense of "to show favor by expressive gestures"; *cp.* "A carver: chironomus . . . one that useth apish motions with his hands."—Littleton's *Latin-English Dictionary* (1675).—I. G.

It seems to have been a mark of kindness when a lady carved to a gentleman. So, in *Vittoria Corombona:* "Your husband is wondrous discontented. *Vit.* I did nothing to displease him; I *carved* to him at supper time."—H. N. H.

52. *"the hardest voice";* word, expression.—C. H. H.

Englished rightly, is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff's.'

Pist. He hath studied her will, and translated her will, out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humor pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse: he hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and 'To her, boy,' say I.

Nym. The humor rises; it is good: humor me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious œillades; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humor.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here 's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be

53. *"to be Englished rightly"*; if translated into English.—C. H. H.

57. *"The anchor is deep"*; *i. e.* the plot is deep laid.—C. H. H.

78. *"Region of Guiana."* Sir Walter Raleigh returned from his expedition to South America in 1596, and published his book on "The Discovery of the large, rich, and beautiful Empire of Guiana" in the same year.—I. G.

cheaters to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humor: here, take the humor-letter: I will keep the havior of reputation.

Fal. [*To Robin*] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly;
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humor of the age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page. [*Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.*

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor:
Tester I 'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations which be humors of revenge.

86. *"Sir Pandarus of Troy"*; the go-between in the amours of Troilus and Cressida, famous from Chaucer's poem. Pistol asks whether he, a soldier, shall condescend to play this part.—C. H. H.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?
Nym. By welkin and her star!
Pist. With wit or steel?
Nym. With both the humors, I:
I will discuss the humor of this love to Page.
Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.
Nym. My humor shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humor.
Pist. Thou art the Mars of malecontents. I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

A room in Doctor Caius's house.

Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple, and Rugby.

Quick. What, John Rugby! I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If he do, i' faith, and find anybody in the

105. *"By welkin and her star."* This is no doubt the correct reading of the line, and there is no need to read *stars,* as has been suggested; "star" is obviously used here for "the sun"; the Quartos read "fairies."—I. G.

115. *"the revolt of mine";* evidently referring to his revolt from Falstaff, which is now his "true humor."—H. N. H.

house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

Rug. I 'll go watch.

Quick. Go; and we 'll have a posset for 't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. [*Exit Rugby.*] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Aye, for fault of a better.

Quick. And Master Slender 's your master?

Sim. Aye, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard,—a Cain-colored beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Aye, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

5. *"old"*; extraordinary.—C. H. H.
8. *"posset"*; a hot drink taken before going to bed.—C. H. H.
29. *"warrener"*; the keeper of a warren.—H. N. H.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug: Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent. Run in here, good young man; go into this closet: he will not stay long. [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*] What, John Rugby! John! what, John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home.

[*Singing*] And down, down, adown-a, &c.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like des toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet un boitier vert,—a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Aye, forsooth; I 'll fetch it you. [*Aside*] I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

46. *"Doctor Caius";* it has been thought strange that Shakespeare should take the name of Caius for his Frenchman, as an eminent physician of that name, founder of Caius College, Oxford, flourished in Elizabeth's reign. But Shakespeare was little acquainted with literary history, and without doubt, from this unusual name, supposed him to have been some foreign quack. The character might however be drawn from the life, for in Jack Dover's *Quest of Enquirie,* 1604, a story called *The Foole of Windsor* turns upon a simple outlandish Doctor of Physic.—H. N. H.

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Oui; mette le au mon pocket: dépêche, quickly. Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir!

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long. Od 's me! Qu'ai-j'oublié! dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Aye me, he 'll find the young man there, and be mad!

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet? Villain! larron! [*Pulling Simple out.*] Rugby, my rapier!

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Aye, forsooth; to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue. Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la! but I 'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? Rugby, baille me some paper. Tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes.*

Quick. [*Aside to Simple*] I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been throughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy. But notwithstanding, man, I 'll do you your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself,—

Sim. [*Aside to Quickly*] 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quick. [*Aside to Simple*] Are you avised o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding,—to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it,—my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind,—that 's neither here nor there.

111. *"down"*; in bed.—C. H. H.

Caius. You jack'nape, give-a this letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de park; and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here.—By gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. [*Exit Simple.*

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a ver dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jarteer to measure our weapon.—By gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court with me. By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. Follow my heels, Rugby. [*Exeunt Caius and Rugby.*

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within*] Who 's within there? ho!

Quick. Who 's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman! how dost thou?

Quick. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I 'll be sworn on a book, she loves you. Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale:—good faith, it is such another Nan; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—we had an hour's talk of that wart.—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholy and musing: but for you—well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there 's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me.

Quick. Will I? i' faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

Quick. Farewell to your worship. [*Exit Fenton.*] Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does.—Out upon 't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.*]

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Before Page's house.

Enter Mistress Page, with a letter.

Mrs. Page. What, have I scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see. [*Reads.*

'Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counselor. You are not young, no more am I; go to, then, there 's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there 's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page,—at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice,—that I love thee. I will not say, pity me,—'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,

5. *"Though Love use Reason for his physician."* The Folios read "precisian"; the emendation adopted in the text was first suggested by Johnson, and has been generally accepted; *cp. Sonnet* cxlvii.: "My reason the physician to my love."—I. G.

Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight.—JOHN FALSTAFF.'

What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked, wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behavior hath this Flemish drunkard picked—with the devil's name!—out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth: Heaven forgive me! Why, I 'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do, then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

31. *"exhibit";* bring forward.—C. H. H.

Mrs. Page. What 's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honor!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman! take the honor. What is it?—dispense with trifles; —what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight:—here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.' What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted

48. *"respect";* consideration.—C. H. H.

57. *"We burn daylight";* a proverb: we burn lamps by day-light; that is, we waste time.—H. N. H.

60. *"to make difference of men's liking";* to distinguish the bodily characteristics of men.—C. H. H.

him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here 's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names,—sure, more,—and these are of the second edition: he will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I 'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. 'Boarding,' call you it? I 'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I 'll never to sea again. Let 's be revenged on him: let 's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit,

and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes; and my good man too: he 's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let 's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter Ford, with Pistol, and Page, with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves the gallimaufry: Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife!

Pist. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:

127. *"perpend"; i. e.* consider.—H. N. H.

129. The *"liver"* was anciently supposed to be the seat of the amorous passions.—H. N. H.

130. *"Like Sir Actæon he,"* etc.; make him like Actæon, who (in the shape of a stag) was hunted to death by hounds.—C. H. H.

O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.
Away, Sir Corporal Nym!—
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit.*

Ford. [*Aside*] I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. [*To Page*] And this is true; I like not the humor of lying. He hath wronged me in some humors: I should have borne the humored letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there 's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch: 'tis true: my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu. I love not the humor of bread and cheese; and there 's the humor of it. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Page. 'The humor of it,' quoth 'a! here 's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it:—well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow:—well.

Page. How now, Meg!

[*Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford come forward.*

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George? Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head. Now, will you go, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you. You 'll come to dinner, George? [*Aside to Mrs. Ford*] Look who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Mrs. Ford. [*Aside to Mrs. Page*] Trust me, I thought on her: she 'll fit it.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Aye, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see: we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.*

Page. How now, Master Ford!

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes: and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the

knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Aye, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.

Enter Host.

How now, mine host!

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou 'rt a gentleman. Cavaleiro-justice, I say!

Enter Shallow.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

191. *"yoke"*; pair.—C. H. H.

Host. Tell him, cavaleiro-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you. [*Drawing him aside.*

Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rook?

Shal. [*To Page*] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be. [*They converse apart.*

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavaleire?

Ford. None, I protest: but I 'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress;—said I well?—and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight. Will you go, An-heires?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

235–238. In the Folios the name "Broome" is given instead of "Brooke"; but Falstaff's pun, "Such Brooks are welcome to me, that overflow with liquor," removes all doubt as to the correct reading, which is actually found in the Quartos.—I. G.

240. *"Will you go, An-heires?"* so the Folios and Quartos; Theobald's correction "mynheers" has been adopted by many modern editors. Other suggestions are "on, here"; "on, hearts"; "on, heroes"; "cavaleires," &c.—I. G.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you. I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[*Exeunt Host, Shal., and Page.*

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into 't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labor; if she be otherwise, 'tis labor well bestowed. [*Exit.*

248. *"long sword";* before the introduction of rapiers the swords in use were of an enormous length and sometimes used with both hands. Shallow, with an old man's vanity, censures the innovation, and ridicules the terms and use of the rapier.—H. N. H.

258. *"what they made there";* that is, what they *did* there. In Act iv. Sc. 2, of this play we have again, what *make* you here? for what *do* you here?—H. N. H.

Scene II

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world 's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took 't upon mine honor thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou I 'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for

7. *"coach-fellow";* that is, he who *draws* along with you, who is joined with you in all your knavery.—H. N. H.

13. *"handle of her fan";* fans were costly appendages of female dress in Shakespeare's time. They consisted of ostrich and other feathers, fixed into handles, some of which were made of gold, silver, or ivory of curious workmanship. Thus in the second Sestyad of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander:*

"Her painted fan of curled plumes let fall."—H. N. H.

you. Go. A short knife and a throng!— To your manor of Pickt-hatch! Go! You 'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honor! Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honor precise: I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honor! You will not do it, you!

Pist. I do relent: what would thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here 's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an 't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I 'll be sworn;
As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me?

20. *"a short knife and a throng"*; that is, go and *cut purses in a crowd.* Purses were then worn hanging at the girdle.—H. N. H.

24. *"unconfinable"*; unrestrainable.—C. H. H.

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman: and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir:—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius,—

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true:—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? God bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well, Mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she 's a good creature.—Lord, Lord! your worship 's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, Mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart;

and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her: I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels—in any such sort, as they say—but in the way of honesty: and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quick. Aye, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas, the sweet woman leads an ill life with him! he 's a very jealousy man: she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you, too: and let me tell you in your ear, she 's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I

tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for 't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest indeed; they have not so little grace, I hope: that were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvelous infection to the little page; and, truly, Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then: but, look you, he

128. *"of all loves";* in the name of all love (a strong adjuration, equivalent to "in the name of goodness," or the like).—C. H. H.

may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there 's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. [*Exeunt Mistress Quickly and Robin.*] This news distracts me!

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights:
Give fire: she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [*Exit.*

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I 'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there 's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

164. *"sent your worship a morning's draught";* it seems to have been a common custom in taverns, in Shakespeare's time, to send presents of wine from one room to another either as a memorial of friendship, or by way of introduction to acquaintance. In the

Fal. Brook is his name?
Bard. Aye, sir.
Fal. Call him in. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page have I encompassed you? go to; via!

Re-enter Bardolph, with Ford disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir!
Fal. And you, sir! Would you speak with me?
Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.
Fal. You 're welcome. What 's your will?—Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*
Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.
Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.
Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion;

Parliamentary History, we have the following passage from *The Life of General Monk,* by Dr. Price: "I came to the Three Tuns, before Guildhall, where the general had quartered two nights before. I entered the tavern with a servant and portmanteau, and asked for a room, which I had scarce got into but *wine followed me as a present* from some citizens desiring leave to drink their morning's draught with me."—H. N. H.

171. "*Via,*" an Italian word, which Florio explains:—"An adverb of encouragement, on away, go to, away forward, go on, dispatch."—H. N. H.

for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook: I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you,—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with are proof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town; her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her

211. *"sith"; i. e.* since.—H. N. H.

with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given; briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:

'Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.'

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear

219. *"observance"*; obsequious courtesy.—C. H. H.

honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it. There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand

255. *"preparations"*; accomplishments.—C. H. H.

other her defenses, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to 't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor: they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favored. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there 's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue!

I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford 's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him; the hour is fixed; the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but Cuckold! Wittol!—Cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass: he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she

ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. God be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour. I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*

Scene III

A field near Windsor.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir?

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.
Rug. Forbear; here 's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor!
Shal. Save you, Master Doctor Caius!
Page. Now, good master doctor!
Slen. Give you good morrow, sir.
Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?
Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully-stale? is he dead?
Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de vorld; he is not show his face.
Host. Thou art a Castalion-King-Urinal. Hector of Greece, my boy!
Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.
Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. Is it not true, Master Page?

29. *"Francisco"*; for Frenchman.—C. H. H.
41. *"against the hair"*; against the grain.—C. H. H.

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice.—A word, Mounseur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valor, bully.

Caius. By gar, den, I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman.—Scurvy Jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

61. *"Mounseur Mock-water";* probably some allusion to the doctor's medical practice.—H. N. H.

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaleiro Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humor he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor. [*Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.*

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore: I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim? said I well?

Caius. By gar, me dank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

95. *"Cried I aim?"* The Folios and Quartos read "cried game"; the ingenious emendation, due to Douce, was first adopted by Dyce. —I. G.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

A field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Evans. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Evans. I most fehemently desire you you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Evans. Pless my soul, how full of chollors I am, and trempling of mind—I shall be glad if he have deceived me.—How melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard when I have goot opportunities for the ork.—Pless my soul!— [*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sings madrigals;

17, etc. Sir Hugh oddly confuses Marlowe's famous ditty, "Come live with me and be my love," and the old version of the 137th Psalm, "When we did sit in Babylon."—I. G.

There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry. [*Sings.*

Melodious birds sing madrigals—
Whenas I sat in Pabylon—
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow &c.

Re-enter Simple.

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.
Evans. He 's welcome.— [*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?
Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.
Evans. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shal. How now, master parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.
Slen. [*Aside*] Ah, sweet Anne Page!
Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh.
Evans. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still! in your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day!

Evans. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Evans. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Evans. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Evans. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Evans. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he 's the man should fight with him.

Slen. [*Aside.*] O sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons. Keep them asunder: here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor

Host. Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear. Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Evans. [*Aside to Caius*] Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John Ape.

Evans. [*Aside to Caius*] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stocks to other men's humors; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends. [*Aloud*] I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine host de Jarteer,—have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Evans. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed: I 'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer!

Caius. Aye, dat is very good; excellent.

101. *"Gallia and Gaul";* so the Folios; the first and second Quartos read "Gawle and Gawlia"; Farmer's conjecture "Guallia and Gaul" was adopted by Malone and other editors. Gallia = Wales.—I. G.

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so. Give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. [*Aside*] O sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt Shal., Slen., Page, and Host.*

Caius. Ha, do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha?

Evans. This is well; he has made us his vloutingstog.—I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this small scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart. He promise to bring me where is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

122. *"sot"* (here in the French sense), fool.—C. H. H.

126. *"scall"*; that is, *scall'd-head,* a term of reproach. Chaucer imprecates on the scrivener who miswrites his verse:

"Under thy long locks mayest thou have the *scalle.*"—H. N. H.

Evans. Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The street, in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy: now I see you 'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page. Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home?

Ford. Aye; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his

name is my husband had him of.—What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on 's name. There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir: I am sick till I see her. [*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she 's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind. And Falstaff's boy with her! Good plots, they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and willful Actæon; and to these

34. *"twenty mile";* the use of the singular for the plural, especially in statements of time and distance, was not uncommon in Shakespeare's time. Thus in *The Tempest* Prospero say,—"Twelve *year* since, Miranda, twelve year since, thy father was the duke of Milan."—H. N. H.

46. *"Actæon";* cuckold (on account of the horns which he wore when transformed into a stag).—C. H. H.

violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry aim. [*Clock heard.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search: there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Sir Hugh Evans, Caius, and Rugby.

Shal., Page, &c. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I 'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Aye, be-gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells

74. "*speaks holiday*"; to speak out of the common style. Thus in

April and May: he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry 't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Poines; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster. Master doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Master Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well: we shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's.

[*Exeunt Shal. and Slen.*

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit Rugby.*

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

[*Exit.*

Hotspur's account of the dandy lord: "With many *holiday* and lady terms he questioned me." *He smells April and May;* that is, smells *of* them.—H. N. H.

78. *"of no having";* that is, fortune or possessions. So, in *Twelfth Night:*

"My *having* is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer."—H. N. H.

80–81. *"He shall not knit a knot in his fortunes"* (which are now as it were unraveled).—I. G.

Ford. [*Aside*] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I 'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A room in Ford's house.

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! What, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly!—is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant. What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; for when I suddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pause or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they

lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket! what news with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Aye, I 'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here, and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he 'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou 'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I 'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so. Go tell thy master I am alone. [*Exit Robin.*] Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then: we 'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion; we 'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. 'Have I caught' thee, 'my heavenly jewel?' Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I 'll speak it before the best lord; I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady!

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semicircled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if For-

47. *"Have I caught thee";* probably the reading of the Quarto which omits "thee" is the more correct: Falstaff quotes from the second song in Sydney's *Astrophel and Stella:*—

"Have I caught my heav'nly jewell,
Teaching sleep most faire to be?
Now will I teach her that she
When she wakes is too-too cruell."—I. G.

tune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there 's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there 's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I 'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within*] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here 's Mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.

73. *"Nature thy friend";* that is, "if Fortune were not thy foe, Nature *being* thy friend." *Fortune my foe* was the beginning of a popular old ballad, wherein were sung the evils that fall upon men through the caprice of Fortune.—H. N. H.

100. *"behind the arras";* the spaces left between the walls and

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she 's a very tattling woman. [*Falstaff hides himself.*

Re-enter Mistress Page and Robin.

What 's the matter? how now!

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You 're shamed, you 're overthrown, you 're undone for ever!

Mrs. Ford. What 's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas, what 's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband 's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 'tis most certain your husband 's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have

wooden frames on which the tapestry was hung, were not more commodious to our ancestors, than to the authors of ancient dramatic pieces.—H. N. H.

a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? There is a gentleman my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand 'you had rather' and 'you had rather:' your husband 's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or, —it is whiting-time,—send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mrs. Ford. He 's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Fal. [*Coming forward*] Let me see 't, let me see 't, O, let me see 't!—I 'll in, I 'll in.— Follow your friend's counsel.—I 'll in.

Mrs. Page. What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee.—Help me away.—Let me creep in here.—I 'll never—

[*Gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*

139. *"conveyance"*; mode of privately conveying him away.—C. H. H.

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy.—Call your men, Mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John!

[*Exit Robin.*

Re-enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here quickly.—Where 's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble!—Carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now! whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck!—I would I could wash myself of the buck!—Buck, buck, buck! Aye, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed tonight; I 'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out: I 'll warrant we 'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. [*Locking the door.*] So, now uncape.

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Evans. This is fery fantastical humors and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exit Page, Caius, and Evans.*

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him an-

other hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We will do it: let him be sent for to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. [*Aside to Mrs. Ford*] Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Aye, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen!

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

Ford. Aye, aye; I must bear it.

Evans. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too: there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it.

Evans. You suffer for a pad conscience: your

wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promised you a dinner.—Come come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife: come Mistress Page.—I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily pardon me.

Page. Let 's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we 'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we 'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Evans. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a the turd.

Ford. Pray you, go, Master Page.

Evans. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, with all my heart!

Evans. A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries! [*Exeunt.*

258. *"a fine hawk for the bush."* This would be one of the short-winged species, distinguished from the long-winged falcon used for the open country.—C. H. H.

265. *"I pray you now,"* etc. Of this arrangement we hear no more. Mr. Daniel suggests that we have here "an indication of another underplot projected, and perhaps actually interwoven with it. . . . In Act iv. 5., after the Host has lost his horses, they are curiously officious in cautioning him against the thieves. Their threatened vengeance and the Host's loss were doubtless connected" (*Introduction to Quarto, 1602,* p. ix.).—C. H. H.

Scene IV

A room in Page's house.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.
Anne. Alas, how then?
Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property.
Anne. May be he tells you true.
Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself

13. *"thy father's wealth";* some light may be given to those who shall endeavor to calculate the increase of English wealth, by observing that Latimer, in the time of Edward VI mentions it as a proof of his father's prosperity, "that though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters five pounds each for their portion." At the latter end of Elizabeth, seven hundred pounds were such a temptation to courtship, as made all other motives suspected. Congreve makes twelve thousand pounds more than a counterbalance to the affection of Belinda. No poet will now fly his favorite character at less than fifty thousand.—H. N. H.

From the painting by Leslie, in the Tate Gallery.

Slender woos "sweet Anne

Shal. "He will make yo
Anne. "Good Master Sh

" ("Merry Wives of Windsor").

ndred and fifty pound jointure."
let him woo for himself."

ACT III., SC. IV.

That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why, then,—hark you hither!
[*They converse apart.*

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mistress Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I 'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't: 'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye: Master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. [*Aside.*] This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favor'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She 's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Aye, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Aye, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I 'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender,—

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne,—

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will! od 's heartlings, that 's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, Master Slender: love him, daughter Anne.—

Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton.
Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in.
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton. [*Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.*

Quick. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners,
I must advance the colors of my love,
And not retire: let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That 's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips!

92. *"bowled to death";* thus in Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair:* "Would I had been set in the ground, all but the head of me, and had my brains bowl'd at."—H. N. H.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself. Good Master Fenton,
I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.
Till then farewell, sir: she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress: farewell, Nan.
[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.*

Quick. This is my doing now: 'Nay,' said I, 'will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on Master Fenton:' this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring: there 's for thy pains.

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! [*Exit Fenton.*] A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I 'll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it! [*Exit.*

104. *"once"*; sometime.—H. N. H.

Scene V

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in 't. [*Exit Bard.*] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I 'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter:

Sc. v. This scene has probably been put together out of two scenes, separated by a night's interval, in the original version. The opening lines (1–25) clearly belong to a scene following immediately upon Falstaff's adventure in the buck-basket; while the visit of Mrs. Quickly takes place either the same evening or early the following morning. Mr. Daniel would alter her "good morrow" to "good even," and "this morning" (47) to "to-morrow morning." Mr. Wheatley suggests, as a simpler expedient, to alter "this morning" (138) to "to-morrow morning." But in this case Falstaff need not hasten to his appointment, and his exit must be otherwise explained. —C. H. H.

5. The reading of the Quartos is seemingly preferable:—"Have I lived to be carried in a basket, and thrown into the Thames like a barrow of butcher's offal."—I. G.

10. *"The rogues slighted me into the river," i. e.* "Threw me in contemptuously"; the Quartos read "slided me in."—I. G.

12. *"blind puppies";* so in all the old copies, meaning, of course, *a bitch's blind puppies.* Falstaff was not in a state of mind to stand upon the niceties of grammar, and so he left his errors to be

and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow,—a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter Bardolph with sack.

Bard. Here 's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly 's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy; give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I 'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [*Exit Bardolph.*] How now!

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough;

corrected by modern editors; who, accordingly, have given what he meant, not what he said.—H. N. H.

I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day; good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she 'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well.—O, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, Master Brook,—you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favoredly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking Cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket!—rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hands, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that,—that am as sub-

116. *"detected with"; with, by,* and *of,* were used indiscriminately with much license by our ancestors. Thus in a subsequent passage of this play we have: "I sooner would suspect the sun *with* cold." *Detected* appears to have been used in the sense of *suspected, impeached.* Cavendish, in his *Visions,* has this very phrase: "What is he of our bloode that wold not be sory to heare our names *with* vile fame *so detected.*" *Detected* must have the same meaning here, for Falstaff was not *discovered,* but *suspected by* the jealous Ford. Some modern editors have unwarrantably substituted *by* for *with.*—H. N. H.

121. *"fretted";* rotted.—C. H. H.

ject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,— hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit, then, is desperate; you 'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vison? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, Master Ford! there 's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I

am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, —I 'll be horn-mad. [*Exit.*

162. *"to be what I would not";* the fact of my being what, etc.—C. H. H.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

A street.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Quickly, and William.

Mrs. Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this, or will be presently: but, truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I 'll be with her by and by; I 'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day?

Evans. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

4. *"courageous mad"*; outrageous.—H. N. H.

17. *"questions in his accidence."* The following questions are

Evans. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, 'Od's nouns.'

Evans. Peace your tattlings! What is 'fair,' William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Evans. You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you, peace.—What is 'lapis,' William?

Will. A stone.

Evans. And what is 'a stone,' William?

Will. A pebble.

Evans. No, it is 'lapis': I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Evans. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and

taken from Lily's *Accidence,* which had been in use since Henry VIII's time in all the English grammar-schools, and was therefore familiar to Shakespeare from his own school time.—C. H. H.

41. *"What is he that does lend articles?"* etc. A similar play upon the definitions in Lily's Latin Grammar had been introduced into Lyly's *Endymion* (iii. 3.):—

Toph. Alas, Epi, to tell thee a truth, I am a noun adjective.

Epi. Why?

Toph. Because I cannot stand without another, etc.—C. H. H.

be thus declined, Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.

Evans. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you, mark: genitivo, hujus. Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. Accusativo, hinc.

Evans. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; accusativo, hung, hang, hog.

Quick. 'Hang-hog' is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Evans. Leave your prabbles, 'oman.—What is the focative case, William?

Will. O,—vocativo, O.

Evans. Remember, William; focative is caret.

Quick. And that 's a good root.

Evans. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace!

Evans. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitive case!

Evans. Aye.

Will. Genitive,—horum, harum, horum.

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Evans. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: —he teaches him to hick and to hack, which

51. *"Hang-hog is Latin for bacon";* probably suggested by the famous story told of Sir Nicholas Bacon. A prisoner named Hog, who had been condemned to death, prayed for mercy on the score of kindred. "Ay but," replied the judge, "you and I cannot be of kindred unless you are hanged; for Hog is not Bacon till it be well hanged" (Bacon's *Apophthegms*).—I. G.

they 'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call 'horum':—fie upon you!

Evans. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Prithee, hold thy peace.

Evans. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Evans. It is qui, quæ, quod: if you forget your 'quies,' your 'quæs,' and your 'quods,' you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play; go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Evans. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir Hugh.*] Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A room in Ford's house.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in

2. *"you are obsequious"*; so, in *Hamlet:* "To do *obsequious* sorrow." The epithet *obsequies* refers, in both instances, to the seriousness with which *obsequies* are performed.—H. N. H.

your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He 's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within*] What, ho, gossip Ford! what, ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[*Exit Falstaff.*

Enter Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who 's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed!

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly. [*Aside to her*] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, 'Peer out, peer out!' that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience,

22. *"Old lunes";* the Folios and third Quarto read "lines"; the first and second Quartos "vaine"; the correction is Theobald's; the same error occurs in *Troilus and Cressida,* II. iii. 139.—I. G.

to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Hard by, at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then, you are utterly shamed, and he 's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him! better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I 'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip

54. *"with pistols";* this is one of Shakespeare's anachronisms: he has also introduced pistols in *Pericles,* in the reign of Antiochus, two hundred years before Christ.—H. N. H.

away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I 'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I 'll go out, then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not! There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she 's as big as he is: and there 's her thrummed hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress

Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick! we 'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while.

[*Exit Falstaff.*

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she 's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Aye, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We 'll try that; for I 'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he 'll be here presently: let 's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I 'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I 'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*

87. *"look"*; look for.—C. H. H.

107. *"The witch of Brentford"*; an actual personage of the sixteenth century. A tract is extant entitled "Jyl of Breyntford's Testament," whence it appears that the witch kept a tavern at Brentford; in Dekker & Webster's *Westward Ho* the following allusion is found:—"I doubt that old hag Gillian of Brainford has bewitched me."—I. G.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.
We 'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not act that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old, but true,—Still swine eats all the draff.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Mistress Ford with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly dispatch. [*Exit.*

First Serv. Come, come, take it up.

Sec. Serv. Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.

First Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Aye, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the basket, villain! Somebody call my wife. Youth in a basket!—O you pandarly rascals! there 's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed.—What, wife, I say!—Come, come forth! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!

Page. Why, this passes, Master Ford; you are

116. *"act"*; do in reality what we jestingly feign to do.—C. H. H.

not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Evans. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So say I too, sir.

Re-enter Mistress Ford.

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face! hold it out. Come forth, sirrah!

[*Pulling clothes out of the basket.*

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Evans. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence

is true; my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here 's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

Evans. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he 's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show no color for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, 'As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.' Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What, ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman 's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what 's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling.

178. *"show no color for my extremity";* offer no excuse for the extreme course I take.—C. H. H.

She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is, beyond our element: we know nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband!—Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Re-enter Falstaff in woman's clothes, and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I 'll prat her. [*Beating him*] Out of my door, you witch, you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out, out! I 'll conjure you, I 'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Falstaff.*

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it. 'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Evans. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

218. *"cry out thus"*; expressions taken from the chase. *Trail* is the scent left by the passage of the game. To *cry out* is to *open*, or *bark*.—H. N. H.

Page. Let 's obey his humor a little further: come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Ford, Page, Shal., Caius, and Evans.*

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully methought.

Mrs. Page. I 'll have the cudgel hallowed and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I 'll warrant they 'll have him publicly shamed: and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

241. *"figures"*; fancies, whimsies.—C. H. H.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it, then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be tomorrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen: they speak English?

Bard. Aye, sir; I 'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I 'll make them pay; I 'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I 'll sauce them. Come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

A room in Ford's house.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Evans. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honor stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more:
Be not as extreme in submission
As in offense.
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they 'll meet him in the Park at midnight? Fie, fie! he 'll never come.

Evans. You say he has been thrown in the rivers, and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

7. *"suspect the sun of cold"*; the reading in the text is Mr. Rowe's. The old copies read, "I rather will suspect the sun with *gold*."—H. N. H.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you 'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.
Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.
Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?
Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.
Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he 'll come:

29. *"Herne the Hunter."* The present passage is the source of practically all that is known of this legend.—C. H. H.

41. *"this Herne's oak";* the tree which was by tradition shown as Herne's oak, being totally decayed, was cut down by order of George III in 1795.—H. N. H.

43. *"That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us."* After this line the following words from the Quartos have been added in many editions:—

"We'll send him word to meet us in the field,
Disguised like Horne with huge horns on his head."—I. G.

And in this shape when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter and my little son
And three or four more of their growth we 'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once
With some diffused song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We 'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

62. *"To pinch";* probably the correct reading should be "to-pinch," where "to" is the intensitive prefix so common in old English, though it is possible to explain it as the ordinary infinitive prefix, omitted in the case of the former verb in the sentence.—I. G.

62. *"sound,"* for *soundly,* the adjective used as an adverb.—H. N. H.

Ford. The children must
Be practiced well to this, or they 'll ne'er do 't.
Evans. I will teach the children their behaviors; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.
Ford. That will be excellent. I 'll go buy them vizards.
Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.
Page. That silk will I go buy. [*Aside*] And in that time
Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton. Go send to Falstaff straight.
Ford. Nay, I 'll to him again in name of Brook:
He 'll tell me all his purpose: sure, he 'll come.
Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go get us properties
And tricking for our fairies,
Evans. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveries.
[*Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.*
Mrs. Page. Go, Mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.
[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*
I 'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.

80. *"tricking";* dresses. Pyrrhus, in *Ham.* ii. 2. 497, is said to be "horridly trick'd with blood of fathers, mothers," etc.—C. H. H.

84. *"Send quickly to Sir John."* Theobald ingeniously suggested "Quickly" for "quickly."—I. G.

That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects.
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. [*Exit.* 92

Scene V

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There 's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go knock and call; he 'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: 10 knock, I say.

Sim. There 's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I 'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

8. *"story of the Prodigal";* the Prodigal Son was a favorite subject for the tapestry or other wall-decoration of a room. Similarly in *2 Hen. IV* Falstaff assures the Hostess that "for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work," is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings. —C. H. H.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I 'll call.—Bully knight! Bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*Above*] How now, mine host!

Host. Here 's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honorable: fie! privacy? fie!

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she 's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was 't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Aye, marry, was it, muscle-shell: what would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the

28. *"wise woman of Brentford";* Scott in his *Discovery of Witchcraft* says: "At this day it is indifferent in the English tongue to say, She is a *witch,* or, She is a *wise-woman.*"—H. N. H.

woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know?

Host. Aye, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her, or no. Go; say the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Aye, sir; like who more bold.

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit.*

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Aye, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon

46. *"conceal"*; the "muscle-shell" means *reveal.*—H. N. H.
55. *"like who more bold"*; like the boldest.—C. H. H.
59. *"clerkly"*; that is, scholar-like.—H. N. H.

as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Evans. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Evans. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cozen-germans that has cozened all the hosts of Readins, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stocks, and

80. *"Cozen-germans";* the first Quarto reads:—

"For there is three sorts of cosen garmombles,
Is cosen all the Host of Maidenhead and Readings,"

where "garmombles" is very possibly a perversion of Mömpelgard; Count Frederick of Mömpelgard visited Windsor in 1592; free post-horses were granted him by a passport of Lord Howard.

The Count became a "Duke of Jamany" (Wirtemberg) in 1593; considerable interest must have been taken in the Duke about 1598. A letter to the Queen, dated August 14, 1598, is extant, in which the following passage occurs:—"I have heard with extreme regret that some of my enemies endeavour to calumniate me and prejudice your majesty against me. I have given them no occasion for this. I hope that when your majesty has discovered this report to be false, you will have greater reason to continue your affection towards me, and give neither faith nor credit to such vipers." In the year 1602 appeared "An Account of the Duke's Bathing Excursion to the far-famed Kingdom of England" *vide* Rye's *England as seen by Foreigners*).—I. G.

'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine host de Jarteer?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jamany: by my trot, dere is no duke dat the court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go!—Assist me, knight.—I am undone!—Fly, run, hue and cry, villain!—I am undone!

[*Exeunt Host and Bard.*

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgeled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Now; whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all colors of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

127. *"of an old woman"; i. e.* of an ordinary old woman, too innocent and harmless for a witch.—C. H. H.

Scene VI

The same. Another room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy: I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I 'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will at the least keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who mutually hath answer'd my affection,
So far forth as herself might be her chooser,
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested,
Without the show of both; fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
I 'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host.
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen;
The purpose why, is here: in which disguise,

21. *"The purpose why, is here";* in the letter.—H. N. H.

While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented:
Now, sir,
Her mother, even strong against that match,
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She seemingly obedient likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor. Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand and bid her go,
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,—
For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,—
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed,
With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:

41. *"Quaint,"* here, may mean *neatly,* or *elegantly,* which were ancient acceptations of the word, and not *fantastically:* but either sense will suit.—H. N. H.

And here it rests,—that you 'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I 'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I 'll make a present recompense.

[*Exeunt.*

52. *"husband"*; manage.—C. H. H.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Prithee, no more prattling; go. I 'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away! go. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away!

Quick. I 'll provide you a chain; and I 'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head and mince. [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*

Enter Ford.

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see,

1. *"hold"*; keep to the time.—H. N. H.

9. *"and mince"*; that is, *walk: to mince* signified to walk with affected delicacy.—H. N. H.

like a poor old man: but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you:—he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me: I 'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow me: I 'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook! Follow.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page. Come, come; we 'll couch i' the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

26. *"life is a shuttle";* an allusion to the *Book of Job,* c. vii. v. 6. "My days are swifter than a weaver's *shuttle.*"—H. N. H.

28. *"plucked geese";* to strip a living goose of its feathers was formerly an act of puerile barbarity.—H. N. H.

Slen. Aye, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another: I come to her in white, and cry, 'mum;' she cries 'budget;' and by that we know one another.

Shal. That 's good too: but what needs either your 'mum' or her 'budget?' the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let 's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A street leading to the Park.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Doctor Caius.

Mrs. Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park: we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit Caius.*] My husband will not rejoice so much at the

15. *"No man means evil but the devil";* Page indirectly alludes to Falstaff, who was to have horns on his head.—H. N. H.

abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We 'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters and their lechery
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Windsor Park.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans disguised, with others as Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: come, come; trib trib. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Another part of the Park.

Enter Falstaff disguised as Herne.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda. O omnipotent Love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! And then another fault in the semblance of a fowl;—think on 't, Jove; a foul fault! When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow?—Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut! Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of

22. "rain potatoes"; the sweet potato was used in England as a delicacy long before the introduction of the common potato by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1586. It was imported in considerable quantities

Green Sleeves, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas, what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away! [*They run off.*
Mrs. Page. }

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that 's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, disguised as before; Pistol, as Hobgoblin; Mistress Quickly, Anne Page, and others, as Fairies, with tapers.

from Spain and the Canaries, and was supposed to possess the power of restoring decayed vigor. The kissing-comfits were principally made of these and eringo roots, and were perfumed to make the breath sweet. Gerarde attributes the same virtues to the common potato, which he distinguishes as the Virginian sort.—H. N. H.

27. *"Bribe buck";* the Folios read "brib'd buck," which is probably the right reading: "a bribed buck" was a buck cut up into portions, (Old French *bribes*="portions of meat to be given away").—I. G.

30. *"the fellow of this walk";* the *keeper.* The shoulders of the buck were among his perquisites.—H. N. H.

Quick. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moonshine revelers, and shades of night,
You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.
Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unraked and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

45. *"Orphan heirs."* Theobald suggested "ouphen" (elvish) for "orphan," and he has been followed by many editors, but the change is unnecessary. *Cp.* "unfather'd heirs" *II Henry IV,* IV, iv. 122.—I. G.

Warburton reads *ouphen,* and not without plausibility; *ouphes* being mentioned before and afterward. Malone thinks it means mortals by birth, but adopted by the fairies; *orphans* in respect of their real parents, and now only dependent on *destiny* herself.—Singer.

We cannot help thinking that *ouphen* is the true word; the meaning being, "fairy children, who execute the decrees of destiny."—H. N. H.

46. *"quality";* profession.—H. N. H.

48. *"Toys,"* evidently to be read "toyës," rhyming with "O-yes" in the previous line; similarly "unswept" should probably be "unswep" rhyming with "leap."—I. G.

52. *"sluttery";* this office of the ancient fairies appears to have been quite a favorite theme with poets. Thus in Drayton's *Nymphidia:*

"These make our girls their sluttery rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe,
The house for cleanly sweeping."

So also in an old ballad entitled *The Merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow,* sometimes attributed to Ben Jonson:

"When house and harth doth sluttish lye,
I pinch the maidens black and blue;
The bed-clothes from the bedd pull I,
And lay them naked all to view."

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
I 'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye. [*Lies down upon his face.*
Evans. Where 's Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy;
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy:
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and shins.
Quick. About, about;
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

And again in the ancient song of the *Fairy Queen:*

"And, if the house be foul
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep:
There we pinch their arms and thighes;
None escapes, nor none espies.
But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duely she is paid:
For we use before we goe
To drop a tester in her shoe."

It were a curious inquiry, what this superstition had to do, as cause or effect, with the well-known cleanliness of the English people.—H. N. H.

57. *"her fantasy";* that is, elevate her fancy, and amuse her tranquil mind with some delightful vision, *though* she sleep as soundly as an infant.—H. N. H.

The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm and every precious flower:
Each fair installment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And *Honi soit qui mal y pense* write
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Away; disperse: but till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set;
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay; I smell a man of middle-earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

67. *"scour with juice of balm"*; it was an article of ancient luxury to rub tables, &c., with aromatic herbs. Pliny informs us that the Romans did so to drive away evil spirits.—H. N. H.

69. *"installment"*; seat of installation.—C. H. H.

75. *"pense"* (two syllables as in French verse).—C. H. H.

86. *"middle-earth"*; the globe was often called "middle earth."—H. N. H.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end: 90
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.
Pist. A trial, come.
Evans. Come, will this wood take fire!
[*They burn him with their tapers.*
Fal. Oh, Oh, Oh!
Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Song.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury! 100
Lust is but a bloody fire,

97. *"sing a scornful rhyme."* The situation resembles that of the scene in Lyly's *Endymion* (iv. 3.), where (according to the stage direction) "the fairies dance, and with a song pinch him [Corsites]"—

Omnes. Pinch him, pinch him black and blue,
Saucy mortals must not view
What the Queen of Stars is doing
Nor pry into our fairy wooing.
1st Fairy. Pinch him blue.
2nd Fairy. And pinch him black.
3rd Fairy. Let him not lack
Sharp nails to pinch him blue and red, etc.—C. H. H.

98. *"pinch him to your time";* after this line Malone and others add the following from the quartos:

"Eva. It is right; indeed he is full of lecheries and iniquity."

It is to be observed, that in this interlude the speakers, except Falstaff, do not appear in their own characters: they are acting parts; and surely Sir Hugh would not speak anything that was not put down for him. It is true, Falstaff a little before speaks of "that Welch fairy"; but he does this from the Welchman's accent, not from his saying anything that is not in his part.—H. N. H.

Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

During this song they pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a boy in green; Slender another way, and takes off a boy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is heard within. All the Fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, and Mistress Ford.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think we have watch'd you now:
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher.
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town?

113. *"These fair yokes";* the first Folio reads "yoakes," the second "okes." "Yokes" must refer to the resemblance of the buck's horns to a yoke; a sort of sense can be got out of "oaks," the antlers resembling the branches of oaks, but the first Folio reading seems preferable.—I. G.

Ford. Now, sir, who 's a cuckold now? Master Brook, Falstaff 's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again; but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Aye, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Evans. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Evans. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Evans. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. 'Seese' and 'putter'? Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evans. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to an-

167. *"intolerable"*; monstrous, huge.—C. H. H.

swer the Welsh flannel: ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we 'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pandar: over and above that you have suffered, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. [*Aside.*] Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

Enter Slender.

Slen. Whoa, ho! ho, father Page!

Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatched?

Slen. Dispatched! I 'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on 't; would I were hanged, la, else!

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress

185. *"a biting affliction";* after this speech the following is usually added from the quartos:

"*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, husband, let that go to make amends:
Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.
Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last."

Those who have taken this from the quartos have not told us why they left out some other matter that is equally there.—H. N. H.

Anne Page, and she 's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir!—and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried 'mum,' and she cried 'budget,' as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married un garçon, a boy; un paysan, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

218. *"not Anne, but a postman's boy";* here, again, we commonly have the following thrust in from the quartos:

"Eva. Jeshu! master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?
Page. O, I am vex'd at heart! What shall I do?"—H. N. H.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?
Caius. Aye, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I 'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit.*
Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?
Page. My heart misgives me:—here comes Master Fenton.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

How now, Master Fenton!
Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!
Page. Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender?
Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?
Fent. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
The offense is holy that she hath committed;
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.
Ford. Stand not amazed; here is no remedy:
In love the heavens themselves do guide the state;

249. *"evitate";* avoid.—H. N. H.

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eschew'd must be embraced.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased. 260

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so. Sir John,
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford.
[*Exeunt.*

260. *"deer are chased";* here, too, we commonly have a line added from the quartos.

"Eva. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding."

It is questionable whether these passages, evidently either not written by the Poet, or else thrown out in the revisal, ought to have a place even in the notes.—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

A-birding, bird-catching; III. iii. 258.

Abstract, inventory; IV. ii. 66.

Address, make ready; III. v. 143.

Admittance, "of Venetian ad." =="admitted from Venice"; III. iii. 64; "of great a."== admitted into the best company; II. ii. 252.

Adversary, used jestingly for "advocate" by the host; II. iii. 100.

Affecting, full of affectation; II. i. 154.

Aggravate his style, *i. e.* increase his title; II. ii. 316.

Aim, "to cry aim," an expression borrowed from archery = to encourage the archers by crying out "aim," hence to encourage, applaud; III. ii. 48.

All-hallowmas, November 1; *i. e.* about five weeks after *Michaelmas*; Simple blunders in putting it "a fortnight afore Michaelmas"; I. i. 221.

Allicholy, Mistress Quickly's corruption of melancholy; I. iv. 168.

Alligant, Mistress Quickly's error for elegant; II. ii. 75.

Allowed, approved; II. ii. 253.

Amaimon, name of a devil whose dominion is on the north part of the infernal gulph; II. ii. 330.

Amaze, confuse; V. v. 241.

Angel, a gold coin valued at ten shillings (used quibblingly); I. iii. 61–65.

Anthropophaginian, cannibal; IV. v. 10.

Armigero; Slender's error for "armiger"; his knowledge of Latin is derived from attestations, *e. g.* "Coram me, Roberto Shallow, armigero, &c."; I. i. 10.

Authentic, of acknowledged authority; II. ii. 252.

Avised, advised, informed; "are you a. of that"=="have you found it out?"; I. iv. 109.

Bailie, deliver, bring, (the Folios read "ballow"); I. iv. 95.

Banbury cheese, in allusion to Slender's thinness, B. cheese being proverbially thin; I. i. 136.

Barbason, name of a demon; II. ii. 331.

Bede, the name of a fairy; V. v. 55.

Bestow, stow away, lodge; IV. ii. 49.

Bilbo, v. latten bilbo.

Bloody fire, fire in the blood; V. v. 101.

Boitier, "a surgeon's case of oyntment" (the Quarto reads "my oyntment"); I. iv. 49.

BOLD-BEATING, apparently = brow-beating; II. ii. 32.

BOLT, v. shaft.

BOOK OF RIDDLES, a popular book of the day, referred to as early as 1575; the earliest extant edition bears date 1629:—*"The Booke of Merry Riddles, together with proper Questions and Witty Proverbs to make pleasant pastime; no less useful than behovefull for any young man or child to know if he be quick-witted or no"*; I. i. 218.

BOOK OF SONGS AND SONNETS; Slender is perhaps alluding to *"Songs and Sonnets written by the Right Honourable Lord Henry Howard, late Earle of Surrey and others"* (pub. 1557); I. i. 215.

BREED-BATE, one who stirs up "bate," or contention; I. iv. 13.

BREWAGE, drink brewed; III. v. 34.

BUCK, used quibblingly with reference to the buck and its horns; III. iii. 173.

BUCK-BASKET, a basket for clothes which were to be bucked or washed; III. iii. 2.

BUCKING, washing; III. iii. 144.

BUCKLERSBURY, Cheapside, where the druggists and grocers lived; III. iii. 82.

BUCK-WASHING, laundry; III. iii. 171.

BULLY-ROOK, dashing fellow; I. iii. 2.

BULLY-STALE; *v.* stale.

BUTTONS; "'tis in his buttons" ='tis within his compass; he will succeed; perhaps an allusion to the flower called "bachelor's buttons," by means of which the success of love was divined; III. ii. 76.

CAIN-COLORED BEARD; Cain was represented in old tapestries with a yellowish beard; I. iv. 24.

CANARIES, probably Mistress Quickly's version of "quandary" (pronounced candary); II. ii. 66.

CANARY, wine from the Canary Islands, sweet sack; III. ii. 95; [with a quibble on "canary" in the sense of a quick lively dance; III. ii. 97.]

CAREIRES, the curvetting of a horse; "to passe a careire is but to runne with strength and courage such a convenient course as is meete for his ability"; I. i. 193.

CARRION, used as a term of contempt; III. iii. 212.

CARVES, makes a sign of favor; I. iii. 50.

CASHIERED, in Bardolph's slang it seems to mean "eased of his cash"; I. i. 192.

CASTALION—King—Urinal; a nonsensical title which the host gives to Caius; "Castalion," used probably as a quibble with reference to the medical practice of "casting the water" of the patient; II. iii. 34.

CATAIAN, an inhabitant of Cataia or "Cathay" (China); a thief; used as term of reproach; II. i. 157.

CAT-A-MOUNTAIN, wild-cat, leopard, (used adjectively); II. ii. 30.

CHARACTERY, characters, writing; V. v. 79.

Charge, to put to expense; II. ii. 184.

Chariness, scrupulousness; II. i. 110.

Charms, love-charms, enchantments; II. ii. 116.

Cheater, escheater, an officer of the Exchequer, employed to exact forfeitures, (used quibblingly); I. iii. 80.

Clapper-claw, thrash; II. iii. 69 (*cp.* 70, 72).

Coat, coat-of-arms; I. i. 17.

Cock and pie, a vulgar corruption of "God" and "Pie" (the service-book of the Romish Church); I. i. 331.

Cog, to wheedle; III. iii. 52.

Cogging, deceiving; III. i. 126.

Colors, ensigns; III. iv. 86.

Come off, to pay handsomely; IV. iii. 14.

Companion, fellow (in a bad sense); III. i. 127.

Cony-Catch, to poach, pilfer; I. iii. 37.

Coney-Catching, poaching, pilfering; I. i. 134.

Coram; probably due to the formula "jurat coram me," or a corruption of "quorum" (quorum-esse volumus" in a Justice's commission); both forms "corum" and "coram" are found as part of the title of "a justice of the peace"; I. i. 6.

Cornuto, cuckold; III. v. 74.

Cotsall, an allusion to the annual sports on the Cotswold Hills, Gloucestershire; I. i. 97.

Couch, crouch; V. ii. 1.

Counter-gate, the entrance to one of the Counter Prisons in London; III. iii. 88.

Country, district; I. i. 237.

Cowl-staff, a pole on which a tub or basket is borne between two persons; III. iii. 161.

Cozeners, sharpers (? play on "Cozen-Germans,") *cp.*; IV. v. 68, 80.

Cuckoo-birds, with allusion to cuckolds; II. i. 135.

Curtal, having a docked tail; "a curtal dog"=a dog unfit for the chase, or one that has missed the game; II. i. 122.

Custalorum; Shallow's corruption of "Custos Rotulorum"; I. i. 7.

Cut and long-tail, any kind of dogs, curtal dogs or long-tailed; (hence, come who will to contend with me); III. iv. 48.

Datchet-mead, in Windsor; III. iii. 15, etc.

Daubery, imposture; IV. ii. 196.

Defy, reject; II. ii. 80.

Detest; Mistress Quickly's error for "protest"; I. iv. 164.

Dickens (exclamatory), the devil; probably=devilkins; III. ii. 20.

Diffused, discordant; IV. iv. 55.

Dissolved, and dissolutely; Slender's error for "resolved, and resolutely"; I. i. 273.

Dole, portion; "happy man be his d."="happiness be his portion"; III. iv. 69.

Drumble, dawdle; III. iii. 162.

Eld, old age, used in the sense of "old persons"; IV. iv. 37.

Elder, "heart of elder"=weak, faint-hearted; the elder has no heart; used in contrast to "heart of oak"; II. iii. 30.

Ensconce, to shelter under pro-

tection of a sconce or fort; II. ii. 30.

Ephesian, boon-companion, (an allusion perhaps to St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, chap. ii. 10); IV. v. 19.

Eringoes, sea-holly, (supposed to possess aphrodisiac qualities); V. v. 24.

Esquire, a gentleman next in degree below a knight; I. i. 4.

Eyas-musket, young male sparrow-hawk; III. iii. 23.

Fap, evidently a cant term for "fuddled"; I. i. 191.

Fartuous; Mistress Quickly's pronunciation of "virtuous"; II. ii. 109.

Fault, misfortune; I. i. 101; III. iii. 243.

Faustuses, "three Doctor F." (*cp.* "Mephostophilus"); IV. v. 72.

Fights, (a sea-term), the canvas that hangs round the ship in a fight, to screen the combatants; II. ii. 153.

Fine and recovery, a term of law denoting absolute ownership; IV. ii. 235.

Flannel, originally manufactured in Wales, hence ludicrously used for a Welshman; V. v. 178.

Flemish, given to drink like a Fleming; the Dutch were notorious drunkards; II. i. 26.

Foin, to thrust in fencing; II. iii. 24.

Fortune thy foe, an allusion to the old ballad "Fortune my foe"; III. iii. 73.

Frampold, quarrelsome; II. ii. 101.

French thrift; Falstaff al' to the practice of making a richly-dressed page take the place of a band of retainers; I. iii. 97.

Frize, a kind of coarse woolen stuff manufactured by Flemings in Wales; V. v. 151.

Froth, to make a tankard foam; I. iii. 15.

Fullam, a loaded die (so called from Fulham, where false dice were apparently manufactured); I. iii. 98.

Gallimaufry "hotch-potch," used by Pistol for "the whole sex"; II. i. 127.

Gar, Dr. Caius' pronunciation of "God"; I. iv. 122.

Geminy, a pair; II. ii. 8.

Ging, gang; IV. ii. 131.

Good-jer, supposed to be a corruption of the French word *goujère,* the name of a disease; used as a slight curse; I. iv. 134.

Good life, good name; III. iii. 131.

Gourd, some instrument of false gaming; I. iii. 98.

Grated upon, irritated, vexed; II. ii. 6.

Groat, piece of money valued at four-pence; I. i. 165.

Green sleeves, an old popular ballad tune, still extant; II. i. 68.

Hack, (?) "to become cheap and common," perhaps with a play on "hack," to kick; II. i. 55; IV. i. 69.

Hair, "against the hair," *i. e.* "against the grain," refers to the stroking an animal's hair the wrong way; II. iii. 41.

Hang together, to hold together

(without altogether collapsing); III. ii. 13.

Hawthorn-buds, dandies; III. iii. 81.

Hector, cant term for a sharper; I. iii. 12.

Herod, represented as a swaggering tyrant in the old miracle plays; II. i. 21.

Hick, (?) to fight; Mistress Quickly's interpretation of "hic;" probably something coarse is intended; IV. i. 69.

High and low, *i. e.* high and low throws (the former were the numbers 4, 5, 6, the latter 1, 2, 3); I. iii. 99.

Hinds, servants; III. v. 103.

Hodge-pudding, probably something similar to a hodge-podge; V. v. 165.

Horn-mad, mad as a wicked bull; I. iv. 54.

Humor, (ridiculed as a much misused word of fashion; particularly used by Nym); I. i. 141, 177, 189, etc.

Hungarian, (used quibblingly); the Hungarian wars attracted many English volunteers, who subsequently returned to England impoverished; I. iii. 23. (The first and second Quartos read "Gongarian.")

Image, idea, conception; IV. vi. 17.

Infection, Mistress Quickly's error for "affection"; II. ii. 129.

Intention, intentness; I. iii. 75.

Jack-a-Lent, a small stuffed puppet thrown at during Lent; III. iii. 28; V. v. 138.

Jay, used metaphorically for a loose woman; III. iii. 46.

Kibe, chilblain; I. iii. 36.

Kissing-comfits, sugar-plums; V. v. 18.

Labras, lips; I. i. 174.

Larded, garnished; IV. vi. 14.

Latten bilbo, a sword made of latten, a mixed soft metal resembling brass; swords were called "bilbos" from the great reputation of those made at Bilboa in Spain; I. i. 173.

Laundry, Sir Hugh Evans' error for "launder"; I. ii. 5.

Leman, lover; IV. ii. 182.

Lewdsters, libertines; V. iii. 24.

Lime, to put lime in sack to make it sparkle; I. iii. 15.

Lingered, waited in expectation; III. ii. 63.

Long-tail, v. "cut," &c.

Louses, Sir Hugh Evans' corruption of "luces"; the joke was perhaps derived by Shakespeare from a story told of Sir William Wise and Henry VIII in Holmsted's continuation of the Chronicles of Ireland, where the play is on "fleure de lice"; I. i. 19.

Loves; "of all loves"=by all means, for love's sake; II. ii. 128.

Luces, pikes; "the dozen white luces," probably an allusion to the armorial bearings of Shakespeare's old enemy, Sir Thomas Lucy; a quartering of the Lucy arms, exhibiting the dozen white luces, is to be found in Dugdale's Warwickshire; I. i. 16.

Lunes, fits of lunacy; IV. ii. 22.

Luxury, wantonness; V. v. 100.

MACHIAVEL, used proverbially for a crafty schemer; III. i. 106.

MAKE, to make mischief; I. iv. 121.

MARRY TRAP, a phrase of doubtful meaning; "exclamation of insult when a man was caught in his own stratagem;" in all probability its real force was "catch me if you can"; I. i. 178.

MASTER OF FENCE, one who had taken a master's degree in the art of fencing; I. i. 309.

MECHANICAL, vulgar, vile; II. ii. 309.

MILL-SIXPENCES; "these sixpences, coined in 1561 and 1562, were the first milled money in England, used as counters to cast up money"; I. i. 165.

MEPHOSTOPHILUS, used by Pistol; the name had been made popular in England by Marlowe's Faustus; I. i. 138.

METHEGLINS, mead, a fermented dish of honey and water; V. v. 173.

MISTRESS, the ordinary title of an unmarried gentlewoman; I. i. 50.

MINCE, to walk with affected grace; V. i. 9.

MONTANT, an upright blow or thrust in fencing; II. iii. 27.

MOTIONS, proposals; I. i. 232.

MOUNTAIN-FOREIGNER, used by Pistol of Sir Hugh Evans, in the sense of "ultramontane," barbarous; I. i. 171.

MUSCLE-SHELL, applied by Falstaff to Simple because he stands with his mouth open; IV. v. 30.

NAY-WORD, a watch-word, or rather a twin-word agreed upon by two confederates; II. ii. 141.

NUTHOOK, contemptuous term for a catchpole; I. i. 179.

'OD'S HEARTLINGS, an oath; God's heartling (a diminutive of "heart"); III. iv. 60.

'OD'S NOUNS, Mistress Quickly's corruption of "God's wounds"; IV. i. 26.

ŒILLADES, amorous glances; I. iii. 69.

O'ERLOOKED, bewitched; V. v. 89.

'ORK, Sir Hugh's pronunciation of "work"; III. i. 16.

OUPHES, elves; IV. iv. 50.

OYES, hear ye! the usual introduction to a proclamation; V. v. 47.

PAID, used quibblingly in sense of "paid out"; IV. v. 63.

PARCEL, a constituent part; I. i. 249.

PASSANT; as a term of heraldry = walking, used by Sir Hugh Evans; I. i. 20.

PASSED, surpassed expression; I. i. 325.

PASSES, goes beyond bounds; IV. ii. 136.

PAUCA, few (*i. e.* words); I. i. 140; "pauca verba"; I. i. 129.

PEAKING, sneaking; III. v. 74.

PEER OUT, probably an allusion to the children's old rhyme calling on a snail to push forth its horns; IV. ii. 26.

PEEVISH, foolish; I. iv. 15.

PENSIONERS, the bodyguard of Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth were so called; II. ii. 86.

PERIOD, conclusion; IV. ii. 248.

PHEEZAR, evidently formed from the verb "to pheeze," *i. e.* "to hurry on, to worry"; I. iii. 10.

PHLEGMATIC, misapplied by Mistress Quickly; I. iv. 79.

PHRYGIAN, possibly in the sense of "Trojan," used as a cant term for a person of doubtful character; I. iii. 101.

PICKT-HATCH, a quarter of London notorious as the resort of bad characters; II. ii. 21.

PINNACE, used metaphorically for a go-between; I. iii. 93.

PIPE-WINE, wine not from the bottle but from the pipe or cask, with a play on "pipe" in the sense of instrument to which people danced; III. ii. 96.

PITTIE-WARD, ? "towards the Petty, or Little Park"; III. i. 5.

PLUMMET; "ignorance is a p. o'er me"; "Falstaff evidently represents himself as the carpenter's work, and Evans as the lead of the plummet held over him"; V. v. 179.

POLECAT, used as a term of reproach, (the polecat emits a disgusting smell); IV. ii. 205.

POSSIBILITIES, prospects of inheritance; used also in the sense of "possession," which may be the meaning here; I. i. 68.

POTTLE, a large tankard, originally a measure of two quarts; III. v. 31.

PRAT, a verb formed evidently by Ford from Mother Prat's name; IV. ii. 203.

PREECHES, breeched for flogging; IV. i. 82.

PRESENTLY, immediately; III. iii. 98.

PRIBBLES AND PRABBLES, petty wranglings, tittle-tattles (used by Sir Hugh Evans); I. i. 58.

PRIMERO, a game of cards; IV. v. 108.

PROPERTIES, used technically for the necessaries of the stage, exclusive of the scenery and dresses; IV. iv. 79.

PROPERTY, a thing wanted for a particular purpose, a tool, (to get out of debt); III. iv. 10.

PUDDINGS, the intestines of animals were so called (*cp.* "Pudding Lane"); II. i. 34.

PUMPION, a kind of pumpkin; III. iii. 44.

PUNK, strumpet; II. ii. 152.

PUNTO, a thrust or stroke in fencing; II. iii. 26.

QUARTER (used quibblingly); I. i. 26, 28.

QUEAN, a slut; IV. ii. 190.

RANK, mature; IV. vi. 22.

RATO-LORUM; Slender's corruption of (Custos) "Rotulorum"; I. i. 8.

RED-LATTICE PHRASES = alehouse language; a lattice window painted red was the customary distinction of an alehouse; II. ii. 31.

RELENT, repent; II. ii. 34.

RINGWOOD, a common name for a dog; II. i. 130.

RONYON, a mangy creature; IV. ii. 205.

SACKERSON, a famous bear, which was baited at the Paris Garden in Southwark; said to have belonged to Henslow & Alleyn; I. i. 322.

SADNESS, seriousness; IV. ii. 100.

Sauce, "to pepper"; IV. iii. 11.

Scall, scurvy; III. i. 126.

Scut, tail of a hare or rabbit; V. v. 21.

Sea-coal fire, a fire made of coals brought by sea, a novelty at a time when wood was generally burnt; I. iv. 9.

Season, fit time, (used probably technically for the time when the stags were at their best); III. iii. 174.

Secure, careless; II. i. 254.

Seeming, specious; III. ii. 44.

Semi-circled farthingale, a petticoat, the hoop of which did not come round in front; III. iii. 71.

Shait; "to make a shaft or bolt on 't" = to do a thing either one way or another; a shaft = a sharp arrow; a bolt, a thick short one with a knob at the end; III. iv. 24.

Shent, reviled, punished; I. iv. 39.

Ship-tire, a peculiar head-dress, resembling a ship; III. iii. 62.

Shovel-boards, broad shillings of Edward VI used for the game of shove or shovel-board; I. i. 166.

Simple, medicinal herb; III. iii. 83.

Sir, the inferior clergy, as well as knights or baronets, formerly received this title, being the old equivalent of the academic *Dominus;* (when applied to Bachelors of Arts at the Universities it was usually attached to the surname and not to the Christian name); hence *"Sir"* Hugh Evans; I. i. 1.

Slack, neglect; III. iv. 118.

Slice, applied by Nym to Slender; I. i. 140.

Slighted, tossed; III. v. 10.

Something, somewhat; IV. vi. 22.

Sprag = sprack, *i. e.* quick; IV. i. 86.

Speciously, a Quicklyism for specially (?) III. iv. 114; IV. v. 119.

Staggering, wavering; III. iii. 12.

Stale, the urine of horses, applied by the host to Dr. Caius; II. iii. 31.

Stamps, impressed coins; III. iv. 16.

Star-Chamber; this Court, among its other functions, took cognizance of "routs and riots"; I. i. 2.

Stoccadoes, thrusts in fencing; II. i. 246.

Stock, thrust in fencing; II. iii. 26.

Strain, disposition; II. i. 97.

Sufferance, sufferings; IV. ii. 2.

Swinged, belabored; V. v. 204.

Takes, strikes with disease; IV iv. 33.

Taking, fright; III. iii. 197.

Tall, sturdy, powerful; "tall of his hands"; I. iv. 27.

Tester, sixpence; I. iii. 100.

Thrummed, made of coarse, woolen yarn; thrum, the loose end of a weaver's warp; IV. ii. 84.

Tightly, promptly; I. iii. 92.

Tire, head-dress; III. iii. 63.

Tire-valiant, a fanciful head-dress; III. iii. 63.

Tricking, costumes; IV. iv. 80.

Trot, Caius' pronunciation of "troth"; IV. v. 92.

Trow, used by Mistress Quickly in the sense of "I wonder"; I. iv. 145.

Truckle-bed, a small bed, running on castors, which was thrust under the standing-bed during the day-time; IV. v. 7.

Uncape, to unearth a fox; III. iii. 181.

Unraked, "fires unr."= fires not raked together, not covered with fuel so that they might be found alight in the morning; V. v. 50.

Unweighed, inconsiderate; II. i. 24.

Urchins, imps, goblins; IV. iv. 50.

Veney, a bout at fencing; I. i. 310.

Vizaments = advisements or considerations; I. i. 40.

Vlouting-stog, *i. e.* laughing-stock; III. i. 123.

Wag, pack off; II. i. 251.

Ward, posture of defense; II. ii. 276.

Watched, tamed as a hawk is broken in, by being kept awake; V. v. 109.

Whiting-time, bleaching time; III. iii. 145.

Whitsters, bleachers of linen; III. iii. 15.

Wide of, far from, indifferent to; III. i. 59.

With, by; III. v. 116.

Wittolly, cuckoldly; II. ii. 302.

Woodman, a hunter of forbidden game, and also a pursuer of women; V. v. 31.

Worts, roots, (used quibblingly with reference to Sir Hugh's pronunciation of "words"); I. i. 129.

Wrong, "you do yourself mighty wrong"= you are much mistaken; III. iii. 230.

Wrongs, "this wrongs you," this is unworthy of you; IV. ii. 171.

Yead, an old abbreviation of "Edward"; I. i. 168.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. What is the tradition concerning the occasion of Shakespeare's writing this comedy?

2. Compare the incidents in it with those in other literature of the time and earlier.

3. Aside from these incidents what elements are quite distinctive?

4. When is the action supposed to be, with relation to the other plays in which Falstaff appears?

5. What characteristics of Falstaff are apparent in this play? In what ways does his presentation in the other plays lose by the situation in this?

6. By what several intrigues does the play proceed? Describe their counteraction and their relation to the center plot.

7. What characters bring in especial comedy elements? What are these respective comedy features?

8. Cite the main incidents upon which the action progressively turns.

ACT I

9. To what characters are we first introduced? Describe them as the conversation shows them.

10. About what is their discussion?

11. What is the tradition as to the Poet's possible meaning in the impersonation of Justice Shallow?

12. Upon what errand to Mistress Quickly does Sir Hugh send Simple?

13. What is Falstaff's complaint in scene ii?

14. What does he intend to do to mend his fortunes?

15. What occupation does Bardolph have offered him, humorously appropriate to his character?

16. How do Nym and Pistol take Sir John's request that they do his errand? What do they decide to do to get even?

17. How does Mistress Quickly describe Rugby?

18. What passes between Simple and Mistress Quickly concerning Slender? What is the description of him?

19. What does Mistress Quickly promise Simple to undertake for his master?

20. What is the cause of Dr. Caius's commotion upon finding Simple in the closet? What does he do because of it?

21. What other suitor of Anne's does Mistress Quickly take it upon herself to champion? Judging from her asides what does she think of the chances of the several suitors?

ACT II

22. Describe Sir John's letter to Mistress Page.

23. What are her comments upon it?

24. What is the news Mistress Ford brings her just as she finishes reading the letter?

25. What are their opinions of the knight and his letters? What do they devise in revenge for his impertinence? Whom do they get to help them with their plans?

26. How do Ford and Page receive the news Nym and Pistol bring them?

27. What news comes of Sir Hugh and Dr. Caius?

28. What tale does Mistress Quickly concoct for Sir John with regard to the effect of his wooing upon the two ladies?

29. What ruse does Ford employ to gather from Falstaff the course he intends to follow?

30. Describe the scene in which Dr. Caius awaits Sir Hugh for the duel.

ACT III

31. What is the matter of the first scene? Describe it.
32. What is the comedy effect of Slender's asides during it?
33. How do Mistress Page and Mistress Ford carry out their plan against Falstaff?
34. What difficulties of their love-match do Fenton and Anne discuss?
35. Describe Slender's method of wooing. What is Anne's comment upon it? What does she say to her mother about him?
36. What is Anne's opinion of the suitor her mother would choose for her?
37. What are Mistress Quickly's final reflections in scene iv?
38. Describe Sir John's account of his adventure to Ford.

ACT IV

39. Is there any motive but incidental diversion in the scene between Sir Hugh and William? What are its comedy features?
40. What next decoy for Falstaff do the two wives set?
41. How is Ford also fooled while the device is carried through?
42. Was there ever such an old personage as the "fat woman of Brentford"?
43. What do the two wives decide at last to do for the final discomfiture of Sir John?
44. What does Ford say when the whole matter is divulged?
45. What are the counter-plans of Page and his wife for the accomplishment of Anne's marriage?
46. What turn of his tables does the Host of the Garter Inn experience? Why do Sir Hugh and Dr. Caius make it an occasion for some sarcasm at his expense?
47. What do Fenton and Anne Page plan to circumvent her parents?

ACT V

48. Describe the scenes in which the final trickery against Sir John is carried out.

49. What superstitions about the fairies are referred to in the spoken lines of those taking part in the Masque in Windsor Park?

50. How does Sir John moralize upon his being hoaxed into believing his tormentors were really fairies?

51. What mistakes do Slender and Dr. Caius make in their attempts to elope with Anne Page?

52. Who enters to explain the mistakes of these two and how is their news received?

53. How is the comedy finally brought to its close?

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE EARLY EDITIONS

In 1609 two quarto editions of *Troilus and Cressida* were issued, with the following title-pages:—

(i) "The | Historie of Troylus | and Cresseida. | *As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties* | seruants at the globe. | *Written by* William Shakespeare. | London | Imprinted by *G. Eld* for *R. Bonian* and *H. Walley*, and | are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paules—Church-yeard, ouer against the | great North doore. | 1609." [1]

(ii) The | Famous Historie of Troylus *and* Cresseid. | *Excellently expressing the* beginning | of their loues, with the conceited wooing | of *Pandarus* Prince of *Licia*. | *Written by* William Shakespeare. | London | Imprinted by *G. Eld* for *R. Bonian* and *H. Walley*, and | are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paules | Church-yeard, ouer against the | great North doore. | 1609. |

The text is identical in the two quartos, the difference being merely the variation in the title-page, and the addition of a preface to the latter edition. There is no doubt that the leaf with the preface was not in the original issue, and that the first quarto was published with the statement that it had been acted by the King's servants at the Globe. The Cambridge Editors believe that the copies with this title-page were first issued for the theater, and

[1] Vide *Shakespeare Quarto Facsimiles*, No. 13.

afterwards those with the new title-page and preface for the general readers, and they are of opinion that in this case the expression "never staled with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palms of the vulgar" must refer to the first appearance of the play in type, unless we suppose that the publisher was more careful to say what would recommend his book than to state what was literally true. It seems, however, scarcely plausible that the expression can refer to mere publication, and not to actual performance; it is probable that the quartos differed in some important respects from the version of the play acted by "the King's servants," and the new title-page and preface were perhaps due to some remonstrance on the part of the author or "the grand possessors."

In the First Folio *Troilus and Cressida* is found between the "Histories" and "Tragedies"; it is not mentioned in the Table of Contents, and the editors were evidently doubtful as to its classification. "*Coriolanus*," "*Titus Andronicus*," "*Romeo and Juliet*," "*Troilus and Cressida*," was the original order of the Tragedies, and the first three pages of the present play were actually paged so as to follow *Romeo and Juliet*,[1] but *Timon of Athens* was subsequently put in its place, and a neutral position assigned to it between the two main divisions. The Folio editors' view that the play was a Tragedy was certainly neither in accordance with the sentiment of the prologue (first found in the Folio and seemingly non-Shakespearean) and the quarto preface, which make it a comedy, nor with the title-page and running title of the quartos which treat it as a history. *Troilus and Cressida* presents perhaps the most complex problem in the whole range of Shakespeare's work. It has been well described as "a History in which

[1] "The editors cancelled the leaf containing the end of *Romeo and Juliet* on one side and the beginning of *Troilus and Cressida* on the other, but retained the other leaf already printed, and then added the prologue to fill up the blank page, which in the original setting of the type had been occupied by the end of *Romeo and Juliet*" (Cambridge Ed.).

historical verisimilitude is openly set at nought, a Comedy without genuine laughter, a Tragedy without pathos."

There are many points of difference between the Quarto and Folio text of the play, and the Cambridge editors are probably correct in their conclusions that the discrepancies are to be explained thus:—the Quarto was printed from a transcript of the author's original MS. which was subsequently slightly revised by the author himself; before the First Folio was printed this revised MS. had been tampered with by another hand, perhaps by the writer of the prologue.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The publication of the quartos in 1609 gives us one limit for the date of *Troilus and Cressida*, but (i) certain discrepancies in the text, (ii) differences of style, thought, language, and metrical qualities, and (iii) important pieces of external evidence, make it almost certain that the play passed through various stages of revision, and was in all probability composed at different times. Under (i) must be noticed that "in Act I, sc. ii, Hector goes to the field and fights, in Act I, sc. iii, after this, we find him grown rusty in the long-continued truce"; again "the rhyming couplet, V, x, 33, 34, which almost terminates the last scene, is by the Folio editors repeated at the end of Act V, sc. iii, which fact strongly suggests that Scenes vi–x are a later insertion." As regards (ii), the general style of those parts of the play dealing with the Love Story, contrasts strongly with the parts belonging to the Camp Story; the former bear the impress of Shakespeare's earlier characteristics,[1] the latter of his later.

(iii) External evidence points to Shakespeare's connec-

[1] Perhaps we should note in this connection the characteristically early "echo of Marlowe" to be found in this portion of Act II. sc. ii. 82, where the reference is to Marlowe's famous lines in *Faustus*:—

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topmost towers of Ilium?

tion with the subject of *Troilus and Cressida* at least as early as 1599, for in the old anonymous play of *Histriomastix* (written by Marston and others about that year), a satirical production called forth by the famous Battle of the Theatres, associated with the quarrels of Marston, Dekker, Jonson, etc.—occurs the following burlesque passage:—

> *"Troy.* Come, Cressida, my cresset light,
> Thy face doth shine both day and night,
> Behold, behold *thy garter blue*
> *Thy knight his valiant elbow wears,*[1]
> That when he SHAKES his furious SPEARE,
> The foe, in shivering fearful sort,
> May lay him down in death to snort.
> *Cress.* O knight, with valour in thy face,
> Here *take my skreene,* wear it for grace;
> Within thy helmet put the same,
> Therewith to make thy enemies lame."[2]

There can be no doubt that we have here a travesty of an incident (*cp.* Act V, ii) in a play on the subject of

[1] The text is obviously corrupt; a line has dropped out ending in a word to rhyme with *"blue";* "wears" should be "wear" rhyming with *"speare."*

[2] This passage lends color to the hypothesis that *Troilus and Cressida* originally had some real or supposed bearing on the theatrical quarrels of the day, Ajax representing Jonson, and Thersites standing for Dekker; *"rank Thersites with his mastic jaws"* has been brought into connection with Dekker's *Satiromastix* (1601), and Jonson's description of him in *The Poetaster,* "one of the most overflowing rank wits in Rome." Mr. Fleay has suggested that the "physic" given "to the great Myrmidon" (I. iii. 378) is identical with the "purge" administered by Shakespeare to Jonson in *The Return from Parnassus.* The early *Troilus and Cressida* may have contained topical allusions, but these allusions were intentionally "overlaid" in the revised form of the play; minute criticism has probably detected fossil remains of theatrical satire. Even the doubtful Prologue with "its prologue armed" seems reminiscent of the armed Prologue, in Jonson's polemical *Poetaster.*

It is worth while noting that the Envy Induction in the latter play imitated the old play *Mucedorus* (1598, 1st ed.); we have a reference to the end of *Mucedorus* in *Troilus and Cressida,* II. iii. 25, *"Devil Envy,* say Amen!"

Troilus and Cressida, and that this play was by Shakespeare.

We know, from Henslowe's *Diary*, that about the same time, during the early part of 1599, Dekker and Chettle were preparing a play which was at first to be called "*Troylles and Cresseda*," but afterwards *Agamemnon;* and it is just possible that both this and Shakespeare's *Troilus* were based on some older production. Under the date of February 7, 1603, there is an entry in the Stationers' Register to "the book of *Troilus and Cressida*," as it is acted by "my Lord Chamberlain's servants"; the book is entered for James Roberts to be printed "when he had gotten sufficient authority for it." This must have been Shakespeare's play. Roberts did not get the necessary authority, and hence the re-entry in the Registers (January 28, 1609) before the publication of the Quarto edition. It is impossible to determine how far the play burlesqued in *Histriomastix*, the 1603 play, and the 1609 quarto, were identical.[1]

The safest course is to assign "*circa* 1599" to the play in its first form, "*circa* 1602" to the second and main revision, allowing for subsequent additions between the latter date and its publication in 1609. This perplexing "comedy of disillusion," with its dark irony, its wistful melancholy, its travesty of the faith of *Romeo and Juliet*, its depreciation of ancient heroism and medieval chivalry, its scoffing wordly wisdom, helps us perhaps to realize, somewhat at least, the deepening changes in Shakespeare's aspect of life, which lead him from farce to comedy, from comedy to somber tragi-comedy, and thence to soul-racking tragedy.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT

The main sources of *Troilus and Cressida* are:—(i) Chaucer's *Troilus*, which formed the basis of the love-

[1] The title-page of the first quarto evidently claimed that the version was the same as that acted by the Chamberlain's men in 1603; the second quarto, with the preface, withdrew the statement.

story;[1] (ii) Caxton's *Recuyell of the historyes of Troye* (translated from Raoul le Fèvre's *Recueil des Histoires de Troyes*),[2] and Lydgate's *Troy Book* (translated from Guido di Colonna), whence Shakespeare drew his materials for the camp-story; (iii) from Chapman's *Homer* (Bk. I–VII, 1597) the character of Thersites was derived (*vide* Book II).[3]

DURATION OF ACTION

It is impossible, according to Mr. P. A. Daniel, to assign more than four days to *Troilus and Cressida*, though certain discrepancies in Act II, sc. iii, and Act III, sc. i and iii, rather hamper the distribution of the time:—

Day 1. Act I, sc. i and ii. Interval.
Day 2. Act I, sc. iii; Act II and Act III.
Day 3. Act IV; Act V, sc. i and ii.
Day 4. Act V, sc. iii–x.

DRYDEN'S VERSION

"*Troilus and Cressida; or, Truth Found Too Late:* A tragedy by John Dryden; acted at the Duke's Theatre"; this improvement on Shakespeare's play was published (4to, 1679) with a prefatory Essay, wherein the writer ex-

[1] For the literary history of Chaucer's *Troilus, cp.* Skeat's Preface to the poem; Shakespeare's and Chaucer's conceptions are contrasted in Godwin's *Life of Chaucer;* concerning Shakespeare's debt to Chaucer, *p.* Lloyd's *Essays on Shakespeare;* Hales' *Essays and Notes on Shakespeare,* etc.

[2] H. O. Somner's recent reprint of Caxton's *Recuyell* (Nutt, 1894) contains a full bibliography and history of the book. Shakespeare may well have used Creede's 1596 version.

[3] In a valuable and suggestive paper on *Greene's Romances and Shakespeare* ("New Shak. Soc.," 1888) Prof. Herford points out that in *Euphues, His Censure* to *Philautus* (1587), we have a version of the *Troilus and Cressida* story, which, slight and insignificant as it is, "approaches more nearly than any other version, the manner of Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida.*"

plains that Shakespeare "began it with some fire," but "the latter part is nothing but a confusion of drums and trumpets, excursions and alarms," many of the characters were, he believed, "begun and left unfinished."

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The first edition of this play was a quarto pamphlet of forty-six leaves, issued in 1609, with a title-page reading as follows: "The Famous History of Troilus and Cressid: Excellently expressing the beginning of their loves, with the conceited wooing of Pandarus, Prince of Licia. Written by William Shakespeare. London: Imprinted by G. Eld for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and are to be sold at the Spread Eagle in Paul's Churchyard, over against the great north door, 1609." There is also an entry in the Stationers' Register, dated January 28, 1609, and reading thus: "Richard Bonian and Henry Walley: Entered for their copy, under the hands of Mr. Segar, Deputy to Sir George Buck and Mr. Warden Lownes, a book called The History of Troilus and Cressida." Of course the first issue was made in pursuance of this entry. And that issue is specially remarkable in being accompanied with a sort of prefatory address to the reader by the editor or publisher; which address may be seen at the end of this Introduction. In that address are two points of information which should be noticed here. The first is, that the play was then new, and had never been publicly acted; the words being,—"You have here a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palms of the vulgar." And again: "Not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude." The other point is, that the publishing of the play was unauthorized and surreptitious. The writer bids his readers,—"Thank fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you; since by the grand possessors' wills I believe you should have pray'd for it, rather than

been pray'd." The "grand possessors" were doubtless the proprietors of the Globe Theater, in whom the rights of ownership were vested; and how strong their interest was in withholding Shakespeare's plays from the press, appears in that only this play and King Lear were published between 1603 and the Poet's death, and probably both of these without the owners' consent.

The edition of 1609, it seems, went to a second issue in the course of the same year; the prefatory address being withdrawn, and the title-page changed so as to read thus: "The History of Troilus and Cressida: As it was acted by the King's Majesty's servants at the Globe." We speak of these as two issues of one and the same edition, because the text of both copies is in all respects the same, with the exception of two or three typographical corrections. It will be observed, no doubt, that the play must have been acted on the public stage soon after the first issue, and that this was a good reason for suppressing the editor's preface and changing the title-page in the second.

How Bonian and Walley should have obtained their copy for the press, is a question more likely to be raised than satisfactorily answered. From the title-page to the quarto edition of *King Lear*, which was issued in 1608, we learn that that play was acted "before the King's Majesty at Whitehall upon St. Stephen's night in Christmas holidays, by his Majesty's servants playing usually at the Globe." It is not unlikely that, before the first issue, Troilus and Cressida had been acted at the same place and by the same persons; as this would nowise conflict with the statement, in the preface, of its being "a new play, never stal'd with the stage," nor "sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude." But whether the play had been so acted or not, we can easily conceive how it might have got into the publishers' hands without the owners' consent. For copies of it must of course have been given out to the players some time before the day of performance. And so the most likely account of "the scape it hath made amongst

you" seems to be, that the copy leaked somehow through the players' hands, and was put through the press before it could be got ready for the stage.

In both issues of the quarto edition, *Troilus and Cressida* is called a "history"; while in the prefatory address it is reckoned amongst the Poet's "comedies." In the folio of 1623, where it was next published, it was called a "tragedy." The circumstances of its appearance in the latter edition are in some respects quite peculiar. It is not included in the list of plays prefixed to the volume, and is printed without any numbering of the pages, save that the pages of the second leaf are numbered 79 and 80. In that edition the plays are distributed under the three heads of Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Each of these divisions is paged by itself, and in that of Tragedies the paging begins with *Coriolanus*. *Troilus and Cressida* is placed between the Histories and Tragedies, with nothing to mark which of the two divisions it falls under, except that in the general title it is called a "tragedy." From its not being included in the list of plays nor in the paging, some have inferred that its insertion in the folio was an after-thought; and that either the existence of it was unknown or unregarded by the editors, or else the right of printing it was withheld from them, till all the rest of the volume had been made up and struck off. We do not believe any thing of this; the most probable explanation of the whole matter being, in our judgment, that the editors of the folio simply did not know where to class the play. Nor has any headway since been made towards clearing up the puzzle that seems to have proved too much for them. The play is a perfect non-descript, and defies the arts of classification: it may with equal propriety be included in either of the three divisions, or excluded from them all.

The old copies of the play, both quarto and folio, are without any marking of the acts and scenes, save that at the opening we have "*Actus Primus. Scena Prima.*" That a copy of the quarto was used in printing the folio,

is probable, as several misprints of the former are repeated in the latter; while, again, each copy has several passages that are wanting in the other; which shows that in making up the folio recourse was had to some authority besides the quarto. There are also divers other variations in the two copies; which puts us occasionally upon a choice of readings. The printing, too, of both copies abounds to an unusual extent in errors, though most of them are of a kind easily corrected.

Nearly all the critics have remarked upon the great inequalities of style and execution met with in this play. In fact, scarce any of the Poet's plays show more of ripeness or more of greenness in his art, than we find in different parts of this: it has some of his best work, and some of his worst; insomuch that Coleridge, in attempting a chronological classification of his plays from the internal evidence, at one time set this down to the third epoch of the Poet's authorship, when with "all the world of thought" there were still joined "some of the growing pains, and the awkwardness of growth"; and at another time, to the fifth and last epoch, when his genius was moving in its highest cycle.

Nearly connected with this point is the fact that the play is singularly defective in unity of interest and impression: there is little constancy or continuity of purpose or design apparent in it; where the real center of it lies, what may be the leading and controlling idea, nobody can tell. The characterization, individually regarded, is of a high order; but there is almost no composition among the characters; and, as they do not draw together towards any perceptible conclusion, we cannot gather why they should be consorted as they are. And the play abounds most richly, withal, in the far-sighted eloquence of moral and civil wisdom and discourse, such as carries our thoughts into the highest regions of Hooker and Burke; moreover, it is liberally endowed with noble and impressive strains of poetry; yet one is at loss to conceive why such things should be here, forasmuch as the use of them does not seem

to be regulated by any final cause, or any uniform law. So that, though ranking among the Poet's greatest and best efforts in respect of parts, still as a work of art the piece is exceedingly lame, because the parts do not duly converge in any central purpose, and so round up into an artistic whole. In other words, the whole does not, as in an organic structure, give form and law to the parts, so as to yield an adequate reason why they are so and not otherwise.

All which naturally starts the question whether the play were originally written as we have received it; or whether, in its present shape, it were an improvement on some older drama; and, if so, whether the older drama were by Shakespeare or some other hand. We have seen that in the prefatory address of the first issue it was said to be a "*new* play." We see no cause to question the accuracy of this statement, as it probably need not be held to infer any thing more than that the play was new in the form it then bore. In several instances, the Poet's earlier pieces are known to have been afterwards rewritten, enlarged, and replenished with the strengths and graces of his riper years. This was the case with *Love's Labor's Lost*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Hamlet*, among those published during the author's life; and it is all but morally certain that of those first published in 1623 *All's Well that Ends Well*, *Cymbeline*, and perhaps some others, underwent a similar process.

The inequalities of workmanship in *Troilus and Cressida* are so like those in the plays thus rewritten, as to suggest a common cause. And the argument growing from thence is not a little strengthened by an entry in the Stationers' Register, dated February 7, 1603: "Mr. Roberts: The book of Troilus and Cressida, as it is acted by my Lord Chamberlain's men." The "Lord Chamberlain's men" were the company to which Shakespeare belonged, and which, being specially licensed by King James soon after his accession, in the spring of 1603, became known as "His

Majesty's servants." "Mr. Roberts," no doubt, is the James Roberts whom we have already met with as the publisher of the second quarto editions of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Merchant of Venice*. In both of those cases there is good reason to think that his issues were unauthorized. For *The Merchant of Venice* was entered by him in the Stationers' Books in July, 1598, with the proviso, "that it be not printed by the said James Roberts, without licence first had from the right honourable the Lord Chamberlain." Something over two years later the same play was entered again by Thomas Heyes, and published soon after the entry. In the course of the same year an edition was put forth by Roberts. In like manner, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was entered by Thomas Fisher, and was published in 1600; and an edition was published by Roberts the same year, without any entry at the Stationers'. Which may sufficiently account for the fact, if it be a fact, that there was no edition of *Troilus and Cressida* consequent upon the entry by Roberts in 1603.

Still there is some question whether the play entered in 1603 were Shakespeare's; the only ground of such question being, that in Henslowe's *Diary*, under date of April and May, 1599, are found several entries of money paid to Dekker and Chettle in earnest of a play which they were then writing, entitled *Troilus and Cressida*, for the rival company known as "the Earl of Nottingham's players." It appears, however, that in the title of this play "Agamemnon" was afterwards substituted for "Troilus and Cressida." But even if such had not been the case, there is very little likelihood that the "Lord Chamberlain's men" would have used on their boards the play of a rival company. The probability seems to be, that each company had a play on the same subject; one of them, perhaps, being written in a spirit of competition with the other: for it often happened that, in case of a play succeeding on either stage, the other sought to turn such suc-

cess to its own account by getting up something adapted to catch hold of and engage the popular interest thus awakened.

The conclusion, then, which we would draw from this whole statement is obvious enough; namely, that Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* was originally written and acted before the spring of 1603; that some years later, probably in 1608, it was rewritten, enlarged, and in parts transfigured with the efficacy of the Poet's riper mind and more philosophical cast of thought; and that this revision was with a view to the play's being brought out anew on the stage, and so was the cause of its being set forth as a "*new* play" in the edition of 1609.

Four authorities are principally named as having been drawn upon by Shakespeare for the materials of this play. These are Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide; The History of the Destruction of Troy*, translated from the French by Caxton; *The Troy Book* of Lydgate; and Chapman's translation of Homer. The first seven books of Chapman's version were published in 1596, and the next twelve books not far from two years afterwards: the whole twenty-four books, entitled "*The Iliads of Homer, Prince of Poets,—Done according to the Greek*, by George Chapman," were not published before 1603, probably not much before 1611, the first edition being undated. Shakespeare and Chapman were well known to each other, and probably stood on terms of personal friendship and intimacy, being members of the same great senate of genius. It was from Chapman most likely that the Poet derived in the main his ideas of the Greek and Trojan heroes, as their several characters are developed in the council and in the field. And it is quite remarkable that the influence from this quarter is most clearly traceable in precisely those parts of the play which convey the strongest relish and impress of the Poet's riper mind and larger thought; insomuch as to favor the notion of their being the results of after-thought grafted upon the stock of an earlier production. It is equally probable, not to say certain, that Chapman fur-

nished the hints for the delineation of Thersites, there being nothing of him to be found in the other authorities mentioned. We say *hints;* for such are the most that could have been furnished by the Thersites of Homer towards the Thersites of Shakespeare, the character of the latter having all the freshness and spirit of an original conception; so that it seems as though the Poet had transfused his whole intellectual make-up into the person of a snarling, scurrilous, profane railer, with a body just fitted to the essential ugliness enshrined within it. There was, indeed, before the writing of this play, an old Interlude on the stage, wherein Thersites figured as one of the persons; but there is no likelihood of any thing having been borrowed from it by the Poet.

In all that regards the action of the hero and heroine, the main staple and ground-work of the play were unquestionably taken from Chaucer's poem, though most of the Poet's editors have ignored the fact, if indeed they were not ignorant of it. It is well known that of the particular story of *Troilus and Cressida* no traces are found in any of the classic writers. Caxton and Lydgate indeed have something of it, but not in a form to have served the design of the play; while the part of Pandarus, whose character and doings are interwoven with the whole course of the story as represented by the Poet, is wholly wanting in them, except a single mention of him by Lydgate, who refers to Chaucer as his authority. So that Chaucer's poem was the only work accessible to Shakespeare, that could have supplied the material for this part of the drama. Moreover, we have elsewhere divers clear and unmistakable notices of Shakespeare's having drunk largely from this "well of English undefiled": many tokens of a close acquaintance with "the father of English poetry" occur in his plays. Before leaving this point, it should be observed that in Chaucer's poem Cressida is represented with a purity and loftiness of character not consistent with the actions there ascribed to her. Shakespeare borrowed the main points of her action, and made her character con-

formable thereto. The character of Troilus, with its heroic ardor and constancy of soul, is substantially the same in the play as in the poem.

There remain but certain accessories of the play to be set down to the credit of Lydgate and Caxton. It will be seen, also, that the marks of paternity are in them so strong as to preclude all question touching the sources of them. *The History of the Destruction of Troy*, translated by Caxton from the *Recueil des Histoires de Troye* of Raoul le Fevre, appeared in 1471. In Shakespeare's time it had been modernized, and was very popular, as is shown by the fact of its passing through six editions by the year 1619. The *History, Siege, and Destruction of Troy*, commonly distinguished as *The Troy Book* of Lydgate, came from the press in 1513. In Shakespeare's time, however, it was fast sinking out of use, being written in verse, so that it could not pass for prose, while at the same time the verse was so rude and stumbling that it could not go as poetry. For our part, we can discover no sure signs of the Poet's having drawn from this source at all; there being, we believe, nothing common to him and Lydgate, but what is also common to Lydgate and Caxton. Perhaps we ought to add that the material of these works was nowise original with the writers named; most if not all of it being traceable to sources still more remote. But, inasmuch as there is no likelihood of the Poet's having gone beyond them, it would be beside our purpose to do so. We therefore dismiss this part of the subject by mentioning, that *A proper Ballad, dialogue-wise, between Troilus and Cressida* was entered on the Stationers' Books in 1581, by Edward White; which may possibly have furnished the Poet a hint for working the story into a drama.

For reasons partly stated already, the play of *Troilus and Cressida* has been a standing poser to criticism. It is indeed a wonderful production,—wonderful alike for the profusion of wit, of poetry, and of wisdom crowded into it, and for the depth, the subtlety, and lifelikeness of the

individual characterization. And so far nearly all the later and better critics are substantially agreed. On the other side, one cannot discover what the Poet is driving at: marvelous as are the details in spirit and variety of life, they do not seem to grow from any common principle or purpose; and it is only in the light of such principle or purpose that they can receive a logical statement and interpretation. Hence there has grown a remarkable diversity, not to say oppugnancy, of criticism respecting it; and some of the higher critics have employed what seems to us a great over-refinement of speculation, in order to make out some one idea under which the details might all be artistically reduced.

Schlegel led off in this super-subtlety of critical speculation. His idea of the work is so ingenious that one cannot but wish it might hold true, and is stated thus: "It seems as if the Poet here for once wished, without caring for theatrical effect, to satisfy the nicety of his peculiar wit, and the inclination to a certain guile, if I may say so, in the characterization. *The whole is one continued irony on that crown of all heroic tales*, the tale of Troy. The contemptible nature of the origin of the Trojan war, the laziness and discord with which it was carried on, so that the siege was made to last ten years, are only placed in clearer light by the noble descriptions, the sage and ingenious maxims with which the work overflows, and the high ideas which the heroes entertain of themselves and each other."

The same notion is worked up by Ulrici to a pitch bordering, as it seems to us, upon the ludicrous. "The ground-idea," says he, "which, in our opinion, it is the aim of *Troilus and Cressida* to bring under the *comic* view, is the opposition, especially in the moral aspect, between the character and habits of Grecian antiquity, and the principles of modern Christendom. To exhibit this opposition he takes the very basis of the former,—the Trojan war,—but throws its ideal import into the back-ground, and sketches it merely in its matter-of-fact details, though not

without some slight modifications. The Homeric hero is stripped bare of his poetic ideality; while, on the other hand, his moral weaknesses, which Homer, in the true spirit of a Greek, represents for the most part as virtues, are brought forward in the strongest light. The far-sighted Shakespeare certainly did not mistake as to the beneficial effects which an acquaintance with the high culture of antiquity had produced and would produce on the mind of Christian Europe. But he saw the danger that would grow from an excessive admiration of it; that it would generate the lowest type of moral and religious corruption; which result may indeed be actually discerned in the eighteenth century. It was in this prophetic spirit that he wrote this deeply-significant satire on the Homeric herodom. He did not wish to bring down the high, or to make the great little; still less, to attack the poetical worth of Homer, or of heroic poetry in general: his aim was to warn against that idolatry of them which men are so apt to fall into; and at the same time to press home upon them the universal truth, that every thing merely human, however glorified with the halo of a poetic ideality and a mythical past, is yet very small, when viewed in the light of a pure moral ideality."

But this view probably has its best expounder in the genial and excellent critic of Knight's edition of Shakespeare. "The play," says this writer, "cannot be understood upon a superficial reading: it is full of the most subtle art. We may set aside particular passages, and admire their surpassing eloquence, their profound wisdom; but it is long before the play, as a whole, obtains its proper mastery over the understanding. It is very difficult to define what is the great charm and wonder of its entirety. To us it appears as if the Poet, without the slightest particle of presumption, had proposed to look down upon the Homeric heroes from an Olympus of his own. He opens the Iliad, and there he reads of 'Achilles' baneful wrath.' A little onward he is told of 'the high threatening' of 'the cloud-gatherer.' The gods of Homer are made up of

human passions. But *he* appears throned upon an eminence, from which he can not only command a perfect view of the game which men play, but, seeing all, become a partisan of none,—perfectly cognizant of all motives, but himself motiveless. And yet the whole representation is true, and it is therefore genial. It is not a *travesty* of Homer, or of Nature. The heroes of the Iliad show us very little of the vulgar side of human life,—not much even of the familiar; but the result is, they cease to be heroic. How this is attained, is the wonder. The whole tendency of the play,—its incidents, its characterization,—is to lower what the Germans call herodom."

Wishing well to this view, we have therefore given it whatsoever advantage may be derived from the ingenuity and eloquence of its best advocates; but have to confess, notwithstanding, our inability to find any sure foothold in it. There is to our mind a seriousness and reality in the characterization of the Greek and Trojan chiefs, and a depth and breadth of philosophic discourse and of practical wisdom attributed to some of them, which will hardly consist with the idea of their having been conceived and wrought out in a spirit of mock-heroic or burlesque. So that our conclusion agrees substantially with that reached by the more sober and not less penetrating judgment of Mr. Verplanck, that "the high philosophy and the practical ethics of a large portion of the dialogue are quite incompatible with any such design."

The very perplexity in which the scope and design of this play are wrapped seems to have made it an uncommonly fertile theme to the critics. It was partly for this reason, perhaps, that the subject drew from Coleridge one of the finest specimens of philosophic criticisms to be met with in the language, or in any language. To omit any thing of it in this edition, would not be doing right: we therefore subjoin it entire:

"The *Troilus and Cressida* of Shakespeare can scarcely be classed with his dramas of Greek and Roman history; but it forms an intermediate link between the fictitious

Greek and Roman histories, which we may call legendary dramas, and the proper ancient histories; that is, between the *Pericles* or *Titus Andronicus*, and the *Coriolanus* or *Julius Cæsar*. There is no one of Shakespeare's plays harder to characterize. The name and the remembrances connected with it prepare us for the representation of attachment no less faithful than fervent on the side of the youth, and of sudden and shameless inconstancy on the part of the lady. And this is indeed as the gold thread on which the scenes are strung, though often kept out of sight and out of mind by gems of greater value than itself. But, as Shakespeare calls forth nothing from the mausoleum of history, or the catacombs of tradition, without giving or eliciting some permanent and general interest, and brings forward no subject which he does not moralize or intellectualize; so here he has drawn in Cressida the portrait of a vehement passion, that, having its true origin and proper cause in warmth of temperament, fastens on, rather than fixes to, some one object by liking and temporary preference.

> "'There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
> Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
> At every joint and motive of her body.'

"This Shakespeare has contrasted with the profound affection represented in Troilus, and alone worthy the name of love;—affection, passionate indeed,—swollen with the confluence of youthful instincts and youthful fancy, and growing in the radiance of hope newly risen, in short, enlarged by the collective sympathies of nature;—but still having a depth of calmer element in a will stronger than desire, more entire than choice, and which gives permanence to its own act by converting it into faith and duty. Hence, with excellent judgment, and with an excellence higher than mere judgment can give, at the close of the play, when Cressida has sunk into infamy below retrieval and beneath hope, the same will, which had been the substance and basis of his love, while the restless pleasures

and passionate longings, like sea-waves, had tossed but on its surface,—this same moral energy is represented as snatching him aloof from all neighborhood with her dishonor, from all lingering fondness and languishing regrets; whilst it rushes with him into other and nobler duties, and deepens the channel which his heroic brother's death had left empty for its collected blood. Yet another secondary and subordinate purpose Shakespeare has inwoven with his delineation of these two characters,—that of opposing the inferior civilization, but purer morals, of the Trojans to the refinements, deep policy, but duplicity and sensual corruptions of the Greeks.

"To all this, however, so little comparative projection is given,—nay, the masterly group of Agamemnon, Nestor, and Ulysses, and, still more in advance, that of Achilles, Ajax, and Thersites, so manifestly occupy the fore-ground, —that the subservience and vassalage of strength and animal courage to intellect and policy seems to be the lesson most often in our Poet's view, and which he has taken little pains to connect with the former more interesting moral impersonated in the titular hero and heroine of the drama. But I am half inclined to believe that Shakespeare's main object, or shall I rather say, his ruling impulse, was to translate the poetic heroes of paganism into the not less rude, but more intellectually vigorous and more *featurely* warriors of Christian chivalry; and to substantiate the distinct and graceful profiles or outlines of the Homeric epic into the flesh and blood of the romantic drama; in short, to give a grand history-piece in the robust style of Albert Durer.

"The character of Thersites, in particular, well deserves a more careful examination, as the Caliban of demagogic life;—the admirable portrait of intellectual power deserted by all grace, all moral principle, all not momentary impulse,—just wise enough to detect the weak head, and fool enough to provoke the armed fist of his betters: one whom malcontent Achilles can inveigle from malcontent Ajax, under the one condition that he shall be called on

to do nothing but abuse and slander, and that he shall be allowed to abuse as much and as purulently as he likes, that is, as he can;—in short, a mule,—quarrelsome by the original discord of his nature,—a slave by tenure of his own baseness,—made to bray and be brayed at, to despise and be despicable. 'Aye, Sir, but, say what you will, he is a very clever fellow, though the best friends will fall out. There was a time when Ajax thought he deserved to have a statue of gold erected to him; and handsome Achilles, at the head of the Myrmidons, gave no little credit to his *friend Thersites.*' "

We will close up the subject with some remarks by William Godwin, in his *Life of Chaucer*, where he discusses, with much judgment and discrimination, the comparative treatment of the same story by the two great masters of English poetry:

"Since two of the greatest writers this island has produced have treated the same story, each in his own peculiar manner, it may be neither unentertaining nor uninstructive to consider the merit of their respective modes of composition as illustrated in the present example. Chaucer's poem includes many beauties, many genuine touches of nature, and many strokes of an exquisite pathos. It is on the whole, however, written in that style which has unfortunately been so long imposed upon the world as dignified, classical, and chaste. It is naked of incidents, of ornament, of whatever should most awaken the imagination, astound the fancy, or hurry away the soul. It has the stately march of a Dutch burgomaster as he appears in a procession, or a French poet as he shows himself in his works. It reminds one too forcibly of a tragedy of Racine. Every thing partakes of the author, as if he thought he should be everlastingly disgraced by becoming natural, inartificial, and alive. We travel through a work of this sort as we travel over some of the immense downs with which our island is interspersed. All is smooth, or undulates with so gentle and slow a variation as scarcely to be adverted to by the sense. But all is homogeneous

and tiresome; the mind sinks into a state of aching torpidity; and we feel as if we should never get to the end of our eternal journey. What a contrast to a journey among mountains and valleys, spotted with herds of various kinds of cattle, interspersed with villages, opening ever and anon to a view of the distant ocean, and refreshed with rivulets and streams; where if the eye is ever fatigued, it is with the boundless flood of beauty which is incessantly pouring upon it! Such is the tragedy of Shakespeare.

"The great beauty of this play, as of all the genuine writings of Shakespeare, beyond all didactic morality, beyond all mere flights of fancy, and beyond all sublime,—a beauty entirely his own, and in which no writer ancient or modern can enter into competition with him,—is that his men are men; his sentiments are living, and his characters marked with those delicate, evanescent, undefinable touches, which identify them with the great delineation of nature. The speech of Ulysses in Act III, sc. iii, when taken by itself is purely an exquisite specimen of didactic morality; but when combined with the explanation given by Ulysses, before the entrance of Achilles, of the nature of his design, it becomes an attribute of a real man, and starts into life.

"When we compare the plausible and seemingly affectionate manner in which Ulysses addresses himself to Achilles, with the key which he here furnishes to his meaning, and especially with the epithet 'derision,' we have a perfect elucidation of his character, and must allow that it is impossible to exhibit the crafty and smooth-tongued politician in a more exact or animated style. The advice given by Ulysses is in its nature sound and excellent, and in its form inoffensive and kind; the name therefore of 'derision,' which he gives to it, marks to a wonderful degree the cold and self-centered subtlety of his character.

"The whole catalogue of the *Dramatis Personæ* in the play of *Troilus and Cressida*, so far as they depend upon a rich and original vein of humor in the author, are drawn with a felicity which never was surpassed. The genius of

Homer has been a topic of admiration to almost every generation of men since the period in which he wrote. But his characters will not bear the slightest comparison with the delineation of the same characters as they stand in Shakespeare. This is a species of honor which ought by no means to be forgotten when we are making the eulogium of our immortal bard, a sort of illustration of his greatness which cannot fail to place it in a very conspicuous light. The dispositions of men perhaps had not been sufficiently unfolded in the very early period of intellectual refinement when Homer wrote; the rays of humor had not been dissected by the glass, or rendered perdurable by the rays of the Poet. Homer's characters are drawn with a laudable portion of variety and consistency; but his Achilles, his Ajax, and his Nestor are, each of them, rather a species than an individual, and can boast more of the propriety of abstraction, than of the vivacity of the moving scene of absolute life. The Achilles, the Ajax, and the various Grecian heroes of Shakespeare, on the other hand, are absolute men, deficient in nothing which can tend to individualize them, and already touched with the Promethean fire that might infuse a soul into what, without it, were lifeless form. From the rest perhaps the character of Thersites deserves to be selected, (how cold and school boy a sketch in Homer!) as exhibiting an appropriate vein of sarcastic humor amidst his cowardice, and a profoundness of truth in his mode of laying open the foibles of those about him, impossible to be excelled.

"One of the most formidable adversaries of true poetry, is an attribute which is generally miscalled dignity. Shakespeare possessed, no man in higher perfection, the true dignity and loftiness of the poetical afflatus, which he has displayed in many of the finest passages of his works with miraculous success. But he knew that no man ever was, or ever can be, always dignified. He knew that those subtler traits of character, which identify a man, are familiar and relaxed, pervaded with passion, and not played off with an eye to external decorum. In this re-

spect the peculiarities of Shakespeare's genius are nowhere more forcibly illustrated, than in the play we are here considering. The champions of Greece and Troy, from the hour in which their names were first recorded, had always worn a certain formality of attire, and marched with a slow and measured step. No poet, till this time, had ever ventured to force them out of the manner which their epic creator had given them. Shakespeare first supplied their limbs, took from the the classic stiffness of their gait, and enriched them with an entire set of those attributes which might render them completely beings of the same species with ourselves."

ADDRESS

PREFIXED TO THE QUARTO EDITION, 1609

A NEVER WRITER, TO AN EVER READER: NEWS

Eternal reader, you have here a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical; for it is a birth of your brain, that never undertook any thing comical vainly: and were but the vain names of comedies changed for the titles of commodities, or of plays for pleas, you should see all those grand censors, that now style them such vanities, flock to them for the main grace of their gravities; especially this author's comedies, that are so framed to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexterity and power of wit, that the most displeased with plays are pleased with his comedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings as were never capable of the wit of a comedy, coming by report of them to his representations, have found that wit there that they never found in themselves, and have parted better-witted than they came; feeling an edge of wit set upon them, more than ever they dreamed they had brain to grind it on. So much and such savored salt of wit is in his comedies, that they seem, for their height of pleasure, to be born in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this; and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, for so much as will make you think your testern well bestowed, but for so much worth as even poor I know to be stuffed in it. It deserves such a labor as well as the best comedy in Terence or

Plautus. And believe this, that when he is gone, and his comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition.[1] Take this for a warning, and at the peril of your pleasure's loss, and judgment's, refuse not, nor like this the less, for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude; but thank fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you; since by the grand possessors' wills I believe you should have prayed for them, rather than been prayed.[2] And so I leave all such to be prayed for (for the states of their wits' healths) that will not praise it. *Vale.*

[1] This Address, with all its conceit and affectation, has some very just and intelligent praise, and in a higher strain than any other we have that was written during the Poet's life; unless we should except a passage in Spenser's *Tears of the Muses.* The writer, whoever he might be, gives out in this place a pretty shrewd anticipation. Many things occurring in our time might be aptly quoted as answering to his forecast of "a new English inquisition"; as, for example, £130 was given a few years since for a copy of *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York,* which was the original form of *The Third Part of King Henry VI.*—H. N. H.

[2] There is some obscurity here. The "grand possessors," we have no doubt, were the proprietors of the Globe Theatre, and the passage refers to the means they used to keep Shakespeare's plays out of print. Probably we should understand *them* as referring not to *possessors,* but to the *comedies* for which "a new English inquisition" was to be "set up"; the sense thus being, "you should have prayed *to get* them, rather than have been prayed to *to buy* them." —H. N. H.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

CRESSIDA

The poet has endeavored at first to deceive the reader as well as honest Troilus as to Cressida's character, or to keep him uncertain. She appears at first in company with her uncle, she displays a light but not unequal wit, she is, however, without depth, an adept at double entendre, and indelicate in her expressions. She betrays almost at once that she could say more in praise of Troilus than Pandarus does, that she, however, "holds off," in order to attract them more methodically, because she knows "men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is." In her intercourse with Troilus she maintains her reserve in practice as before in theory, confessing and yielding, and varying the plan of her coquettish allurements, although she is not to appear so much a coquette by profession as by nature, the prey of the first, as afterwards of the second opportunity, when the pander in consequence has so easy a part to play. She was "won at the first glance," she tells Troilus, but confesses that it was "hard to *seem* won." She had held back, although she wished that "women had men's privilege of speaking first." She acknowledges that she loves him, "but not so much but she might master it!" And yet this is a lie, for her

> thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
> Too headstrong for their mother!

Thus she trifles with him, and in every concession she plants a sting; she tempts him by an ambiguous expression to kiss her, and then declares she had not meant it. She

plays the same game subsequently with Diomedes, promises, draws back, gives him Troilus' sleeve, takes it away again, and all this to sharpen him like a whetstone; Diomedes, understanding all these arts and jests, declines them, and by this manner also attains his end. With Troilus they are better adapted, although superfluous. She wins him merely by her suspicious anger as to his challenging her truth; the very sign of an evil conscience in her he takes for delicate sensitiveness. She enchants him when she assures him that in simplicity "she'll war with him." She swears also to be unceasingly true to him, but she does so with ominous and equivocal expressions; "Time, force, and death," she says,

> Do to this body what extremes you can;
> But the strong base and building of my love
> Is as the very center of the earth,
> *Drawing all things to it!*

With the same suspicious expression Pandarus praises the innate constancy of all her kindred: "They are burs, they'll stick where they are thrown;" that is, to one as well as to another.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

She is a mere child and beginner in comparison with Cleopatra, for instance, who, for all that, is not so unmercifully condemned. But Shakespeare has aggravated and pointed every circumstance until Cressida becomes odious, and rouses only aversion. The change from love to treachery, from Troilus to Diomedes, is in no earlier poet effected with such rapidity. Whenever Shakespeare expresses by the mouth of one or another of his characters the estimate in which he intends his audience to hold her, one is astounded by the bitterness of the hatred he discloses. It is especially noticeable in the scene (Act IV) in which Cressida comes to the Greek camp and is greeted by the kings with a kiss.

At this point Cressida has as yet offended in nothing. She has, out of pure, vehement love for him, passed such a

night with Troilus as Juliet did with Romeo, persuaded to it by Pandarus, as Juliet was by her nurse. Now she accepts and returns the kiss wherewith the Greek chieftains bid her welcome. We may remark, in parenthesis, that at that time there was no impropriety in such a greeting. For all that, Ulysses, who sees through her at the first glance, breaks out on occasion of this kiss which Cressida returns:

> "Fie, fie upon her,
> There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lips,
> Nay, her foot speaks, her wanton spirit looks out
> At every joint and motive of her body.
> Oh, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
> That give occasion welcome ere it comes,
> And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
> To every ticklish reader! Set them down
> For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
> And daughters of the game."

So Shakespeare causes his heroine to be described, and doubtless it is his own last word about her.—BRANDES, *William Shakespeare.*

Shakspere's treatment of the story involves the degradation of Cressida. The charming coquette of Benoît, the voluptuous court-lady of Boccaccio, the tender-hearted widow of Chaucer, becomes in the play a scheming cold-blooded profligate. Such a woman does not need to have Troilus' suit pressed upon her by Pandarus, and if she "holds off" for a time, it is merely, as she frankly confesses, to gratify her vanity and eagerness for despotic sway over her lover:

> "Women are angels, wooing:
> Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing.
> That she beloved knows nought, that knows not this:
> Men prize the thing ungained more than it is:
> That she was never yet, that ever knew
> Love got so sweet as when desire did sue."

This is not the language of passion, whether pure or unholy, but of that calculating wantonness which prefers the

feeling of mastery even to sensual gratification. Yet when the confession of her partiality for Troilus cannot be any longer delayed, she cleverly poses as the deeply enamored woman whose lips have hitherto been sealed by modesty. She affects a fear that, in her rapture, she will betray her emotion too unreservedly, and with an ambiguous request to stop her mouth, she draws him into kissing her. Then, with the artfulness of a consummate flirt, she pretends to be eager to hide her confusion in solitude, and can only be prevailed on to stay by a passionate declaration of Troilus' eternal fidelity. She protests her own unswerving loyalty with equal ardor, and crowns this mockery of genuine devotion by yielding to his wishes. When afterwards she hears that she is to be exchanged for Antenor, she declares that she will never leave Troilus, that she has forgotten her father, and that whatever extremes "time, force, and death" may do to her body, "the strong base and building" of her love

> "Is as the very center of the earth
> Drawing all things to it."

This expression, as Gervinus has noted, is ominous, and on her arrival in the Greek camp she at once shows herself in her true colors. She allows herself to be "kissed in general" by all the chiefs, and she gets the laugh on Menelaus by an equivocal jest. She does not gradually fall away from loyalty to Troilus, for of loyalty her shallow nature is incapable; she simply throws herself with redoubled zest into her old game in this new field. In Diomed, who has been her escort between the hostile lines, she spies, as she thinks, a fully qualified substitute for Troilus. But she has mistaken her man, and in the scene between the two in Act V, Shakspere has, with a few pungent strokes, delineated the Nemesis upon the heartless coquette. Diomed is no raw youth, dwelling in a fool's paradise, and seeing life and love through a rose-colored haze. He is an experienced soldier and man of the world, who takes at a glance the measure of the woman with whom he

has to deal. He "tames" her by a method as suited to her character and as effective as Petruchio's with Kate. When she tries on him her accustomed trick of holding off, instead of pleading for her favors, he taunts her with being forsworn, and turns his back upon her with a curt good-night. It is she then who, to keep him by her side, has to use entreaties and caresses, and even to offer him in pledge of her faith the sleeve given her by Troilus. The shallow coquette pays a heavy yet just price for her selfish levity, when she exchanges a chivalrous adorer for a harsh and imperious taskmaster.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

TROILUS

Troilus is the youngest of Priam's numerous sons, and the passion of which he is the victim is the bare instinctive impulse of the teens, the form that first love takes when crossed by an unworthy object, which might have been that of Romeo had Rosalind not overstood her opportunity. It is his age that explains how, notwithstanding his high mental endowments, he is so infatuated as to mistake the planned provocation of Cressida's coyness for stubborn chastity, and to allow himself to be played with and inflamed by her concerted airs of surprise and confusion when at last they are brought together. He is quite as dull in apprehending the character of Pandarus, and complains of his tetchiness to be wooed to woo, when in fact he is but holding off in the very spirit of his niece and affecting reluctance in order to excite solicitation. Boccaccio furnished some of the lines of this characterization to Chaucer, but Chaucer gave them great development in handing them down to Shakespeare. Troilus is preserved from the ridiculousness that pursues the dupes of coquettes of so debased a stamp as Cressida, by the allowances that untried youth bespeaks, and by the spirit and gallantry that promises the coming self-recovery, the first process of which appears in the control he imposes on his anger and impatience when he looks on at the scene of her falseness, and

is completed as we have seen. Still our sympathies are but moderately engaged for him, for what can we say of him but that he is young and a fool—though heroes have been so before and since, fit to be played with and played upon by a jade who only tantalizes him that he may cease to be shy. He is the subjected slave of an intoxication that makes him insensible to the debasement of admitting such a worm as Pandarus into the very presence of what should be the sanctities of love. The ungenuineness of the love that is in question is self-betrayed when in the first declaration, as in the latest parting, he angles for and invites assurances of faithfulness which it is not in the nature of things should be either convincing or true.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays.*

CRESSIDA AND PANDARUS

The characters of Cressida and Pandarus are very amusing and instructive. The disinterested willingness of Pandarus to serve his friend in an affair which lies next his heart is immediately brought forward. "Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter were a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris, Paris is dirt to him, and I warrant Helen, to change, would give money to boot." This is the language he addresses to his niece: nor is she much behindhand in coming into the plot. Her head is as light and fluttering as her heart. "It is the prettiest villain, she fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow." Both characters are originals, and quite different from what they are in Chaucer. In Chaucer, Cressida is represented as a grave, sober, considerate personage (a widow—he cannot tell her age, nor whether she has children or no) who has an alternate eye to her character, her interest, and her pleasure: Shakespear's Cressida is a giddy girl, an unpracticed jilt, who falls in love with Troilus, as she afterwards deserts him, from mere levity and thoughtlessness of temper. She may be wooed and won to anything

and from anything, at a moment's warning; the other knows very well what she would be at, and sticks to it, and is more governed by substantial reasons than by caprice or vanity. Pandarus again, in Chaucer's story, is a friendly sort of go-between, tolerably busy, officious, and forward in bringing matters to bear: but in Shakespear he has "a stamp exclusive and professional": he wears the badge of his trade; he is a regular knight of the game.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

THERSITES

The character of Thersites, in particular, well deserves a more careful examination, as the Caliban of demagogic life;—the admirable portrait of intellectual power deserted by all grace, all moral principle, all not momentary impulse;—just wise enough to detect the weak head, and fool enough to provoke the armed fist of his betters;—one whom malcontent Achilles can inveigle from malcontent Ajax, under the one condition, that he shall be called on to do nothing but abuse and slander, and that he shall be allowed to abuse as much and as purulently as he likes, that is, as he can;—in short, a mule,—quarrelsome by the original discord of his nature,—a slave by tenure of his own baseness,—made to bray and be brayed at, to despise and be despicable. "Aye, Sir, but say what you will, he is a very clever fellow, though the best friends will fall out. There was a time when Ajax thought he deserved to have a statue of gold erected to him, and handsome Achilles, at the head of the Myrmidons, gave no little credit to his *friend Thersites!*"—COLERIDGE, *Lectures on Shakspere.*

THE CAUSE OF THE GREEKS

Viewed in a moral and just sense, the cause of the Greeks is not better than that of the Trojans; on the side of honor it is worse. Shakespeare has allowed the Homeric

Achilles, who purchased lasting fame with a short life, to degenerate from a hero into a vain, morbidly proud, and effeminate mocker. Not on account of any dispute with Agamemnon, but for the sake of the promised Polyxena, he withdraws from the fight and from glory; he has no sympathy with the common honor, like Hector; he abandons the glory and honor of Greece to follow this love; he cares for nothing in the world but what affects him personally; he rouses himself, therefore, first after the death of Patroclus (this trait also Shakespeare takes from Homer), and even then only for a victory which brings him more ignominy than honor. The weak Ajax imitates him in haughtiness and inactivity, and withdraws, as Achilles had done, in the decisive moment, after having won a little honor. Ulysses takes all possible pains to arouse in both the public spirit, the ambition, and the thirst for glory which overflowed in Hector and Troilus. The finest speeches in the play, as well as the intrigues which lengthen out the action, have reference to this intention. To this we may trace that eloquent speech on the destroyed discipline and deference to rank (Act I, sc. iii), and on the fever of envy which caused those divisions and weakness in the camp, wherein lay the strength of Troy. There is reference to it in the proposal to appoint Ajax for the single combat with Hector, and thereby to rouse Achilles. There is reference to it in the oft-recurring eulogy of the ascendency of mental over bodily strength. There is reference to it in the shameless flattery with which they bait the stupid Ajax, and feed his hungry, envious ambition. There is reference to it in the noble lesson (Act III, sc. iii) impressed upon Achilles, and which was the purport of Ulysses' first speech, that steadfastness alone keeps honor bright. All this has little effect; the two strong-armed heroes have too little feeling for honor and glory, Hector and Troilus have too much; these latter mean well and do ill, the former mean ill and do well, or rather they escape harm. On the side of the Greeks, Nestor and Ulysses fare the best, because they possess at least public spirit and

policy. Yet this also is only ordinary cunning which displays profound wisdom in the mysteries of state policy when the question concerns mere espionage, a wisdom which in consequence attains its ends only in an equivocal manner.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

SHAKESPEARE'S INTENTION

Shakspeare's intention was rather to use the satirical element only for the representation of a higher, we might almost say, an historical view of life. As several of his comedies possess not only a general, but also an historical significance, in so far as they describe—within the comic view of life—the most important moral and political foundations of the life of his age, so the *historical* significance appears here to be made the real nucleus of the composition, and runs through it like a bright streak of light giving a peculiar illustration of that part of history upon which it touches. For, as I think, Shakspeare intended to point out the profound all-pervading contrast between the much-commended mental character and life of Greek antiquity, as compared with the new principle of life in the Christian era, and to reveal the blemishes and defects of Greek life, especially in regard to its morals, as compared with the ever-increasing admiration bestowed upon it. This could probably not be effected otherwise than by giving a closer view of the essential foundation of the ancient, and more especially of Greek, life and mental culture, taken from a comico-poetic standpoint. And this foundation, as is acknowledged on all hands, is formed by the Homeric poems, or, what is the same thing, the Trojan war in its mythico-poetic conception. But these immortal poems, when regarded from a strictly moral point of view, and in spite of all their ideality, obviously contain a decidedly immoral element, or, if it be preferred, the form in which the idea is clothed—according to our higher modern conception of moral relations—presents an ugly blot. For the whole of the external story turns upon the recovery

of an adulteress who has run off with her lover, and whose sentiments and manner of acting can in no way be excused, either by ideal beauty or by the interference of the gods (Aphrodite); on the contrary, the immorality in which even the gods themselves take part, appears only the more glaring by such an interference. Helen's abduction was not worthy of the great war of vengeance which was undertaken by the Greek princes; for the honor of the Greek nation was more deeply wronged by Helen herself than by Paris. A war undertaken for such a cause and such an object must, therefore, be repulsive to the moral consciousness of modern times; and still more do we feel this subsequently when Helen and her wronged husband are again united, and restored to all their rights, as if nothing had happened. It is true that the Greeks had a different idea of marriage and of the mission of women; this we all know, and Shakspeare doubtless knew it also. But the very fact of their entertaining such notions, is the immoral part of the matter. This is the dark side of Greek antiquity: a youthfully vigorous, but also youthfully sensuous view of life supported by the idea of beauty, and idealized as regards form; a view of life which raised beauty into an absolute privilege, and considered its value as greater than that of goodness and truth. It was only individual philosophical minds that rose above this idea, without, however, being able to gain a different standpoint or to raise the minds of the people to a level with their own.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

THE TENDENCY OF THE PLAY

The feeling which the *study* of Shakspere's *Troilus and Cressida* slowly but certainly calls forth, is that of almost prostration before the marvelous intellect which has produced it. But this is the result of study, as we have said. The play cannot be understood upon a superficial reading: it is full of the most subtle art. We may set aside particular passages, and admire their surpassing elo-

quence,—their profound wisdom; but it is long before the play, as a whole, obtains its proper mastery over the understanding. It is very difficult to define what is the great charm and wonder of its entirety. To us it appears as if the poet, without the slightest particle of presumption, had proposed to himself to look down upon the Homeric heroes from an Olympus of his own. He opens the "Iliad," and there he reads of "Achilles' baneful wrath." A little onward he is told of the "high threatening" of "the great cloud-gatherer." The gods of Homer are made up of human passions. But *he* appears throned upon an eminence, from which he can not only command a perfect view of the game which men play, but, seeing all, become a partisan of none,—perfectly cognizant of all motives, but himself motiveless. And yet the whole representation is true, and it is therefore genial. He does not stand above men by lowering men. Social life is not made worse than it is, that he who describes it may appear above its ordinary standard. It is not a *travestie* of Homer, or of Nature. The heroic is not lowered by association with the ridiculous. The heroes of the "Iliad" show us very little of the vulgar side of human life,—not much even of the familiar; but the result is, that they cease to be heroic. How this is attained is the wonder. It is something to have got rid of the machinery of the gods,—something to have a Thersites eternally despising and despised. But this is not all. The whole tendency of the play,—its incidents, its characterization,—is to lower what the Germans call herodom. Ulrici maintains that "The far-sighted Shakspere most certainly did not mistake as to the beneficial effect which a nearer intimacy with the high culture of antiquity had produced, and would produce, upon the Christian European mind. But he saw the danger of an indiscriminate admiration of this classical antiquity; for he who thus accepted it must necessarily fall to the very lowest station in religion and morality:—as, indeed, if we closely observe the character of the 18th century, we see has happened. Out of this prophetic spirit, which pene-

trated with equal clearness through the darkness of coming centuries and the clouds of a far-distant past, Shakspere wrote this deeply-significant satire upon the Homeric herodom. He had no desire to debase the elevated, to deteriorate or make little the great, and still less to attack the poetical worth of Homer, or of heroic poetry in general. But he wished to warn thoroughly against the over-valuation and idolatry of them, to which man so willingly abandons himself. He endeavored, at the same time, to bring strikingly to view the universal truth that everything that is merely human, even when it is glorified with the nimbus of a poetic ideality and a mythical past, yet, seen in the bird's-eye perspective of a pure moral ideality, appears very small." All this may seem as super-refinement, in which the critic pretends to see farther than the poet ever saw. But to such an objection there is a very plain answer. A certain result is produced:—is the result correctly described? If it be so, is that result an effect of principle or an effect of chance? As a proof that it was the effect of principle, we may say that Dryden did not see the principle; and that, not seeing it, he entirely changed the character of the play as a work of art.—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakspere.*

MORALS

Since the change in the moral tone and thought of the times requires expurgated editions, the morality of Shakespeare's plays has sometimes been questioned. That he is a moralizer no one will claim; that he is thoroughly moral we think must be evident to every careful student. If he is to paint life universal and complete, he cannot eschew immoral characters, but he can, and does show his morality in the handling of these characters; he never paints them in such attractive colors as to make them models for imitation, in each case the character must sustain itself; as Ian Maclaren says, "If Posty will tell lies, I cannot help it." If it is necessary to expose a hideous phase of life,

that it may be condemned and thus serve as a lesson, Shakespeare does not hesitate to do it. Vice may be pardoned, not condoned. Even in his liberality which the extremely fastidious might fancy tends to looseness, he never mixes vice and virtue.—FERRIS-GETTEMY, *Outline Studies in the Shakespearean Drama.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PRIAM, *king of Troy*
HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS,
} *his sons*
MARGARELON, *a bastard son of Priam*
ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR,
} *Trojan commanders*
CALCHAS, *a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks*
PANDARUS, *uncle to Cressida*
AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian general*
MENELAUS, *his brother*
ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS,
} *Grecian commanders*
THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian*
ALEXANDER, *servant to Cressida*
Servant to Troilus
Servant to Paris
Servant to Diomedes

HELEN, *wife to Menelaus*
ANDROMACHE, *wife to Hector*
CASSANDRA, *daughter to Priam; a prophetess*
CRESSIDA, *daughter to Calchas*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants

SCENE: *Troy, and the Grecian camp*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

The Greeks are besieging Troy in an endeavor to restore the beautiful Helen to King Menelaus, her rightful husband. Troilus, son of Priam, king of Troy, is in love with Cressida, and he persuades her uncle Pandarus to intercede for him. A truce exists between the two armies at this time and Hector of Troy sends a challenge to the Greeks, daring any one of their champions to meet him in single combat.

ACT II

The Greeks propose to raise the siege on condition that Helen be returned to them and that a war indemnity be paid them. The Trojans reject the terms. The Grecian generals seek an interview with Achilles, their best warrior, but he refuses to see them, preferring to sulk in his tent. Therefore they are forced to select Ajax to fight with Hector.

ACT III

Pandarus is successful in his intercessions with Cressida in behalf of Troilus. He brings them together, they plight their troth, and resolve to live together. But Cressida's father, who has "incurred a traitor's name," persuades the Greeks to ask for his daughter in exchange for a Trojan leader held prisoner by them. They consent.

ACT IV

Diomedes is commissioned to arrange the exchange and on the morning following her nuptial night, Cressida is taken to the Grecian camp. She parts from Troilus with oft-repeated promises of fidelity. Ajax and Hector meet and fight, but after a few blows they stop on account of kinship. The Greek and Trojan generals exchange courtesies.

ACT V

At the request of Troilus, Ulysses, one of the Greek generals, leads him to Cressida's tent in the Greek encampment. There he sees how faithless she has been to him, for she has transferred her affections to Diomedes. During the battle the next day Troilus and Diomedes fight but without serious injury to either. In this same battle Hector kills Patroclus, an intimate friend of Achilles; the latter is enraged and throwing himself into the fray, he slays Hector and drags his dead body around the battlefield tied to his horse's tail.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

THE PROLOGUE

In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that 's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,

15. *"six-gated city";* Theobald, *"six gates i' th' city."*—I. G.
16. *"Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,"* so Ff.; Theobald reads *"Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa, Troian";* Capell, *"Thymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Troyan."*—I. G.

And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard: and hither am I come
A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited
In like conditions as our argument,
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are:
Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

17. *"Antenorides";* Theobald's emendation of Ff. *"Antenonidus";* Pope reads *"Anteroridas."*—I. G.

23. *"A prologue arm'd"; i. e.* clad in armor instead of in a black cloak, which was the usual garb of the speaker of the Prologue.—I. G.

23–25. *"not in confidence of author's pen,"* etc.; not in defiant championship of the merits of the play, but because the argument is of war.—C. H. H.

28. *"Beginning in the middle";* Theobald reads *"'Ginning i' th' middle."*—I. G.

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Troy. Before Priam's palace.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

Tro. Call here my varlet; I 'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas, hath none!
Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?
Tro. The Greeks are strong and skillful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill and to their fierceness valiant,
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skilless as unpracticed infancy.
Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I 'll not meddle nor make no farther. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.
Tro. Have I not tarried?
Pan. Aye, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Aye, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Aye, to the leavening; but here 's yet in the word 'hereafter,' the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—'When she comes!'—When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee:—when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is crouch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker

31. *"So, traitor!—'When she comes!'—When is she thence?"*; Q., *"So traitor then she comes when she is thence"*; Ff., *"So (Traitor) then she comes, when she is thence."*—I. G.

37. *"a storm"*; Rowe's correction of Q., *"a scorne"*; Ff. 1, 2, *"a-scorne"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"a-scorn."*—I. G.

than Helen's—well, go to—there were no more comparison between the women: but, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her: but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st 'she is fair;'
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of plowman: this thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

45. *"praise her";* so Q.; Ff. read *"praise it."*—I. G.

56. *"Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,"* &c.; Theobald, *"discourse—how white her hand";* similar emendations have been proposed, but probably *"that her hand"*="that hand of hers."—I. G.

58. *"seizure";* clasp.—C. H. H.

59. *"spirit of sense";* the finest, most delicate, sensibility.—C. H. H.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, I 'll not meddle in 't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus!

Pan. I have had my labor for my travail; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labor.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she 's kin to me, therefore she 's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She 's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I 'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I 'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

80. *"as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday"; i. e.,* as beautiful in her worst dress as Helen in her "Sunday best."—I. G.

86. *"to stay behind her father";* Calchas, according to the *Destruction of Troy,* was "a great learned bishop of Troy," who was sent by Priam to consult the oracle of Delphi concerning the event of the war which threatened Agamemnon. As soon as he had made "his oblations and demands for them of Troy, Apollo answered unto him saying, Calcas, Calcas, beware thou returne not back againe to Troy, but goe thou with Achylles unto the Greekes, and depart

Tro. Pandarus,—
Pan. Not I.
Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—
Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.
[*Exit. An alarum.*
Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamors! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starved a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
And he 's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we.
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood,

never from them, for the Greekes shall have victorie of the Trojans, by the agreement of the gods." Likewise in Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide*, Book i.:

> "Now fell it so, that in the toune there was
> Dwelling a lord of great authoritie,
> A great divine that cleped was Calcas,
> That in science so expert was, that he
> Knew well that Troie should destroyed be,
> By answere of his god."—H. N. H.

107. *"Ilium";* Priam's palace, as distinguished from the town of Troy, where Cressida resides. So in *Ham.* ii. 2. 496. This distinction is unknown to antiquity, where Ilium and Troy are synonymous. Shakespeare found it in the *Troy-boke.*—C. H. H.

Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar
Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

Alarum. Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not afield?
Tro. Because not there: this woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?
Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.
Tro. By whom, Æneas?
Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.
Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*
Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!
Tro. Better at home, if 'would I might' were 'may.'
But to the sport abroad: are you bound thither?
Æne. In all swift haste.
Tro. Come, go we then together.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The same. A street.

Enter Cressida and Alexander her man.

Cres. Who were those went by?
Alex. Queen Hecuba and Helen.
Cres. And whither go they?
Alex. Up to the eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was moved:
He chid Andromache and struck his armorer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good; and what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man per se,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humors that his valor is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause and merry against the hair: he hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint that he is a

29. *"joints"*; limbs.—C. H. H.

gouty Briareus, many hands and no use, or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle and struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector 's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What 's that? what 's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: what do you talk of? Good morrow, Alexander. How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector armed and gone ere you came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so: Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too;

he 'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there 's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter! there 's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Aye, if I ever saw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were.

Cres. So he is.

Pan. Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself! no, he 's not himself: would a' were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend or end: well, Troilus, well, I would my heart were in her body! No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other 's not come to 't; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other 's come to 't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him; his own 's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favor—for so 'tis, I must confess,—not brown neither,—

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She praised his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath color enough.

Pan So he has.

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having color enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she 's a merry Greek indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin,—

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man and so old a lifter?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him: she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

Cres. Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to, then: but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you 'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin; indeed, she has a marvelous white hand, I must needs confess,—

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing! Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.
Cres. With mill-stones.
Pan. And Cassandra laughed.
Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run o'er too?
Pan. And Hector laughed.
Cres. At what was all this laughing?
Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.
Cres. An 't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.
Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.
Cres. What was his answer?
Pan. Quoth she, 'Here 's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.'
Cres. This is her question.
Pan. That 's true; make no question of that. 'Two and fifty hairs,' quoth he, 'and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.' 'Jupiter!' quoth she, 'which of these hairs is Paris my husband?' 'The forked one,' quoth he, 'pluck 't out, and give it him.' But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.
Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

170. *"two and fifty"*; so Q., Ff.; Theobald reads *"one and fifty": "hairs"*; Q. reads *"heires."*—I. G.

181. *"so laughed, that it passed"*; laughed surpassingly, immoderately.—C. H. H.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I 'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I 'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*

Pan. Hark! they are coming from the field: shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do, sweet iece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here 's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I 'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Æneas passes.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That 's Æneas: is not that a brave man? he 's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who 's that?

Antenor passes.

Pan. That 's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I

205. *"he has a shrewd wit";* in the *Troy Book of Lydgate,* Antenor is thus described:

"Copious in words, and one that much time spent
To jest, when as he was in companie,
So driely, that no man could it espie;
And therewith held his countenance so well,
That every man received great content
To heare him speake, and pretty jests to tell,

can tell you; and he 's a man good enough: he 's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes Troilus? I 'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Hector passes.

Pan. That 's Hector, that, that, look you that; there 's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector! There 's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector! Look how he looks! there 's a countenance! is 't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is a' not? it does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there 's no jesting; there 's laying on, take 't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

Pan. Swords! any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it 's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris.

Paris passes.

Look ye yonder, niece; is 't not a gallant man

When he was pleasant and in merriment:
For tho' that he most commonly was sad,
Yet in his speech some jest he always had."—H. N. H.

too, is 't not? Why, this is brave now. Who said he came hurt home to-day? he 's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troilus now! you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who 's that?

Helenus passes.

Pan. That 's Helenus: I marvel where Troilus is. That 's Helenus. I think he went not forth to-day. That 's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus! no; yes, he 'll fight indifferent well. I marvel where Troilus is. Hark! do you not hear the people cry 'Troilus'? Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes.

Pan. Where? yonder? that 's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! there 's a man, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him. O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece; look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he never saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris

is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Common Soldiers pass.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone: crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well! Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Aye, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my se-

261. *"an eye"*; so Q.; Ff. read *"money"*; Collier conj. *"one eye."* —I. G.

crecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I 'll watch you for that; and that 's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it 's past watching.

Pan. You are such another.

Enter Troilus's Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit Boy.*
I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I will be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle?

Pan. Aye, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token, you are a bawd.
[*Exeunt Pandarus.*
Words, vows, gifts, tears and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise:

293. *"watch you for telling";* watch lest you tell.—C. H. H.
305. *"doubt he be";* fear he is.—C. H. H.

But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she beloved knows nought that knows not this:
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech.
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The Grecian camp. Before Agamemnon's tent.

Sennet. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition that hope makes

316. *"wooing"; i. e.* while still unwon.—C. H. H.
317. *"joy's soul lies in the doing,"* so Q., F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4 read *"the soules joy lyes in dooing."* Mason conj. *"dies"*; Seymour conj. *"lives,"* &c.—I. G.
323. *"Achievement is command,"* etc.; when we are won we receive command, while unwon, entreaties.—C. H. H.

In all designs begun on earth below
Fails in the promised largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us
That we come short of our suppose so far
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave 't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And call them shames? which are indeed nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove
To find persistive constancy in men:
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affined and kin:
But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away,
And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and anon behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: where 's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbor fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valor's show and valor's worth divide
In storms of fortune: for in her ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance by the breese
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why then the thing of courage
As roused with rage with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tuned in selfsame key

31. *"thy godlike"*; Theobald's emendation; Q., *"the godlike"*; Ff., *"thy godly"*; Pope, *"thy goodly."*—I. G.

52. *"with rage does sympathize"*; it is said of the tiger that in stormy and high winds he rages and roars most furiously.—H. N. H.

Retorts to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which, [*To Agamemnon*] most mighty for thy place and sway,
[*To Nestor*] And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,
I give to both your speeches, which were such
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass, and such again
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axle-tree
On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienced tongue, yet let it please both,
Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be 't of less expect
That matter needless, of importless burthen,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws,
We shall hear music, wit and oracle.

54. *"Retorts";* Dyce's emendation; Q., Ff. read *"Retires."*—I. G.
70–75. Omitted in Q.—I. G.
73. *"Mastic,"* perhaps a corrupt form of *L. mastigia,* a rascal that ought to be whipped; later, a scourge; the more usual form of the word was "mastix," *cp. "Histriomastix."*—I. G.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets and this center,
Observe degree, priority and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts like the commandment of a king,
Sans check to good and bad: but when the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues and what portents, what mutiny,
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,

77. *"these instances"*; the following reasons.—C. H. H.
92. *"ill aspects of planets evil"*; so Ff.; Q., *"influence of euill Planets."*—I. G.

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is shaked,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,
Between whose endless jar justice resides,
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,

Follows the choking.
And this neglection of degree it is
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general 's disdain'd
By him one step below; he by the next;
That next by him beneath: so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: with him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,

129. *"it hath to climb"*; of course, where each man strives to overtop or kick back his superiors, others will be moved to do the same by him, so that his way of climbing will result in a progress downwards; as men, by despising the law of their fathers, teach their children to despise them.—H. N. H.

He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player, whose conceit
Lies in the hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms unsquared,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries 'Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just.
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he being dress'd to some oration.'
That 's done; as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet god Achilles still cries 'Excellent!
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,
'Arming to answer in a night alarm.'
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,

153. *"conceit"*; imagination.—C. H. H.

And, with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet: and at this sport
Sir Valor dies; cries 'O, enough, Patroclus;
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain,
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice, many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war
Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,
To match us in comparisons with dirt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy and call it cowardice,
Count wisdom as no member of the war,
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts
That do contrive how many hands shall strike
When fitness calls them on, and know by measure

195. *"weaken and discredit our exposure";* weaken, by discrediting us, our ability to resist the assaults to which we are exposed.—C. H. H.

Of their observant toil the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war:
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Tucket.*

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Men. From Troy.

Enter Æneas.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one that is a herald and a prince
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How!

Æne. Aye:
I ask, that I might waken reverence,

220. *"Achilles'"*; Johnson conj. *"Alcides'."*—I. G.

And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that 's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Aye, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What 's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:

238. *"And, Jove's accord," i. e.* "And, Jove granting or favoring"; various emendations have been proposed on the supposition that the passage is corrupt.—I. G.

243. *"repining"; i. e.* mortified by defeat.—C. H. H.

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector—Priam is his father—
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown: he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece
That holds his honor higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valor and knows not his fear,
That loves his mistress more than in confession

269. *"confession"* is used for *profession;* a profession of love falsely or idly made to the object.—Steevens, with his usual sagacity and pertinence, remarks upon the Poet's anachronism in putting this challenge in a style more suitable to Palmerin or Amadis, than to Hector or Æneas. Just as if the whole play were not a binding up of the characters and incidents of classic times with the manners and sentiments of Gothic chivalry. Shakespeare learned this from the romance-writers, and from none more than from Chaucer, who, nevertheless, seems to have known that Greece

With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honor him;
If none, he 'll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

was neither a Gothic nor a Christian nation.—The *incident* of the challenge was most likely taken from Chapman's *Homer*, where it is represented thus:

"Hear, Trojans, and ye well-arm'd Greeks, what my strong mind, diffus'd
Through all my spirits, commands me speak: Saturnius hath not us'd
His promis'd favour for our truce; but, studying both our ills,
Will never cease till Mars, by you, his ravenous stomach fills
With ruin'd Troy; or we consume your mighty sea-born fleet.
Since, then, the general peers of Greece in reach of one voice meet,
Amongst you all whose breast includes the most impulsive mind,
Let him stand forth as combatant, by all the rest design'd;
Before whom thus I call high Jove to witness of our strife:
If he with home-thrust iron can reach th' exposure of my life,
Spoiling my arms, let him at will convey them to his tent;
But let my body be return'd, that Troy's two-sex'd descent
May waste it in the funeral pile: if I can slaughter him,
Apollo honouring me so much, I'll spoil his conquer'd limb,
And bear his arms to Ilion, where in Apollo's shrine
I'll hang them as my trophies due; his body I'll resign,
To be disposed by his friends in flamy funerals,
And honour'd with erected tomb where Hellespontus falls
Into Egæum, and doth reach even to your naval road."—H. N. H.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, tell him from me
I 'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,
And meeting him will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I 'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.*

Ulyss. Nestor!

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,

Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
Nest. What is 't?
Ulyss. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.
Nest. Well, and how?
Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.
Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough—will, with great speed of judgment,
Aye, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.
Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?
Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet: who may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honor off,

313. *"Be you my time"; i. e.* play the part of time in bringing it to mature form.—C. H. H.

315, 354–356. Omitted in Q.—I. G.

326. *"in the publication";* when the challenge is publicly proclaimed.—C. H. H.

If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their finest palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly poised
In this wild action; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is supposed
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

337. *"dear'st"*; highest, most precious.—C. H. H.
339. *"our imputation"*; our reputation will weigh unevenly in the fight, *i. e.* will not be unaffected by the triumph or failure of our champion.—C. H. H.
340. *"wild"*; irregular, extraordinary.—C. H. H.
342. *"general"*; the whole community.—C. H. H.
349. *"her election"*; the object of choice.—C. H. H.
354. *"which entertained"*; the strong self-confidence once begotten.—C. H. H.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they 'll sell; if not,
The luster of the better yet to show,
Shall show the better. Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honor and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd
Why then, we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And by device let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves
Give him allowance for the better man;
For that will physic the great Myrmidon
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We 'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,

Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.
Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

The Grecian camp.

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

Ajax. Thersites!

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils—full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites!

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel, then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou vinewed'st leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.
Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?
Ajax. The proclamation!
Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.
Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.
Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.
Ajax. I say, the proclamation!
Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, aye, that thou barkest at him.
Ajax. Mistress Thersites!
Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.
Ajax. Cobloaf!
Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.
Ajax. [*Beating him*] You whoreson cur!
Ther. Do, do.
Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!
Ther. Aye, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego may tutor thee: thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barba-

32–33. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

rian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. [*Beating him*] You cur!

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel, do, do.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do ye thus? How now, Thersites! what 's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Aye; what 's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do: what 's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. 'Well!' why, so I do.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Aye, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pia mater is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his

belly and his guts in his head, I 'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—[*Ajax offers to strike him.*

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight. 90

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there: that he: look you there!

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

99. *"Thersites";* for the character of Thersites Shakespeare probably took a general hint from Chapman's *Homer;* there being nothing of him in Chaucer, or Caxton, or Lydgate. In Homer he is represented merely as a deformed jester:

"Thersites only would speak ill. A most disorder'd store
Of words he foolishly pour'd out, of which his mind held more
Than it could manage: any thing with which he could procure
Laughter, he never could contain. He should have yet been sure
To touch no kings: t'oppose their states becomes not jesters parts.
But he the filthiest fellow was of all that had deserts
In Troy's brave siege: he was squint-ey'd, and lame of either foot;
So crook-back'd that he had no breast; sharp-headed, where did shoot
(Here and there sperst) thin mossy hair. He most of all envied
Ulysses and Æacides, whom still his spleen would chide;
Nor could the sacred king himself avoid his saucy vein,
Against whom, since he knew the Greeks did vehement hates sustain,
(Being angry for Achilles' wrong,) he cried out, railing thus."

—H. N. H.

Achil. What 's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. E'en so; a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains: a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There 's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draught-oxen, and make you plow up the wars.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace!

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brooch bids me, shall I?

Achil. There 's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I

128. *"brooch"*; Rowe, *"brach"*; Malone conj. *"brock."*—I. G.

come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:
That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach, and such a one that dare
Maintain—I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not; 'tis put to lottery; otherwise
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you. I will go learn more of it. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Troy. A room in Priam's palace.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:

136. *"the fifth hour";* the quarto has "the *first* hour of the sun." In Act III, sc. iii, Thersites speaks of "eleven o'clock" as the hour for the duel; which shows that *fifth* is right. The thing were of no consequence, but for what is well stated by Knight, thus: "The knights of chivalry did not encounter at the *first* hour of the sun; by the *fifth,* on a summer's morning, the lists would be set, and the ladies in their seats. The usages of chivalry are those of this play." —H. N. H.

'Deliver Helen, and all damage else,
As honor, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consumed
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,
Shall be struck off.' Hector, what say you to 't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I
As far as toucheth my particular,
Yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out 'Who knows what follows?'
Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety.
Surety secure: but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go.
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten,
What merit 's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honor of a king,

14. *"surety"*; false confidence.—C. H. H.

So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest;
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know an enemy intends you harm;
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let 's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honor
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.
Tro. What 's aught, but as 'tis valued?
Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.
Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: how may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honor.
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant
When we have soil'd them, nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desired;
And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive

77. *"an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive,"* i. e. "Priam's

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you 'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went,
As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go,'
If you 'll confess he brought home noble prize,
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cried 'Inestimable!' why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that Fortune never did,
Beggar the estimation which you prized
Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!
But thieves unworthy of a thing so stol'n,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*Within*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

sister, Hesione, whom Hercules, being enraged at Priam's breach of faith, gave to Telamon, who by her had Ajax" (Malone).—I. G.

82. *"whose price hath launched";* a reminiscence of the famous line in Marlowe's *Faustus,* "Is this the face that launched a thousand ships."—C. H. H.

Enter Cassandra, raving, with her hair about her ears.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.
Hect. Peace, sister, peace!
Cas. Virgins and boys, mid age and wrinkled eld,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamors! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practice your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.
[*Exit.*
Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?
Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra 's mad: her brain-sick raptures

110. *"Our firebrand brother, Paris,"* alluding to Hecuba's dream that she should be delivered of a burning torch.—I. G.

116. *"discourse of reason";* exercise of reason (in argument).—C. H. H.

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honors all engaged
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valor,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wiped off in honorable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,

150. *"treason"*; treachery.—C. H. H.

Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There 's not the meanest spirit on our party.
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended, nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfamed,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glozed, but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves

166. *"Aristotle thought";* Rowe and Pope proposed *"graver sages think,"* to save Shakespeare from the terrible anachronism. It has been pointed out that Aristotle speaks of political and not of moral philosophy; and, further, that Bacon makes the same mistake in his *Advancement of Learning,* Book ii. (published 1605).—I. G.

172. *"more deaf than adders";* the deafness of the adder was proverbial in popular natural history.—C. H. H.

All dues be render'd to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-order'd nation
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,
As it is known she is, these moral laws
Of nature and of nations speak aloud
To have her back return'd: thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defense. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honor and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize us:

202. *"canonize us"*; the expression must not be taken literally; it

For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promised glory
As smiles upon the forehead of this action
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advertised their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept:
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The Grecian camp. Before the tent of Achilles.

Enter Thersites, solus.

Ther. How now, Thersites! what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O, worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. 'Sfoot, I 'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I 'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there 's Achilles, a rare enginer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls

merely means, *be inscribed among the heroes or demigods. "Ascribi numinibus"* is rendered by old translators "to be canonized, or made a saint."—H. N.

will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods, and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that little little less than little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the Neapolitan bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil Envy say amen. What, ho! my Lord Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who 's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could ha' remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a

14. *"serpentine craft"*; Mercury's staff or *caduceus* was in later mythology represented as intertwined with serpents.—C. H. H.

29. *"a gilt counterfeit"*; to understand this joke it should be known that *counterfeit* and *slip* were synonymous: "And therefore he went out and got him certain *slips*, which are *counterfeit* pieces of money, being brasse, and covered over with silver, which the common people call *slips*."—Greene's *Thieves falling out, true Men come by their Goods*.—H. N. H.

tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I 'll be sworn and sworn upon 't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where 's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Aye; the heavens hear me!

Patr. Amen.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who 's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? Art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what 's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles: then tell me, Patroclus, what 's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee, what 's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I 'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower, and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man. Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool, and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover. It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, I 'll speak with nobody. Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, and Ajax.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-disposed, my lord.

75. *"positive";* absolutely, under all conditions, not in respect of particular actions.—C. H. H.

77. *"of the prover,"* the reading of Q.; Ff. read *"to the Creator";* Rowe (ed. 2), *"to thy creator";* Capell, *"of thy creator."*—I. G.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here. 90
He shent our messengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so, lest perchance he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.
Patr. I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*
Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent:
He is not sick.
Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you
may call it melancholy, if you will favor
the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: but 100
why, why? let him show us the cause. A
word, my lord. [*Takes Agamemnon aside.*
Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?
Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from
him.
Nest. Who, Thersites?
Ulyss. He.
Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have
lost his argument.
Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument that has 110
his argument, Achilles.
Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our
wish than their faction: but it was a strong
composure a fool could disunite.
Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly
may easily untie.

Re-enter Patroclus.

91. *"He shent our,"* Theobald's emendation; Q. reads *"He sate our"*; Ff., *"He sent our."*—I. G.

Here comes Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,
If anything more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness and this noble state
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other
But for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus:
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss,
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,
If you do say we think him over-proud
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself

119. *"The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy."* It was currently believed that the elephant could not kneel.—C. H. H.

133. *"Not virtuously on his own part beheld";* not regarded as becomes a virtuous man, *i. e.* modestly.—C. H. H.

140. *"Than in the note of judgment";* than true judges know him to be.—C. H. H.

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
That if he overhold his price so much,
We 'll none of him, but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report:
'Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant:' tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently.
[*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we 'll not be satisfied;
We come to speak with him. Ulysses, enter you. [*Exit Ulysses.*

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought and say he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and

156. *"Enter you"*; so Ff.; Q. reads *"entertaine."*—I. G.

your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. [*Aside*] Yet he loves himself: is 't not strange?

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What 's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none,
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only
He makes important: possess'd he is with greatness,
And speaks not to himself but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagined worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages
And batters down himself: what should I say?

176. *"engendering"*; spawn.—C. H. H.
182. *"in self-admission"*; at his own choice.—C. H. H.
191. *"Kingdom'd"*; like a kingdom, *i. e.* divided against himself

He is so plaguy proud that the death-tokens of it
Cry 'No recovery.'

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We 'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud lord
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself, shall he be worship'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquired,
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride,
And add more coals to Cancer when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder 'Achilles go to him.'

like a country in civil war. The image here compressed into an epithet is given in full in *Jul. Cæs.* ii. 1. 68:—

The state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.—C. H. H.

207. *"palm"*; the victor's emblem.—C. H. H.

Nest. [*Aside*] O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. [*Aside*] And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
I 'll pash him o'er the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An a' be proud with me, I 'll pheeze his pride:
Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nest. [*Aside*] How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. [*Aside*] The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I 'll let his humors blood.

Agam. [*Aside*] He will be the physician that should be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. [*Aside*] Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. A' should not bear it so, a' should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. [*Aside*] An 'twould, you 'ld carry half.

Ulyss. [*Aside*] A' would have ten shares.

Ajax. I will knead him, I 'll make him supple.

Nest. [*Aside*] He 's not yet through warm: force him with praises: pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. [*To Agamemnon*] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.
Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.
Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.
Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us! Would he were a Trojan!
Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now—
Ulyss. If he were proud,—
Dio. Or covetous of praise,—
Ulyss. Aye, or surly borne,—
Dio. Or strange, or self-affected!
Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-famed beyond, beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplined thine arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigor,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: here 's Nestor,
Instructed by the antiquary times,

265. A *"bourn"* is a *boundary*, and sometimes a *rivulet*, dividing one place from another. A bourn, or burn, in the north, signifies a brook, or rivulet. Hence the names of many villages, &c., terminate in *burn*.—H. N. H.

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Aye, my good son.

Dio. Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war:
Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here 's a lord, come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Troy. A room in Priam's palace.

Enter Pandarus and a Servant.

Pan. Friend, you, pray you, a word: do you not follow the young Lord Paris?

Serv. Aye, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The Lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the Lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honor better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honor and lordship are my titles. [*Music within.*] What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.
Pan. Who play they to?
Serv. To the hearers, sir.
Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?
Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.
Pan. Command, I mean, friend.
Serv. Who shall I command, sir?
Pan. Friend, we understand not one another:
I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning.
At whose request do these men play?
Serv. That 's to 't, indeed, sir: marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul.
Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?
Serv. No, sir, Helen: could not you find out that by her attributes?
Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seethes.
Serv. Sodden business! there 's a stewed phrase indeed!

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

44. *"sodden"* alluding to the cure of the French disease. Hence the equivoque in "stewed."—C. H. H.

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.
Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music.
Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony.
Pan. Truly, lady, no.
Helen. O, sir,—
Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.
Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.
Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen. My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?
Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we 'll hear you sing, certainly.
Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus, my lord: my dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—
Helen. My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—
Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you—
Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!
Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that 's a sweet queen, i' faith.
Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offense.
Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not

for such words; no, no. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen, my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit 's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but, my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I 'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter; you are wide: come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I 'll make excuse.

Pan. Aye, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer 's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy? Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she 'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I 'll hear no more of this; I 'd sing you a song now.

Helen. Aye, aye, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Aye, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! aye, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Aye, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so. [*Sings.*

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For, O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.
These lovers cry Oh! oh! they die:
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!
Heigh-ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

124. The reading of Ff.; omitted in Q.—I. G.
131. *"the wound to kill";* a mortal wound.—C. H. H.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who 's afield to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something: you know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they sped to-day. You 'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*

[*A retreat sounded.*

Par. They 're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector; his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris;
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, overshines ourself.
Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

An orchard to Pandarus' house.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus' Boy, meeting.

Pan. How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?
Boy. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.
Pan. O, here he comes.

Enter Troilus.

How now, how now!
Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Boy.*
Pan. Have you seen my cousin?
Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields
Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
Proposed for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I 'll bring her straight. [*Exit.*

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense: what will it be,
When that the watery palates taste indeed
Love's thrice repured nectar? death, I fear me,
Swounding destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much, and I do fear besides
That I shall lose distinction in my joys,
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She 's making her ready, she 'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I 'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit.*

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of majesty.

Re-enter Pandarus with Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame 's a baby. Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me.

What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we 'll put you i' the fills. Why do you not speak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let 's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you 'ld close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she 'll bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here 's 'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably'—Come in, come in: I 'll go get a fire. [*Exit.*

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

62. *"billing";* a play on the legal sense of "bill" as in "deeds" above.—C. H. H.

63. *"I witness whereof";* Shakespeare had here an idea in his thoughts that he has elsewhere often expressed. Thus in *Measure for Measure:*

> "But my kisses bring again,
> *Seals* of love, but *seal'd* in vain."

And in *Venus and Adonis:*

> "Pure lips sweet *seals* in my soft lips imprinted,
> What bargains may I make still to be *sealing?*"
>
> —H. N. H.

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

Cres. Wished, my lord?—The gods grant—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worse.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confined, that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an

75. *"fears"*; so F. 3; Q., Ff. 1, 2, *"teares"*; F. 4, *"tears."*—I. G.

ability that they never perform, vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you 'll give him me. Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I 'll give my word for her too: our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won: they

are burs, I can tell you; they 'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.
Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—pardon me;
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it: in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I loved you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel! Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashamed; O heavens! what have I done?

For this time will I take my leave, my lord.
Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?
Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning—
Cres. Pray you, content you.
Tro. What offends you, lady?
Cres. Sir, mine own company.
Tro. You cannot shun yourself.
Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you,
But an unkind self that itself will leave
To be another's fool. I would be gone:
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.
Tro. Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.
Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love,
And fell so roundly to a large confession
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise;
Or else you love not, for to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.
Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman—
As, if it can, I will presume in you—
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you

165. *"itself"; i. e.* Cressida.—C. H. H.
169. *"show"; Ff. 1, 2, 3, "shew* = showed."—I. G.

Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnowed purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas!
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I 'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall in the world to come
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath and big compare,
Want similes, truth tired with iteration,
'As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the center,'
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
'As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,

183. *"such a"; i. e.* a similar.—C. H. H.

Upbraid my falsehood! when they 've said 'as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, or wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,'
'Yea,' let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
'As false as Cressid.'

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I 'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand; here my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name; call them all Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! Say 'amen.'

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber with a bed; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away!

[*Exeunt Tro. and Cres.*

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!

[*Exit.*

226. *"because it shall not";* lest it should.—C. H. H.

Scene III

The Grecian camp.

Flourish. Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind
That, through the sight I bear in things to love,
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; exposed myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom and condition
Made tame and most familiar to my nature,
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:

4. *"through the sight I bear in things to love";* (?) "through my peculiar knowledge as to where it is well to place affection"; Johnson proposed *"Jove"* for *"love,"* reading, *"through the sight I bear in things, to Jove I have abandoned,"* &c., but Jove favored the Trojans. No very satisfactory explanation has been advanced.—I. G.

12. *"Into"* for *unto;* a common expression in old writers. Thus in Paston's *Letters:* "And they that have justed with him *into* this day have been as richly beseen."—Here again we trace the Poet's reading in Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide,* Book i.:

"So when this Calcas knew by calculing,
And eke by the answere of this god Apollo,
That the Greekes should such a people bring,
Thorow the which that Troy must be fordo,
He cast anone out of the toune to go;
For well he wist by sort, that Troie shoulde
Destroyed be, ye would whoso or n'olde.

I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you—often have you thanks therefore—
Desired my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: but this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

"Wherefore he to departen softely
Tooke purpose full, this foreknowing wise,
And to the Greekes host full prively
He stale anone; and they in courteous wise
Did unto him both worship and servise
In trust that he hath cunning hem to rede
In every perill, which that was to drede.

"Great rumour rose, whan it was first espied,
In all the toune, and openly was spoken,
That Calcas traitour fled was and alied
To hem of Greece; and cast was to be wroken
On him that falsely hath his faith broken,
And sayed, he and all his kinne atones
Were worthy to be brent, both fell and bones."—H. N. H.

21. *"in right great exchange"; i. e.* offering a Trojan prisoner of great distinction in exchange for her.—C. H. H.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have
What he requests of us. Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.
Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear.
[*Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.*

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:
Please it our general pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last. 'Tis like he 'll question me
Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him:
If so, I have derision medicinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself but pride, for supple knees
Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.
Agam. We 'll execute your purpose and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;
So do each lord, and either greet him not
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.
Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?

30. *"In most accepted pain,"*=trouble willingly undergone. Hanmer suggested *"pay"* for *"pain."*—I. G.

You know my mind; I 'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.*

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit.*

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus!

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Aye, and good next day too. [*Exit.*

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were used to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles,
To come as humbly as they used to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declined is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,

Hath any honor, but honor for those honors
That are without him, as place, riches, and favor,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses:
I 'll interrupt his reading.
How now, Ulysses!

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me: 'That man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.'

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself

89. *"At ample point"*; in full measure, completely.—C. H. H.

To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed
Salutes each other with each other's form:
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travel'd and is mirror'd there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position—
It is familiar—but at the author's drift;
Who in his circumstance expressly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,
Till he behold them formed in the applause
Where they 're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem

110. *"mirror'd,"* the reading of Singer MS. and Collier MS.; Q., Ff., *"married"*; Keightley, *"arrived,"* &c.—I. G.
120. *"who"*; *i. e.* the applause.—C. H. H.
128. *"regard"*; estimation.—C. H. H.

And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow—
An act that very chance doth throw upon him—
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords! Why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast
And great Troy shrieking.

Achil. I do believe it; for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me
Good word nor look: what, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honor bright: to have done, is to hang

137. *"fasting";* so in the quarto; the folio has *feasting.* Johnson thought either word would do well enough: but *fasting* is evidently better for the designed antithesis between this and the preceding line. —H. N. H.

141. *"shrieking";* the folio reads *shrinking.* The following passage in the subsequent scene seems to favor the reading of the quarto:

"Hark, how *Troy roars!* how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!—
And all cry—Hector, Hector's dead."—H. N. H.

Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honor travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by
And leave you hindmost:
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;
For time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;

175. *"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," i. e.* one touch of human nature, one natural trait, shows the kinship of all mankind, viz. that they praise new-born gawds, and are always hankering after novelty.—I. G.

That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive
And case thy reputation in thy tent,
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that 's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,

194. *"one of Priam's daughters"; i. e.* "Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom she was afterwards killed by Paris."—I. G.

Keeps place with thought, and almost like the gods
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery, with whom relation
Durst never meddle, in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expressure to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much
To throw down Hector than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing
'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I moved you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loathed than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think my little stomach to the war
And your great love to me restrains you thus:

200. *"dumb cradles"*; that is, in their infancy, and before they can give themselves utterance; as we know men often act out their thoughts before they express them, and even before they are fully conscious of having them; some pre-existing impulse being in fact the seed of the thought. Mr. Collier found *crudities* substituted for *cradles*, among his late discoveries; and he crows over it somewhat unwisely, as it seems to us.—H. N. H.

Sweet, rouse yourself, and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Aye, and perhaps receive much honor by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gored.

Patr. O, then, beware;
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I 'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view.—A labor saved!

Enter Thersites.

241. *"to my full view";* so in Caxton's *History:* "The truce during, Hector went on a day unto the tents of the Greekes, and Achilles beheld him gladly, forasmuch as he had never seen him unarmed. And at the request of Achilles, Hector went into his tent; and as they spake together of many things, Achilles said to Hector, I have great pleasure to see thee unarmed, forasmuch as I have never seen thee before."—H. N. H.

Ther. A wonder!
Achil. What?
Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.
Achil. How so?
Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgeling that he raves in saying nothing.
Achil. How can that be?
Ther. Why, a' stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say 'There were wit in this head, an 'twould out:' and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man 's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he 'll break 't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said 'Good morrow, Ajax;' and he replies 'Thanks, Agamemnon.' What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He 's grown a very landfish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.
Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.
Ther. Who, I? why, he 'll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for

beggars; he wears his tongue in 's arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: tell him I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honored captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, et cetera. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Aye, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to 't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven of the clock it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he 's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that 's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain stirr'd,
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Troy. A street.

Enter, at one side, Æneas, and Servant with a torch; at the other, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, Diomedes, and others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who is that there?
Dei. It is the Lord Æneas.
Æne. Is the prince there in person?
Had I so good occasion to lie long
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.
Dio. That 's my mind too. Good morrow, Lord Æneas.
Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas,—take his hand,—
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed a whole week by days
Did haunt you in the field.
Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce;
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think or courage execute.
Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health;

But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I 'll play the hunter for thy life
With all my force, pursuit and policy.
Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love in such a sort
The thing he means to kill more excellently.
Dio. We sympathize. Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honor, let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow.
Æne. We know each other well.
Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.
Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What business, lord, so early?
Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.
Par. His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let 's have your company, or, if you please,
Haste there before us. I constantly do think,
Or rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,

36. *"his purpose meets you"*; that is, I bring you his meaning and his orders.—H. N. H.

40. *"constantly do think"*; am firmly persuaded.—C. H. H.

My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:
Rouse him and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord, we 'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all.

[*Exit with Servant.*

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,
Who, in your thoughts, deserves fair Helen best,
Myself or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her soilure,
With such a hell of pain and world of charge
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her dishonor,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleased to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor more,
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She 's bitter to her country: hear me, Paris:
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.
Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,
We 'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Court of Pandarus' house.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.
Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I 'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.
Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses
As infants' empty of all thought!
Cres. Good morrow, then;
Tro. I prithee now, to bed.
Cres. Are you a-weary of me?
Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,

5. *"attachment"*; arrest, seizure.—C. H. H.

Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays
As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Prithee, tarry:
You men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there 's one up.

Pan. [*Within*] What, 's all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life!

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. How now, how now! how go maidenheads? Here, you maid! where 's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle! You bring me to do—and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say what: what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart! you 'll ne'er be good, nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! ah, poor capocchia! hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bug-bear take him!

Cres. Did not I tell you? would he were knocked i' the head! [*One knocks.*
Who 's that at door? good uncle, go and see.
My lord, come you again into my chamber.
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceived, I think of no such thing. [*Knocking.*
How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in:
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.
[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.*

Pan. Who 's there? what 's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what 's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who 's there? my Lord Æneas! By my troth,
I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him:
It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I 'll be sworn: for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

Æne. Who! nay, then: come, come, you 'll do
him wrong ere you are ware: you 'll be so
true to him, to be false to him: do not you
know of him, but yet go fetch him hither;
go.

Re-enter Troilus.

Tro. How now! what 's the matter?
Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand
Paris your brother and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The Lady Cressida.
Tro. Is it so concluded?
Æne. By Priam and the general state of Troy.
They are at hand and ready to effect it.
Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them: and, my Lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

70. *"give up to Diomedes' hand";* in Caxton's *History* this part of the story is told thus: "Calcas, that by the commandment of Apollo had left the Trojans, had a passing faire daughter and wise, named Briseyda,—Chaucer, in his book that he made of Troylus, named her Cresida;—for which daughter he prayed to king Agamemnon and to the other princes, that they would require the king Priamus to send Briseyda unto him. They prayed enough to king Priamus at the instance of Calcas; but the Trojans blamed sore Calcas, and called him evil and false traitor, and worthie to die, that had left his owne land and naturall lord, for to goe into the companie of his mortal enemies: yet, at the petition and earnest desire of the Greekes, the king Priamus sent Briseyda to her father."—H. N. H.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.
[*Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.*

Pan. Is 't possible? no sooner got but lost?
The devil take Antenor! the young prince
will go mad: a plague upon Antenor! I
would they had broke 's neck!

Re-enter Cressida.

Cres. How now! what 's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where 's my lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what 's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods! What 's the matter?

Pan. Prithee, get thee in: would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death: O, poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what 's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

77. *"secrets of nature"*; so Ff.; Q., *"secrets of neighbor Pandar"*; Theobald, *"secret'st things of nature"*; Hanmer, *"secretest of natures,"* &c., &c.—I. G.

Cres. O you immortal gods! I will not go.
Pan. Thou must.
Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me
As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the stronge base and building of my love
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I 'll go in and weep,—
Pan. Do, do.
Cres. Tear my bright hair and scratch my praised cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Before Pandarus' house.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd
For her delivery to this valiant Greek

Comes fast upon: good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house;
I 'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart.
[*Exit.*

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!
Please you walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

A room in Pandarus' house.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste.
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

4. *"violenteth in a sense as strong, As that which"*; so Q.; Ff. read *"no lesse in . . . As that which,"* &c.; Pope, *"in its sense is no less strong, than that Which."*—I. G.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes. Ah, sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. 'O heart,' as the goodly saying is,

'O heart, heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?'

where he answers again,

'Because thou canst not ease thy smart
By friendship nor by speaking.'

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse: we see it, we see it. How now, lambs!

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods, as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Aye, aye, aye, aye; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips

Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own laboring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now with a robber's haste
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu,
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within*] My lord, is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: some say the Genius so
Cries 'Come!' to him that instantly must die.
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit.*

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: be thou but true of heart.

Cres. I true! how now! what wicked deem is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:
I speak not 'be thou true,' as fearing thee;

48. *"consigned"* means *sealed,* from *consigno.* Thus in *King Henry V:* "It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to *consign* to."—H. N. H.

For I will throw my glove to Death himself,
That there 's no maculation in thy heart:
But 'be thou true' say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent: but I 'll be true.

Tro. And I 'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens! 'Be true' again!

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love:
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They 're loving, well composed with gifts of nature,
And flowing o'er with arts and exercise: 80
How novelties may move and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy—

69. *"to fashion in my sequent protestation."* "Be thou true" is not an injunction, but merely the introductory clause in which his subsequent declaration "I will see thee" is *wrapped*.—C. H. H.

73. *"Wear this sleeve";* in a comedy, entitled *"Histriomastix,* or *the Player Whipt,"* published in 1610, but written before the death of Elizabeth, there is a mock interlude wherein Troilus and Cressida are the speakers. The point of the burlesque turns on much the same action as is here represented. Some have thought, and apparently with good reason, that the thing may have been designed as a sort of travesty on this scene. Which, of course, is an argument, so far as it goes, that this play was originally written before 1603.—H. N. H.

77–80. The reading in the text is Staunton's; many emendations have been proposed, but this is generally accepted by modern editors.—I. G.

Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin—
Makes me afeard.
Cres. O heavens! you love me not.
Tro. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.
Cres. Do you think I will?
Tro. No:
But something may be done that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.
Æne. [*Within*] Nay, good my lord!
Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.
Par. [*Within*] Brother Troilus!
Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.
Cres. My lord, will you be true?
Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit
Is 'plain and true'; there 's all the reach of it.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, and Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I 'll give her to thy hand;
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair Lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The luster in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I 'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not moved, Prince Troilus:
Let me be privileged by my place and message
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I 'll answer to my lust: and know you, lord,

I 'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be prized; but that you say 'Be 't so,'
I 'll speak it in my spirit and honor 'No!'

Tro. Come, to the port. I 'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand: and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.
[*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes.*
[*A trumpet sounds.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: come, come, to field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V

The Grecian camp. Lists set out.

Enter Ajax, armed; Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, and others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.

146–150; v. 165–170. Omitted in Q.—I. G.

Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax, that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there 's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomedes, with Cressida.

Agam. Is this the Lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I 'll begin.
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I 'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.
Patr. But that 's no argument for kissing now;
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
And parted thus you and your argument.
Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.
Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss; this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.
Men. O, this is trim!
Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.
Men. I 'll have my kiss, sir. Lady, by your leave.
Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?
Men. Both take and give.
Cres. I 'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.
Men. I 'll give you boot, I 'll give you three for one.
Cres. You 're an odd man; give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady! every man is odd.
Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o' the head.
Cres. No, I 'll be sworn.
Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
Cres. You may.
Ulyss. I do desire it.

29. Omitted in Ff.; the reading of Q.; Collier MS. reads *"And parted you and your same argument."*—I. G.

33. *"Patroclus kisses you"*; Patroclus first kisses her in Menelaus' name, then in his own.—C. H. H.

42. *"every man is odd"*; *i. e.* single, one.—C. H. H.

Cres. Why, beg then.
Ulyss. Why, then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.
Cres. I am your debtor; claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyss. Never 's my day, and then a kiss of you.
Dio. Lady, a word: I 'll bring you to your father.
[*Exit with Cressida.*
Nest. A woman of quick sense.
Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!
There 's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*
All. The Trojans' trumpet.
Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Flourish. Enter Hector, armed; Æneas, Troilus, and other Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? or do you purpose
A victory shall be known? will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity

59. *"accosting,"* Theobald's conj.; Q., Ff., *"a coasting"*; Collier MS., *"occasion,"* &c.—I. G.

Pursue each other, or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not; he 'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight opposed.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: but, whate'er, know this:
In the extremity of great and little,
Valor and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomedes.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle knight,

79. *"Valor"* is in Hector greater than valor in other men, and pride in Hector is less than pride in other men.—H. N. H.

83. *"Ajax is half made of Hector's blood";* Ajax and Hector were cousins-german.—H. N. H.

Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin. [*Ajax and Hector enter the lists.*

Ulyss. They are opposed already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight,
Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,
Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue,
Not soon provoked nor being provoked soon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open and both free;
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath;
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects, but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus, and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and with private soul
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.
[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

90. *"consent"*; agree.—C. H. H.

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;
Awake thee!
Agam. His blows are well disposed: there, Ajax!
Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*
Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet; let us fight again.
Dio. As Hector pleases.
Hect. Why, then will I no more:
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
That thou couldst say 'This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's;' by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: but the just gods gainsay
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drained! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honor to thee!
Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence

A great addition earned in thy death.
Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable,
On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st Oyes
Cries 'This is he,' could promise to himself
A thought of added honor torn from Hector.
Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.
Hect. We 'll answer it;
The issue is embracement: Ajax, farewell.
Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,—
As seld I have the chance—I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.
Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.
Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.
Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.
Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one

142. *"Neoptolemus so mirable";* Hanmer reads *"Neoptolemus sire so mirable";* Warburton, *"Neoptolemus's sire irascible";* Collier conj. *"Neoptolemus so admirable,"* &c.—I. G.

158. *"see your knights";* these *knights,* to the amount of about *two hundred thousand,* Shakespeare found with all the appendages of chivalry in *The Old Troy Book. Eques* and *armiger,* rendered *knight* and *squire,* excite ideas of chivalry. Pope, in his *Homer,* has been liberal in his use of the latter.—H. N. H.

That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that 's no welcome: understand more clear,
What 's past and what 's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. [*To Troilus*] My well-famed lord of Troy, no less to you.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Who must we answer?

Æne. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O, you, my lord! by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She 's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she 's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Laboring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth; and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,

Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declined,
That I have said to some my standers by
'Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!'
And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand and hand with time:
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!
By this white beard, I 'ld fight with thee to-morrow:
Well, welcome, welcome!—I have seen the time.

187. *"Despising many forfeits and subduements"; i. e.* disdaining to slay and vanquish many whose lives were in his power.—C. H. H.

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.
Hect. I know your favor, Lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there 's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.
Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.
Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.
Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me and see me at my tent.
Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou!
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

233. *"quoted"* is observed, noted.—The incident of Achilles' viewing Hector "limb by limb" is narrated in Homer's twenty-second Book. We subjoin Chapman's version of the passage, though Shakespeare probably had not seen it when he wrote this play, as only the first nineteen Books of that version were published before 1611:

"His bright and sparkling eyes
Look'd through the body of his foe, and sought through all that prize

Hect. Is this Achilles?
Achil. I am Achilles.
Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art too brief: I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.
Hect. O, like a book of sport thou 'lt read me o'er;
But there 's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye? 241
Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: answer me, heavens!
Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture 250
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee, yea.
Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,

The next way to his thirsted life. Of all ways, only one
Appear'd to him; and this was, where th' unequal winding bone,
That joins the shoulders and the neck, had place, and where there lay
The speeding way of death; and there his quick eye could display
The place it sought,—even through the arms his friend Patroclus wore
When Hector slew him."—H. N. H.

I 'ld not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I 'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I 'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag;
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I 'll endeavor deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin:
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone
Till accident or purpose bring you to 't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach: the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had pelting wars since you refused
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.
Beat loud the taborines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.
[*Exeunt all but Troilus and Ulysses.*

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honor was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was beloved, she loved; she is, and doth:
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. I 'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I 'll cool to-morrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.
Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy!
Thou crusty batch of nature, what 's the news?
Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshipers, here 's a letter for thee.
Achil. From whence, fragment?
Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.
Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

4. *"core of envy";* so in the folio; in the quarto, *"cur* of envy," which is a very suitable epithet of the snarling and biting Thersites, and is elsewhere applied to him. It seems uncertain which is the better reading here. Of course *"core* of envy" is *"heart* of envy," and it has the advantage in variety, if in nothing else.—H. N. H.

5. A *"batch"* is all that is baked at one time, without heating the oven afresh. So Ben Jonson in his *Cataline:* "Except he were of the same meal and *batch."*—H. N. H.

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Prithee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what 's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the riveled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what mean'st thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleave silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel

12. *"The surgeon's box";* in his answer Thersites quibbles upon the word *tent.*—H. N. H.

14. *"adversity"* is here used for contrariety; the reply of Thersites having been studiously *adverse* to the drift of the question urged by Patroclus.—H. N. H.

23–27. *"raw . . . tetter,"* the reading of Q.; omitted in Ff., substituting *"and the like."*—I. G.

33. *"indistinguishable";* Patroclus reproaches Thersites with deformity, with having one part crowded into another.—H. N. H.

of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such waterflies, diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,
A token from her daughter, my fair love.
Both taxing me and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall Greeks; fail fame; honor or go or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I 'll obey.
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent:
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus!

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*

Ther. With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but, if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I 'll be a curer of madmen. Here 's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form

58. By *"quails"* are meant *women,* and probably those of a looser description. *"Caille* coeffée" is a sobriquet for a harlot. *Chaud comme un caille* is a French proverb; the *quail* being remarkably salacious.—H. N. H.

63. *"hanging at his brother's leg";* so Ff.; Q. reads *"at his bare leg."*—I. G.

but that he is, should wit larded with malice and malice forced with wit turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus! I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus. Hoy-day! spirits and fires!

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Menelaus, and Diomedes, with lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Ajax. No yonder 'tis;
There, where we see the lights.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.

Re-enter Achilles.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.
Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.
Agam. So now, fair Prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.

75. *"spirits and fires";* this is spoken by Thersites, upon the first sight of the distant lights.—H. N. H.

Men. Good night, my lord.
Hect. Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.
Ther. Sweet draught: sweet, quoth a'! sweet sink, sweet sewer.
Achil. Good night and welcome, both at once, to those
That go or tarry.
Agam. Good night.
[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.*
Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.
Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now. Good night, great Hector.
Hect. Give me your hand.
Ulyss. [*Aside to Troilus*] Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas' tent:
I 'll keep you company.
Tro. Sweet, sir, you honor me.
Hect. And so, good night.
[*Exit Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus following.*
Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.
[*Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.*
Ther. That same Diomed 's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth and promise, like Brabbler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come some change;

85. *"draught"* is the old word for *forica.* It is used in the translation of the *Bible,* in *Holinshed,* and by all old writers.—H. N. H.

the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I 'll after. Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*

Scene II

The same. Before Calchas' tent.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.
Cal. [*Within*] Who calls?
Dio. Diomed. Calchas, I think. Where 's your daughter?
Cal. [*Within*] She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Ulysses, at a distance; after them, Thersites.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.
Dio. How now, my charge!
Cres. Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a word with you. [*Whispers.*
Tro. Yea, so familiar!
Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.
Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she 's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?
Cres. Remember! yes.
Dio. Nay, but do, then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.
Tro. What should she remember?
Ulyss. List.
Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
Ther. Roguery!
Dio. Nay, then,—
Cres. I 'll tell you what,—
Dio. Foh, foh! come, tell a pin: you are forsworn.
Cres. In faith, I cannot: what would you have me do?
Ther. A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.
Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?
Cres. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.
Dio. Good night.
Tro. Hold, patience!
Ulyss. How now, Trojan!
Cres. Diomed,—
Dio. No, no, good night: I 'll be your fool no more.
Tro. Thy better must.
Cres. Hark, one word in your ear.
Tro. O plague and madness!
Ulyss. You are moved, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.
Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.
Tro. I pray thee, stay.
Ulyss. You have not patience; come.
Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.
Dio. And so, good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!
Ulyss. Why, how now, lord!
Tro. By Jove,
I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!
Dio. Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.
Cres. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something: will you go?
You will break out.
Tro. She strokes his cheek!
Ulyss. Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offenses
A guard of patience: stay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potato-finger, tickles these together!
Fry, lechery, fry!
Dio. But will you, then?
Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. I 'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter Cressida.

Tro. Now the pledge; now, now, now!
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.
Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith?
Ulyss. My lord,—
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.
He loved me—O false wench!—Give 't me again.
Dio. Whose was 't?
Cres. It is no matter, now I have 't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens: well said, whetstone!
Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. Aye, that.

66. *"keep this sleeve";* of course this is the sleeve that Troilus gave Cressida in the fourth scene of Act IV, when she gave him a glove in return. Probably it was such a sleeve as was anciently worn at tournaments; thus described in Spenser's *View of the State of Ireland:* "The deepe smocke sleive, which the Irish women use, they say, was old Spanish, and is used yet in Barbary: and yet that should seeme rather to be an old English fashion; for in armory the fashion of the Manche, which is given in armes by many, being indeede nothing else but a sleive, is fashioned much like to that sleive. And that Knights in ancient times used to weare their mistresses or loves sleive upon their armes, appeareth by that which is written of Sir Launcelot, that he wore the sleive of the faire Maide of Asteloth in a tourney, whereat Queene Guenever was much displeased."—H. N. H.

Cres. O, all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before; this follows it.
Tro. I did swear patience.
Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not;
I 'll give you something else.
Dio. I will have this: whose was it?
Cres. It is no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.
Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Tro. Wert thou the devil, and worest it on thy horn,
It should be challenged.
Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cres. You shall not go: one cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you
Pleases me best.
Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?
Cres. Aye, come: O Jove! do come: I shall be plagued.
Dio. Farewell till then.
Cres. Good night: I prithee, come.
[*Exit Diomedes.*

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads must err; O, then conclude
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.
[*Exit.*

112. In the foregoing dialogue we trace very distinctly the Poet's reading of Chaucer, who tells the story with great sweetness and pathos in the fifth Book of his poem. Our quotation must stop with these four stanzas:

"The morrow came, and, ghostly for to speke,
This Diomede is come unto Creseide;
And shortly, least that ye my tale breke,
So well he for himselfe spake and seide,
That all her sighes sore doune he leide;
And finally, the soothe for to saine,
He refte her the great of all her paine.

"And after this, the story telleth us
That she him yave the faire bay stede,
The which she ones wan of Troilus,
And eke a brooch (and that was little nede)
That Troilus' was, she yave this Diomede;
And eke, the bet from sorow him to releve,
She made him weare a pencell of her sleve.

"I find eke in stories elsewhere,
Whan through the body hurt was Diomede
Of Troilus, tho wept she many a tere,

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said 'My mind is now turn'd whore.'
Ulyss. All 's done, my lord.
Tro. It is.
Ulyss. Why stay we then?
Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?
Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Troja...
Tro. She was not, sure.
Ulyss. Most sure she was.
Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

When that she saw his wide woundes blede,
And that she tooke to kepen him good hede,
And for to healen him of his smart:
Men saine, I n'ot, that she yave him her herte.

"But truely the storie telleth us,
There made never woman more wo
Than she, whan that she falsed Troilus:
She said, 'Alas! for now is clene ago
My name in trouth of Jove forevermo;
For I have falsed one the gentillest
That ever was, and one the worthiest.' "—H. N. H.

113. *"a proof";* she could not publish a stronger proof.—H. N. H.
122. *"attest of eyes";* that is, turns the very testimony of seeing and hearing against themselves.—H. N. H.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believed for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics, apt without a theme
For depravation, to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will a' swagger himself out on 's own eyes?

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifex for a point as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself:

141. *"If there be rule in unity itself";* if one is one.—C. H. H.

The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolved and loosed;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Aye, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflamed with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine that he 'll bear on his helm:
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constringed in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamor Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He 'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they 'll seem glorious.

162. *"doth express";* "Can Troilus really feel, on this occasion, half of what he utters?" A question suitable to the calm Ulysses.—H. N. H.

177. *"concupy";* a cant word for *concupiscence.*—H. N. H.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself; 180
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector by this is arming him in Troy;
Ajax your guard stays to conduct you home.
Tro. Have with you, prince. My courteous lord, adieu.
Farewell, revolted fair! and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!
Ulyss. I 'll bring you to the gates.
Tro. Accept distracted thanks.
[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*
Ther. Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! 190
I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore; the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery! still wars and lechery! nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

185. *"Have with you";* I'll go with you.—C. H. H.

187. *"wear a castle on thy head";* that is, defend thy head with armor of more than common security. So in the *History of Prince Arthur,* 1634: "Do thou thy best, said Sir Gawaine; therefore hie thee fast that thou wert gone, and wit thou well we shall soon come after, and breake the strongest *castle* that thou hast upon thy head." It appears that a kind of close helmet was called a *castle.*—H. N. H.

Scene III

Troy. Before Priam's palace.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.
Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I 'll go!
And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.
Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?
And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.

6. *"My dreams";* that is, my dreams of the night forebode ill to the day.—The incident is thus related in Caxton's *History:* "Andromeda saw that night a marvellous vision, and her seemed, if Hector went that day to the battle, he should be slaine. And she, that had great fear and dread of her husband, weeping said to him, praying that he would not go to the battle that day: whereof Hector blamed his wife, saying that she should not believe nor give faith to dreams, and would not abide nor tarry therefore." Shakespeare was familiar, no doubt, with Chaucer's brief account in *The Nonnes Preestes Tale:*

"Lo, hire Andromacha, Hectores wif,
That day that Hector shulde lese his lif,
She dremed on the same night beforne
How that the lif of Hector shuld be lorne,
If thilke day he went into bataille:
She warned him, but it might not availle;
He went forth for to fighten natheles,
And was yslain anon of Achilles."—H. N. H.

Consort with me in loud and dear petition;
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Be gone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O, be persuaded! do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honor keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honor far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight today?

20–21. *"as lawful, For we would give much, to use violent thefts"*; Tyrwhitt's conj.; Ff. read, *"as lawfull: For we would count give much to as violent thefts."*—I. G.

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.
[*Exit Cassandra.*

Hect. No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth:
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I 'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecian falls,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now! how now!

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let 's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armors buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth!

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

37, 38. *"vice of mercy . . . fits a lion";* the traditions and stories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons not improperly, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct and pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man.—H. N. H.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter Cassandra, with Priam.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.
Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.
Hect. Æneas is afield;
And I do stand engaged to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valor, to appear
This morning to them.
Pri. Aye, but thou shalt not go.
Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,

Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.
Cas. O Priam, yield not to him!
And. Do not, dear father.
Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.
[*Exit Andromache.*
Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.
Cas. O, farewell, dear Hector! 80
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolors forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry 'Hector! Hector 's dead! O Hector!'

78. *"get you in"*; the *Destruction of Troy* continues the story thus: "In the morning Andromeda went to the king Priamus, and to the queene, and told them the verity of her vision, and prayed them with all her heart, that they would do so much at her request as to dissuade Hector, that he should not in any wise that day go to the battle. It happened that the day was faire and clear, and the Trojans armed them, and Troylus issued first into the battle; after him Eneas. And the king Priamus sent to Hector, that he should keepe him well that day from going to battle. Wherefore Hector was angry, and said to his wife many reproachful words, as that he knew well that this commandment came by her request: yet, notwithstanding the forbidding, he armed him. At this instant came the queene Hecuba, and the queene Helen, and the sisters of Hector, and kneeled down presently before his feet, and prayed him with weeping tears that he would do off his harness, and come with them into the hall: but never would he do it for their prayers, but descended from the palace, and tooke his horse, and would have gone to battle. But at the request of Andromeda the king Priamus came running anon, and tooke him by the bridle, and said to him so many things of one and other, that he made him to return, but in no wise would he be made to unarm him."—H. N. H.

Tro. Away! away!

Cas. Farewell: yet, soft! Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

[*Exit.*

Hect. You are amazed, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in and cheer the town: we 'll forth and fight,
Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!

[*Exeunt, severally Priam and Hector.* *Alarum.*

Tro. They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here 's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on 't. What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;
The effect doth operate another way.

[*Tearing the letter.*

106. *"unless a man were cursed"; i. e.* unless it be the result of a curse upon me.—C. H. H.

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.
My love with words and errors still she feeds,
But edifies another with her deeds.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Scene IV

The field between Troy and the Grecian camp.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter Thersites.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I 'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the t'other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals, that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, is not proved worth a blackberry. They set me up in policy that mongrel cur,

112. The Folio here inserts:—

"Pand. *Why, but heare you?*
Troy. *Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame*
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name."

Cf. Sc. x.—I. G.

1. *"clapper-clawing";* handling.—C. H. H.

Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm today; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomedes and Troilus.

Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Tro. Fly not, for shouldst thou take the river Styx, I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian! Now for thy whore, Trojan! Now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[*Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood and honor?

Ther. No, no: I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

19. *"proclaim barbarism";* to set up the authority of ignorance, and to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer.—H. N. H.

25. *"advantageous care";* concern to secure a favorable position for fighting.—C. H. H.

31. *"art thou of blood";* this is an idea taken from the ancient books of romantic chivalry, and even from the usage of the Poet's age. A person of superior birth may not be challenged by an

Hect. I do believe thee. Live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frighting me! What 's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle: yet in a sort lechery eats itself. I 'll seek them. [*Exit.*

Scene V

Another part of the field.

Enter Diomedes and Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her I have chastised the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

inferior; or, if challenged, might refuse combat. Alluding to this circumstance, Cleopatra says,—

> "These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
> A meaner than myself."

And in Melvil's *Memoirs:* "The laird of Grange offered to fight Bothwell, who answered that he was neither earl nor lord, but a baron; and so was not his equal. The like answer made he to Tullibardine. Then my Lord Lindsay offered to fight him, which he could not well refuse; but his heart failed him, and he grew cold on the business."—H. N. H.

5. *"knight by proof";* Caxton's *History* gives the matter thus: "And of the partie of the Trojans came the king Ademon that jousted against Menelaus, and smote him, and hurt him in the face: and he and Troylus tooke him, and had led him away, if Diomedes had not come the sooner with a great companie of knights, and fought with Troylus at his coming, and smote him downe, and tooke

Enter Agamemnon.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polyxenes is slain;
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful sagittary
Appals our numbers: haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcements, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles,
And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame.
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work; anon he 's there afoot,
And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
Here, there and every where he leaves and takes,
Dexterity so obeying appetite

his horse, and sent it to Briseyda, and did cause to say to her by his servant, that it was Troyluses horse, her love, and that he had conquered him by his promise, and prayed her from thenceforth that she would hold him for her love."—H. N. H.

20. *"on Galathe his horse";* so in Caxton's *History:* "Then, when Hector was richly arraied, and armed with good harnesse and sure, he mounted upon his horse named *Galathe,* that was one of the most great and strongest horses of the world."—H. N. H.

That what he will he does, and does so much
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution,
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
Dio. Aye, there, there.
Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry:

44. *"we draw together";* this remark seems to be made in consequence of the return of Ajax to the field; he having lately refused to coöperate or *draw together* with the Greeks.—H. N. H.

Hector! where 's Hector; I will none but Hector. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

Another part of the field.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where 's Troilus?
Ajax. What wouldst thou?
Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office
Ere that correction. Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter Troilus.

Tro. O traitor Diomed! Turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.
Dio. Ha, art thou there?
Ajax. I 'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.
Dio. He is my prize; I will not look upon.
Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at you both! [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee; ha! have at thee, Hector!
Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.
Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan:
Be happy that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*
Hect. Fare thee well:
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.

Re-enter Troilus.

How now, my brother!
Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I 'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous armor.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark.
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armor well;
I 'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I 'll be master of it. Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I 'll hunt thee for thy hide.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

Another part of the field.

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath:
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your aims.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:
It is decreed Hector the great must die.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Menelaus and Paris, fighting: then Thersites.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it.
Now, bull! now, dog! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! now 10
my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, loo!
The bull has the game: ware horns, ho!
[*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*

Enter Margarelon.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.
Ther. What art thou?
Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.
Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am

6. *"aims"*; so Capell; Q., F. 2, *"armes"*; F. 1, *"arme"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"arms."*—I. G.

a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valor, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel 's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: farewell, bastard. [*Exit.*

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exit.*

Scene VIII

Another part of the field.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrefied core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armor thus hath cost thy life.

23. *"bastard,"* in ancient times, was not a disreputable appellation. See *1 Henry VI,* Act I, sc. ii.—H. N. H.

1. Of course, this "most putrefied core" is the "one in sumptuous armour," at the close of scene v. The incident was taken from Caxton's *History:* "When Achilles saw that Hector slew thus the nobles of Greece, and so many other that it was marvel to behold, he thought that if Hector were not slain the Greeks would never have victory. And forasmuch as he had slain many kings and princes, he ran upon him marvellously; but Hector cast to him a dart fiercely, and made him a wound in his thigh; and then Achilles issued out of the battle, and did bind up his wound, and took a great spear in purpose to slay Hector, if he might meet him. Among all these things Hector had taken a very noble baron of Greece, that was quaintly and richly armed, and, for to lead him out of the host at his ease, had cast his shield behind him at his back, and had left his breast discovered; and as he was in this point, and took none heed of Achilles, he came privily unto him, and thrust his spear within his body, and Hector fell down dead to the ground."—H. N. H.

Now is my day's work done; I 'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.
[*Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield behind him.*

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and darking of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.
Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.
Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.
[*Hector falls.*
So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down!
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'
[*A retreat sounded.*
Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part.
Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.
Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And stickler-like the armies separates.
My half-supp'd sword that frankly would have fed,
Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.
[*Sheathes his sword.*
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail.
[*Exeunt. A retreat sounded.*

Scene IX

Another part of the field.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes, and the rest, marching. Shouts within.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?
Nest. Peace, drums!
[*Within*] 'Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!'
Dio. The brute is, Hector slain, and by Achilles.
Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was a man as good as he.
Agam. March patiently along: let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended. [*Exeunt, marching.*

Scene X

Another part of the field.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, and Deiphoous.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector! The gods forbid!
Tro. He 's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail
In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful field.
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!
Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.
Tro. You understand me not that tell me so;
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there 'Hector 's dead:'
There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But march away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet. You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I 'll through and through you! and, thou great-sized coward,
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:
I 'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That moldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go:

9. *"linger on"*; protract.—C. H. H.

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.
[*Exeunt Æneas and Trojans.*

As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side, Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!
[*Exit.*

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aching bones! O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavor be so loved and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it? Let me see:

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths:

As many as be here of Pandar's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,

33. *"broker-lackey"; broker* anciently signified a bawd of either sex. So in *King John:* "This bawd, *this broker,* this all changing word." —H. N. H.

Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
Till then I 'll sweat and seek about for eases,
And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

A', he; I. ii. 221.

Abject in regard, held in little estimation; (Q., *"obiect"*); III. iii. 128.

Abruption, breaking off; III. ii. 72.

Adamant, the loadstone; III. ii. 195.

Addition, title; II. iii. 263.

Additions, virtues, characteristic qualities; I. ii. 20.

Addle, used with play on "idle"; I. ii. 145.

Address, prepare; IV. iv. 148.

Advertised, informed; II. ii. 211.

Afeard, afraid; IV. iv. 84.

Affection, passion, lust; II. ii. 177.

Affined, related, joined by affinity; I. iii. 25.

Affronted, encountered, matched; III. ii. 182.

Against, just before, in expectation of; I. ii. 190.

Albeit, although; III. ii. 150.

Allow, acknowledge; III. ii. 104.

Allowance, acknowledgment; I. iii. 377.

An, if, as if; "an 'twere," like, just as; (Qq., Ff., *"and"*); I. i. 82.

Anchises, the father of Æneas; IV. i. 21.

Antics, buffoons; V. iii. 86.

Appear it, let it appear; III. iii. 3.

Appertainments, dignity appertaining to us; (Q., *"appertainings"*); II. iii. 92.

Apply, explain, interpret; I. iii. 32.

Appointment, equipment; IV. v. 1.

Apprehensions, conception, perception; II. iii. 130.

Approve, prove; III. ii. 190.

Aquilon, the North Wind; IV. v. 9.

Argument, subject of a play; Prol. 25.

Argus, the fabulous monster with a hundred eyes; I. ii. 31.

Ariachne's, Arachne's; *i. e.*, the spider's (Ff., *"Ariachnes"*; Q., *"Ariachnas"*; Pope, *"slight Arachne's"*; Capell, *"is Arachnes"*; Steevens' conj. *"Ariadne's* or *Arachnea's"*); V. ii. 152.

Artist, scholar; I. iii. 24.

As, equal to, as good as; III. ii. 57; as if; III. iii. 167.

Aspects, influence; I. iii. 92.

Assinego, ass; (Q., Ff., *"Asinico"*; Singer conj. *"asnico"*); II. i. 49.

Assubjugate, bring into subjection, debase; II. iii. 202.

Attach'd, "be a. with," have a feeling of; V. ii. 161.

Attaint, taint, stain; I. ii. 26.

Attest, testimony; V. ii. 122.

—— call to witness; II. ii. 132.

ATTRIBUTE, reputation; II. iii. 131.

ATTRIBUTIVE, ascribing excellent qualities; (Ff., *"inclineable"*); II. ii. 58.

BARKS, ships; Prol. 12.

BATTLE, army; III. ii. 29.

BEAM, heavy lance; V. v. 9.

BEASTLY, like a beast; V. x. 5.

BEAVER, here helmet; properly, the front of the helmet; I. iii. 296.

BEEF-WITTED, with no more wit than an ox; (Grey conj. *"half-witted"*); II. i. 14.

BENUMBED, deprived of sensation, insensible; II. ii. 179.

BESTOWING, functions; III. ii. 39.

BETTER, used quibblingly = a better man; III. i. 13.

BETTER; "were b.", had better; I. iii. 370.

BIAS, originally a term in the game of bowls; here, out of a straight line, awry; I. iii. 15.

BIAS CHEEK, "as the bowl on the biased side"; IV. v. 8.

BIAS-DRAWING, turning awry; IV. v. 169.

BI-FOLD, two-fold, double; (Collier MS., *"by foole"*); V. ii. 144.

BLACK-A-MOOR, negress; I. i. 82.

BLANK OF DANGER, unknown danger; blank = a charter, to which one sets his seal or signature before it is filled up; III. iii. 231.

BLENCH, start, flinch; I. i. 28.

BLENCH FROM, fly off from, be inconstant to; II. ii. 68.

BLESS, preserve; II. iii. 34.

BLOOD, passions, natural propensities; II. iii. 86.

BLOWN UP, grown up; (Capell conj. *"grown up"*); I. iii. 317.

BOB, cheat, trick; III. i. 74.

BOBBED, thumped; II. i. 77.

BODE, forebode, be ominous; V. ii. 191.

BODEMENTS, presages; V. iii. 80.

BOLTING, sifting; I. i. 18.

BOOT, something into the bargain, advantage; IV. v. 40.

——, "to b.", into the bargain; I. ii. 261.

BOREAS, the north wind; I. iii. 38.

BOUGHT AND SOLD, made a fool of; II. i. 51.

BOY-QUELLER, boy-killer; V. v. 45.

BRAVE, fine, splendid; Prol. 15.

BRAVE, defying, bravado; IV. iv. 139.

BRAVELY, admirably; I. ii. 197.

BRAWN, arm; (Q., *"braunes"*); I. iii. 297.

BREATH, breathing, exercise; II. iii. 127.

BREESE, gadfly; (Q., *"Bryze"*; F. 1, *"Brieze"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Brize"*); I. iii. 48.

BRIAREUS, the fabulous giant who was supposed to have a hundred hands; I. ii. 31.

BRING; "be with you to b.", an idiomatic expression = "to bring as good as I get" (give six for your half-dozen); I. ii. 30

——, take; IV. v. 53.

——, conduct; IV. v. 286.

BROAD, wide; (so Q.; Ff. read *"lowd"* and *"loud"*); I. iii. 27.

——, puffed with pride; I. iii. 190.

BROILS; "b. in loud applause," "basks in the sunshine of applause, even to broiling" (Schmidt); I. iii. 379.

BROKEN, interrupted; IV. iv. 50.

Broken music; "some instruments, such as viols, violins, flutes, etc., were formerly made in sets of four, which when played together formed a "consort." If one or more instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a "consort," but "broken music" (Chapell); III. i. 52.

Brooch, *v.* Notes; II. i. 128.

Brotherhoods, associations, corporations; I. iii. 104.

Bruit, rumor; V. ix. 4.

Brushes, hurts; V. iii. 34.

Buss, kiss; IV. v. 220.

By God's lid = by God's eye, an oath; I. ii. 228.

Caduceus, Mercury's rod; II. iii. 15.

Can = can do; II. ii. 135.

Cancer, the zodiacal sign of the summer solstice; II. iii. 212.

Capable; "more c.", abler; III. iii. 315.

Capocchia, "a fabricated feminine form of the Italian word *'capocchio,'* which means a dolt, a simpleton, a fool" (Clarke); (Ff. Q., *"chipochia"*; Collier *capocchio"*); IV. ii. 34.

Captive, conquered; V. iii. 40.

Carry, carry off, bear off; V. vi. 24.

Catlings, strings of catgut; III. iii. 311.

Center, earth; I. iii. 85.

Chafe thee, become angry; IV. v. 260.

Chance, chances it; III. i. 150.

Changeful, inconstant; IV. iv. 99.

Change of, exchange for; III. iii. 27.

Chapmen, buyers; IV. i. 75.

Characterless, unrecorded; III. ii. 204.

Characters, figures; I. iii. 325.

Charge, expense; IV. i. 57.

——, "on c.", on compulsion, by your orders; IV. iv. 135.

Charon, the ferryman who rowed the souls of the departed over the river Styx; III. ii. 11.

Circumstance, details of argument; III. iii. 114.

Clamors, noises, sounds; I. i. 95.

Cliff, clef or key; a musical term; V. ii. 11.

Clotpoles, blockheads; II. i. 130.

Cloud; "a c. in autumn," a cloud heralding bad weather; I. ii. 138.

Co-act, act, play together; V. ii. 118.

Cobloaf, a crusty, uneven loaf with a round top to it; (Malone conj. *"Coploaf"*); II. i. 41.

Cogging, cheating, deceiving; V. vi. 11.

Cognition, perception; V. ii. 63.

Colossus-wise, like a Colossus; V. v. 9.

Compare, comparison; III. ii. 191.

Compassed, round; "c. window," bay-window; (Q., Ff., *"compast"*); I. ii. 120.

Composure, bond; (Ff., *"counsel that"*); II. iii. 114.

Con, learn by heart; (Q., *"cunne"*); II. i. 18.

Condition, on condition, even though; I. ii. 81.

Conduce, is joined, brought together; (Rowe, *"commence"*); V. ii. 147.

Conjure; "I cannot c.", I cannot raise up spirits; V. ii. 125.
Constringed, contracted, cramped; V. ii. 173.
Convince, convict, prove guilty; II. ii. 130.
Convive we, we will feast; IV. v. 272.
Convoy, conveyance; I. i. 110.
Coped, encountered; I. ii. 35.
Core, ulcer; II. i. 7.
Cormorant, ravenous; (F. 1, *"cormorant"*); II. ii. 6.
Corse, corpse, body; II. iii. 38.
Counters, round pieces of metal used in counting; II. ii. 28.
Cousin, niece; (a title given to any kinsman and kinswoman); I. ii. 45.
Creep in, steal secretly into; III. iii. 134.
Critics, censurers, carpers; V. ii. 131.
Crownets, coronets; Prol. 6.
Crushed into, pressed into, mixed with; (Warburton, *"crusted into"*); I. ii. 24.
Cunning, powerful; III. ii. 148.
Curious, causing care; III. ii. 72.

Daphne, the nymph beloved by Apollo, who fleeing from his pursuit was changed into a laurel tree; I. i. 104.
Darking, darkening, growing dark; V. viii. 7.
Date, dates were commonly used in pastry in Shakespeare's time; I. ii. 282.
Daws, jackdaws; I. ii. 267.
Days, "a whole week by d.", every day for a whole week; IV. i. 9.
Dear, earnest; V. iii. 9.
Death-tokens, "the spots which indicate the approaching death of persons infected with the plague"; II. iii. 193.
Debonair, gentle, meek; I. iii. 235.
Deceptious, delusive; V. ii. 123.
Decline, run through in detail; II. iii. 59.
——, fall; IV. v. 189.
Declined, fallen; IV. v. 189.
Deem, thought; IV. iv. 61.
Deject, dejected; II. ii. 50.
Depravation, detraction; V. ii. 132.
Deputation, power deputed to thee; I. iii. 152.
Deracinate, uproot; I. iii. 99.
Derive, deduce logically; II. iii. 70.
Destiny, fate; ["laboring for destiny"="the vicegerent of Fate" (Malone)]; IV. v. 184.
Dexter, right; IV. v. 128.
Diana's waiting-women, *i. e.* the stars; V. ii. 91.
Diminutives, insignificant things; V. i. 39.
Directive, able to be directed; I. iii. 356.
Discourse, reasoning; V. ii. 142.
Discover'd, revealed, disclosed; I. iii. 138.
Discoveries, (?) monstrosities (Hanmer, *"debaucheries"*; Singer (Ed. 2), *"discoverers"*; Collier MS. *"discolorers"*); V. i. 28.
Dismes, tenths; , ii. 19.
Disorb'd, unsphered; (Q., *"disorbd"*); II. ii. 46.
Dispose, disposition; II. iii. 180.
Disposer, one who can bring another to do anything (or perhaps = entertainer); III. i. 94.
Distains, stains, taints; I. iii. 241.
Distaste, dislike; II. ii. 66.

Distaste, make distasteful; II. ii. 123.
Distasted, made distasteful; IV. iv. 50.
Distraction, despair, madness; V. ii. 41.
Dividable, dividend; I. iii. 105.
Double-henned, "perhaps, with a double hen, *i. e.* with a female married to two cocks, and thus false to both" (Schmidt); V. vii. 11.
Draught-oxen, oxen used to draw a cart or plow; (Ff., *"draft-oxen"*); II. i. 118.
Drave, urged on; III. iii. 190.
Dress'd, addressed, prepared; I. iii. 166.
Dwells, depends on; I. iii. 336.

Edge, sword; V. v. 24.
Eld, old age; (Q., *"elders"*; Ff. *"old"*); II. ii. 104.
Elements; "the two moist e.", *i. e.*, water and air; I. iii. 41.
Embracement, embracing; IV. v. 148.
Embrasures, embraces; IV. iv. 39.
Emulation, envy, jealousy; II. ii. 212.
Emulous, envious; (Ff. 1, 2, *"emulations"*; Ff. 3, 4, *emulatious"*); II. iii. 85.
Encounterers, people who meet others half-way; IV. v. 58.
End, kill, destroy; I. ii. 85.
Engine, instrument; II. iii. 149.
Engineer, pioneer; II. iii. 9.
Enter, to enter; II. iii. 203.
Entreat, treat; IV. iv. 115.
——, invite; IV. v. 274.
Envy, malice; III. ii. 110.
Errant, deviating; I. iii. 9.
Errors, deceptions; V. iii. 111.
Exact; "grace exact"; v. note; I. iii. 180.
Exasperate = exasperated; V. i. 34.
Excitements, incitements; I. iii. 182.
Exclaim, outcry; V. iii. 91.
Execute, practise, use; V. vii. 6.
Execution, working; I. iii. 210.
Expect, expectation; I. iii. 70.
Expectance, = expectation; IV. v. 146.
Expressure, expression; III. iii. 204.
Extremes, extremity; IV. ii. 111.
Extremity; "the edge of all e.", to the uttermost; IV. v. 68.

Faction, union; II. iii. 113.
——, take sides in the quarrel; III. iii. 190.
Fail, let fall; V. i. 48.
Fair, well; IV. iv. 115.
Fall, let fall; I. iii. 379.
Fancy, love; IV. iv. 27.
——, love (verb); V. ii. 165.
Fat, nourish; II. ii. 48.
Favor, countenance, face; I. ii. 101.
Fee farm, "of a duration that has no bounds; a fee-farm being a grant of lands in fee, that is for ever, reserving a certain rent" (Malone); III. ii. 54.
Fell, fierce, savage; IV. v. 269.
Fills, shafts of a carriage; III. ii. 48.
Finch-egg, a term of contempt; V. i. 41.
Fitchew, polecat; V. i. 68.
Fits, the divisions of a song or tune; (perhaps = "when the humor takes you"); III. i. 61.
Five-finger-tied, tied with all

the fingers of the hand; V. ii. 157.

Fixture, stability; I. iii. 101.

Flat tamed, stale, insipid; IV. i. 62.

Fled, have fled; (Pope, *"get"*; Capell, *"flee"*; Keightley conj. *"have fled"*); I. iii. 51.

Flexure, bending; (Ff., *"flight"*); II. iii. 121.

Flood, ocean, sea; I. i. 108.

——, "in f.", in full flow; I. iii. 300.

Flow to, hasten towards; (Johnson conj. *"show too"*); V. ii. 41.

Fonder, more foolish; I. i. 10.

For, against; I. ii. 293.

——, because; V. iii. 21.

Force, power, might; IV. i. 18.

——, stuff; II. iii. 239.

Forced, stuffed; V. i. 65.

Forthright, straight path; III. iii. 158.

Fraction, discord; II. iii. 112.

Fraughtage, freight, cargo; Prol. 13.

Frayed with, frightened by; (Q., Ff., *"fraid"*); III. ii. 34.

Free, generous, noble-minded; IV. v. 139.

Friend, befriend, favor; I. ii. 85.

Frighting, frightening; V. iv. 36.

Frush, bruise, batter; V. vi. 29.

Fulfilling, filling full; Prol. 18.

Full; "in the f.", in full company, all together; IV. v. 272.

Fusty, mouldy; I. iii. 161.

Gaging, engaging, binding; V. i. 46.

Gait, walk; IV. v. 14.

Gallantry, gallants; III. i. 148.

Gear, matter, affair; I. i. 6.

Generals, collective qualities; I. iii. 180.

Genius, the spirit supposed to direct the actions of man; IV. iv. 52.

Glozed, used mere words; II. ii. 165.

God-a-mercy, used in the sense of Gramercy, many thanks; V. iv. 35.

Goose of Winchester, strumpet; (the houses of ill-fame in London were under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester); V. x. 55.

Gored, hurt, wounded; III. iii. 228.

Gorget, throat armor; I. iii. 174.

Gracious, holy; II. ii. 125.

Grated, ground; III. ii. 204.

Great morning, broad day; IV. iii. 1.

Greekish, Greek; III. iii. 211.

Greekish, "all the G. ears," *i. e.*, the ears of all the Greeks; I. iii. 67.

Grossness, bulk; I. iii. 325.

Hair, grain; "against the h."= against the grain; I. ii. 28.

Hale, drag; IV. v. 6.

Hamstring, tendon of the knee-joint; I. iii. 154.

Hardiment, hardihood; IV. v. 28.

Hare, timid; (Ff., *"hard"*); II. ii. 48.

Hatch'd, engraved; "h. in silver," probably = silver-haired; I. iii. 65.

Hateful, full of hate; IV. i. 33.

Have at thee, be warned; V. iv. 27.

Having, possessions, endowments; III. iii. 97.

Heart; "from h. of very h.", from my heart's core; IV. v. 171.

HEAVING, swelling, resentful; II. ii. 196.
HEDGE ASIDE, creep along by the hedge; (Q., *"turne"*; Collier, *"edge"*); III. iii. 158.
HIM, himself; I. ii. 303.
HIS, its; I. iii. 210.
HIS,='s; "Mars his idiot"= Mars's idiot; II. i. 58.
HOLD, regard as, look upon as; II. iii. 205.
HOLDING, keeping; (Q., *"keeping"*); II. ii. 52.
HONESTY, chastity; I. ii. 288.
HOT, rash; V. iii. 16.
HOWEVER, although; I. iii. 322.
HOY-DAY, an exclamation; V. i. 74.
HULKS, large, heavy ships; (Ff., *"bulkes"*); II. iii. 282.
HUMOROUS, capricious; II. iii. 144.
HUMORS, caprices; I. ii. 23.
HUNG, made linger; IV. v. 188.
HURRICANO, water-spout; V. ii. 172.
HURT, do harm; V. iii. 20.
HUSBANDRY, thrift; I. ii. 7.
HYPERION, the sun-god, Phœbus Apollo; II. iii. 213.

IDLE, used with play on "addle"; I. ii. 146.
——, useless; V. i. 35.
IGNOMY, ignominy; (Q., *"ignomyny"*); V. x. 33.
ILION, Troy; (Q., Ff. 1, 2, *"Illion"*); II. ii. 109.
IMMATERIAL, worthless; V. i. 35.
IMMURES, walls; (F. 1, *"emures"*); Prol. 8.
IMPAIR, unsuitable, inappropriate; (Q., *"impare"*; Capell, *"impar"*; Johnson conj. *"impure"*); IV. v. 103.
IMPERIOUS, imperial; IV. v. 172.
IMPOSITION, injunction, the task imposed; III. ii. 90.
IMPRESSURE, impression; IV. v. 131.
IMPUTATION, reputation; I. iii. 339.
IN, in the estimation of; II. ii. 56.
——, within, internally, mentally; III. iii. 97.
INCHES; "even to his i.", most thoroughly, exactly; IV. v. 111.
INCLUDES, ends, comes to an end; (Q., *"include"*); I. iii. 119.
INDRENCH'D, immersed; (Rowe, *"intrench'd"*); I. i. 52.
INFECT, infected; I. iii. 187.
INFINITE, infinity, immense greatness; II. ii. 29.
INSEPARATE, indivisible; V. ii. 148.
INSISTURE, persistency, constancy; I. iii. 87.
INSTANCE, proof; V. ii. 153, 155.
INSTANT; "take the i. way," serve the present time; III. iii. 153.

JOVE'S ACCORD, *i. e.* with Jove's accord, assent; I. iii. 238.

KEEP, lodge, dwell; IV. v. 278.
KEN, know; IV. v. 14.

LAST, at last, in the end; I. iii. 124.
LAVOLT, *i. e.* the *lavota,* a lively dance; IV. iv. 88.
LAZARS, lepers; II. iii. 39.
LEARN, teach, tell; II. i. 22.
LEATHER JERKIN, a short leathern coat; III. iii. 269.
LEAVENING, the admixing of sour dough; I. i. 20.
LEAVE TO SEE, give up seeing; V. i. 106.
LET BLOOD, bleed; II. iii. 229.

LIBYA; "the banks of L.", the African desert; I. iii. 328.
LIE, you lie; III. iii. 162.
LIEF, willingly; I. ii. 113.
LIFTER, cheat, thief; (used quibblingly); I. ii. 128.
LIGHT, quickly; (Q., F. 1, *"harnest lyte"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"harnest light"*; Theobald, *"harness-dight"*); I. ii. 8.
LIKE, likely; III. iii. 42.
LIKE AS, as if; I. ii. 7.
LIKES NOT YOU, does not please; (Ff., *"likes not me"*); V. ii. 103.
LIME-KILNS I' THE PALM, *i. e.* gouty lumps (chalk-stones) in the hand; V. i. 25.
LOOK UPON, be a spectator; V. vi. 10.
LOVER; "your l.", one who loves you; III. iii. 214.
LUNES, mad freaks; (Ff., *"lines"*; Q., *"course, and time"*); II. iii. 145.
LUST, pleasure; IV. iv. 134.
LUSTIHOOD, high spirits; II. ii. 50.
LUXURIOUS, lustful; V. iv. 9.
LUXURY, lust; V. ii. 55.

MACULATION, stain; IV. iv. 66.
MAIDEN BATTLE, unbloody combat; IV. v. 87.
MAIL, coat of mail, armor; III. iii. 152.
MAIN, general; I. iii. 373.
——, full force; II. iii. 278.
MANAGE, direction, administration; III. iii. 25.
MARK, attend, listen to; V. vii. 2.
MARS HIS HELM, Mars' helmet; (his = possessive); IV. v. 255.
MARVELOUS = marvelously, (Pope's unnecessary emendation; Q., F. 1, *"marvel's"*; Ff. 2, 3, *"marvel's"*); abbreviated form of "marvelously"; I. ii. 150.
MASTIC, *v.* note; I. iii. 73.
MATCH, *i. e.* "I'll lay my life"; IV. v. 37.
MATTER, business; IV. ii. 65.
MAY, can; V. ii. 161.
MEANS NOT,= means not to be; I. iii. 288.
MEDICINABLE, medicinal; (Q., Ff., *"med'cinable"*); I. iii. 91.
MENDS; "she has the mends in her own hands"; probably a proverbial expression = "she must make the best of it"; I. i. 69.
MERE, absolute; I. iii. 111.
MERRY GREEK, boon-companion; "The Greeks were proverbially spoken of by the Romans as fond of good living and free potations" (Nares); I. ii. 118.
MILL-STONES; "to weep mill-stones" was a proverbial expression which meant "to remain hard and unfeeling as a stone",="not to weep at all"; I. ii. 157.
MILO, the famous Greek athlete, who was said to be able to carry a bull; II. iii. 263.
MIRABLE = admirable, worthy of admiration; IV. v. 142.
MISCARRYING, being defeated, killed; I. iii. 351.
MISPRIZING, undervaluing; IV. v. 74.
MOIETY, part; II. ii. 107.
MOIST, wet, damp; I. iii. 41.
MONSTRUOSITY, unnaturalness; III. ii. 92.
MONUMENTAL, memorial; III. iii. 153.
MORAL, meaning; IV. iv. 109.
MOTIVE, instrument, moving limb; IV. v. 57.

MULTIPOTENT, almighty; IV. v. 129.
MYRMIDON; "the great m.", *i. e.* Achilles, the chief of the myrmidons; I. iii. 378.

NAIL, finger-nail; IV. v. 46.
NEGLECTION, neglect; I. iii. 127.
NICE, accurate; IV. v. 250.
NOD; "to give the nod" was a term in the game of cards called Noddy; the words meant also "a silly fellow, a fool"; I. ii. 212.
NOISE, rumor; I. ii. 12.
NOTHING, nothing is; I. iii. 239.

OBLIQUE, (?) indirect; (Hanmer *"antique"*; Warburton, *"obelisque"*); V. i. 61.
ODD; "to be o.", to be at odds; IV. v. 265.
ODDLY, unequally; I. iii. 329.
O'ER-EATEN, "eaten and begnawn on all sides"; V. ii. 160.
O'ERFALLED, inflamed; V. iii. 55.
O'ER-WRESTED, strained; (Pope's reading; Q., Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"ore-rested"*; F. 4, *"o're-rested"*; Delius' conj. *"o'er-jested"*); I. iii. 157.
OF, by; I. i. 71; II. iii. 205.
——, on; III. iii. 267.
ON, of; I. i. 71; III. iii. 311.
——, with, by; II. ii. 143.
——, in; III. ii. 29.
——, "crying on," crying out on; V. v. 25.
ONE; "'tis all one," it is all the same; I. i. 82.
OPES, opens; I. iii. 73.
OPINION, reputation; I. iii. 336; I. iii. 373.
——, self-conceit, arrogance; III. iii. 268.
OPPUGNANCY, opposition; I. iii. 111.
ORCHARD, garden; III. ii. 17.
ORGULOUS, proud, haughty; Prol. 2.
ORIFEX, orifice, aperture; V. ii. 151.
ORTS, remnants; V. ii. 158.
OVERBULK, overtower; I. iii. 320.
OWES, owns; III. iii. 99.
OYES, hear ye!; attend! the usual introduction to a proclamation; IV. v. 143.

PACE, step, degree; I. iii. 132.
PAGEANT, theatrical exhibition; III. ii. 84.
PAGEANTS, mimics; I. iii. 151.
PAINTED CLOTHS, hangings for walls; V. x. 47.
PALATING, perceiving by taste; IV. i. 59.
PALTER, trifle, shuffle; II. iii. 249.
PARADOXES, absurdities; (Johnson conj. *"parodies"*); I. iii. 184.
PARALLELS, *i. e.* parallel lines; I. iii. 168.
PARD, leopard; III. ii. 210.
PART, party, side; I. iii. 352.
PARTED; "how dearly ever p.", however richly endowed by nature; III. iii. 96.
PARTIAL, to which they are inclined; II. ii. 178.
PARTICULAR; "toucheth my p.", I am personally concerned; II. ii. 9.
PARTICULAR, personal, with play upon *general;* IV. v. 20.
PARTS, gifts, endowments; III. iii. 117.
PARTS OF NATURE, natural gifts; II. iii. 258.
PARTY, side; II. ii. 156.
PASH, strike; (Q. *"push"*); II. iii. 219.
PASHED, struck down; V. v. 10.

PASS, experience, suffer; (Collier MS. *"poise"*); II. ii. 139.

PASSED, = surpassed, beggars description; I. ii. 181.

——, used quibblingly; I. ii. 182.

PAST PROPORTION, immensity; II. ii. 29.

PATCHERY, gross and bungling hypocrisy; II. iii. 82.

PEACE, be still, be silent; I. i. 95.

PEEVISH, foolish; V. iii. 16.

PELTING, paltry; IV. v. 267.

PERDITION, destruction; V. ii. 145.

PERFORCE, of necessity; I. iii. 123.

PERFORMANCE, carrying out; II. ii. 196.

PER SE, by himself, pre-eminent; I. ii. 15.

PERSEUS' HORSE, Pegasus, the winged horse ridden by Perseus; I. iii. 42.

PERSISTIVE, patient, persevering; I. iii. 21.

PERSON, personal appearance; IV. iv. 81.

PERTLY, saucily; IV. v. 219.

PHEEZE, make to hurry, drive, beat; II. iii. 221.

PIA MATER, brain; II. i. 78.

PIECE, cask of wine; IV. i. 62.

PIGHT, pitched; V. x. 24.

PLACKET, petticoat, woman; II. iii. 24.

PLAGUE; "the p. of Greece," "alluding perhaps to the plague sent by Apollo on the Grecian army" (Johnson); II. i. 13.

PLAGUY, pestilently; (used with play upon the word "death-tokens"); II. iii. 193.

PLANTAGE, anything planted; ("plants were supposed to improve as the moon increases") (Nares); III. ii. 193.

POISED, weighed, balanced; I. iii. 339.

POLITIC REGARD, a look full of meaning; perhaps, shrewd, or sly; III. iii. 256.

PORPENTINE, porcupine; II. i. 27.

PORT, gate; IV. iv. 113.

POSSESS, put you in possession, inform; IV. iv. 114.

POSSESSION; "her p.", possession of her; II. ii. 152.

POWER, armed force; I. iii. 139.

PREGNANT, ready; IV. iv. 90.

PRENOMINATE, foretell; IV. v. 250.

PRESENTED, represented, depicted; III. ii. 84.

PRESENTLY, immediately; II. iii. 154.

PRICKS, points; I. iii. 343.

PRIMOGENITIVE, right of primogeniture; (Q., *"primogenitie"*; Rowe, *"primogeniture"*); I. iii. 106.

PRIVATE SOUL, personal opinion; IV. v. 111.

PRODIGIOUS, portentous; V. i. 104.

PROOF, the thing which is proved; V. v. 29.

PROOF OF MORE STRENGTH, stronger proof; V. ii. 113.

PROPEND, incline; II. ii. 190.

PROPENSION, inclination; II. ii. 133.

PROPER, handsome, comely; I. ii. 208.

——, own; II. ii. 89.

PROPUGNATION, means of combat, defense; II. ii. 136.

PROTRACTIVE, prolonged; I. iii. 20.

PROVE = prove ourselves; III. ii. 104.

PUN, pound, dash to pieces; II. i. 42.

PUTTOCK, kite; V. i. 69.

QUALITY, cause, reason; IV. i. 44.

Quality, "full of q.", highly accomplished; IV. iv. 78.
Question, conversation, intercourse; IV. i. 11.

Rank, rankly; I. iii. 196.
Ransack'd, stolen, carried off; II. ii. 150.
Rape, carrying off; II. ii. 148.
Rash, urgent, hasty; (Rowe, *"harsh"*); IV. ii. 65.
Reck not, care not; V. vi. 26.
Recordation, remembrance; "to make a r. to my soul," *i. e.* to recall to mind; V. ii. 116.
Recourse, frequent flowing; V. iii. 55.
Rein; "in such a r.", bridles up; I. iii. 189.
Rejoindure, joining again; IV. iv. 38.
Relation, report, narration; III. iii. 201.
Reproof, confutation, refutation; I. iii. 33.
Repured, refined, purified; (Ff., *"reputed"*); III. ii. 23.
Respect, deliberation, reflection; II. ii. 49.
Respect, *i. e.* the respect due to thee; V. iii. 73.
Retire, retreat; V. iii. 53; V. iv. 24.
Retort, throw back; III. iii. 101.
Revolt, rebellion; V. ii. 146.
——, rebel; V. ii. 144.
Rheum, cold, watering; V. iii. 105.
Ribald, noisy; (Ingleby conj. *"rabble"*); IV. ii. 9.
Rich; "the r. shall have more," probably alluding to the Scriptural phrase, "To him that hath shall be given"; I. ii. 214.
Right, exactly; I. iii. 170.
Rive, be split; I. i. 35.
Roisting, roistering; II. ii. 208.
Roundly, plainly; III. ii. 170.
Rub on, and kiss the mistress, "The allusion is to *bowling*. What we now call the *Jack* seems, in Shakespeare's time, to have been termed the *mistress*. A bowl that kissed the *Jack* or *mistress* is in the most advantageous position. *Rub on* is a term at the same game" (Malone); III. ii. 53.
Ruin, overthrow, fall; V. iii. 58.
Ruth, pity; V. iii. 48.
Ruthful, piteous; V. iii. 48.

Sacred, consecrated (an appropriate epithet of royalty); IV. v. 134.
Sagittary, Centaur; V. v. 14.
Salt, bitter; I. iii. 371.
Sans, without; I. iii. 94.
Savage strangeness, unpolished, rude reserve; II. iii. 141.
Scaffoldage, the woodwork of the stage; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Scaffolage"* Q., *"scoaffollage"*); I. iii. 156.
Scaled, having scales; V. v. 22.
Scantling, small portion; I. iii. 341.
Scar, wound; I. i. 117.
Scorn, laugh to scorn, make a mock of; I. i. 117.
Sculls, shoals; (Ff., *"sculs"*; Pope, *"shoals"*; Anon. conj. *"schools"*); V. v. 22.
Seam, lard; II. iii. 201.
Secure, over-confident; II. ii. 15.
Securely, carelessly, confidently; IV. v. 73.
See = see each other; IV. iv. 59.
Seeming, show; I. iii. 157.
Seethes, is urgent, in hot haste; III. i. 43.
Seld, seldom; IV. v. 150.

SELF-AFFECTED, self-loving; II. iii. 255.

SELF-BREATH, his own words; II. iii. 188.

SENNET, a set of notes on the cornet or trumpet; I. iii. Stage Direc.

SEQUESTERING, separating, putting aside; III. iii. 8.

SERPIGO, eruption on the skin, leprosy; II. iii. 86.

SET TO, oppose to; II. i. 96.

SEVERALLY, separately; IV. v. 274.

SEVERALS, individual qualities; I. iii. 180.

'SFOOT, a corruption of *God's foot;* II. iii. 6.

SHAME, disgrace; V. iii. 73.

SHE, woman; I. ii. 318–320.

SHENT, put to shame, reviled; II. iii. 91.

SHIPMEN, seamen, sailors; V. ii. 172.

SHOEING-HORN, "the emblem of one who is a subservient tool to the caprices of another"; V. i. 62.

SHORT-ARMED, not reaching far; (Dyce conj. *"short-aimed"*); II. iii. 17.

SHOULD, would; I. iii. 112, 114, 115, 116, 118.

SHREWD, cunning, keen; I. ii. 205.

SHREWDLY, quite, badly; III. iii. 228.

SHRILLS FORTH, utters loudly; V. iii. 84.

SICK, envious; I. iii. 133.

SIEVE, wicker basket, voider; (Q., *"sine"*; F. 1, *"same"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"place"*; Delius conj. *"sink"*; Anon. conj. *"safe"*); II. ii. 71.

SINISTER, left; IV. v. 128.

SITH, since; I. iii. 13.

SKILLESS, ignorant; I. i. 1. 12.

SLEAVE SILK, soft floss silk used for weaving; V. i. 35.

SLEEVELESS, bootless; V. iv. 9.

SLUTTISH, unchaste; (Collier conj. *"skittish"*); IV. v. 62.

SMILE AT, mock at, laugh derisively at; (Hanmer, *"smite all Troy"*; Warburton, *"smite at Troy"*; etc.); V. x. 7.

So, in such a way; under such conditions; II. ii. 145.

SOILURE, stain; (Q., *"soyle"*); IV. i. 56.

SOMETIME = sometimes; I. iii. 151.

SORT, lot; I. iii. 376.

——, manner; V. x. 5.

SORTS, befits, is fitting; I. i. 112.

SPECIALTY; "the s. of rule," *i. e.* "the particular rights of supreme authority" (Johnson); (Ff. 3, 4, *"speciality"*); I. iii. 78.

SPECULATION, the power of seeing; III. iii. 109.

SPEND HIS MOUTH, bark; V. i. 101.

SPERR, shut, bar; (Theobald's emendation of Ff. 1, 2, *"Stirre"*; Collier MS. *"Sparre"*; Capell, *"Sperrs"*); Prol. 19.

SPHERED, placed in a sphere; I. iii. 90.

——, rounded, swelled; IV. v. 8.

SPIRITS (monosyllabic); Prol. 20.

SPLEEN, fit of laughter; I. iii. 178.

——; "the weakest s.",="the dullest and coldest heart"; II. ii. 128.

SPLEENS, impulses, caprices; II. ii. 196.

SPLINTER, splintering, breaking; I. iii. 283.

SPOILS, prey; IV. v. 62.

SPRITELY, spirited; II. ii. 190.

SQUARE, judge; V. ii. 132.

STALE, vapid, used up; (Q., *"pale"*); II. ii. 79.
——, make common, vulgarize; II. iii. 207.
STARTS, startles; V. ii. 101.
STATE; "this noble s.", stately, noble train; II. iii. 124.
STICKLER-LIKE, like an umpire in a combat; V. viii. 18.
STILL, continually, always; IV. v. 195.
STITHIED, forged; IV. v. 255.
STOMACH, inclination (with a quibble on other sense = courage); IV. v. 264.
——, courage; II. i. 139.
STRAIGHT, straightway, immediately; III. ii. 18.
STRAIN, difficulty, doubt; (Keightley conj. *"doubt"*); I. iii. 326.
——, impulse; II. ii. 154.
STRANGE, reserved; II. iii. 255.
STRAWY, resembling straw; (Ff., *"straying"*); V. v. 24.
STRETCH'D, affected, exaggerated; I. iii. 156.
STYGIAN BANKS, banks of the river Styx, the river of the infernal regions over which Charon ferried the souls of the dead; III. ii. 10.
SUBDUEMENTS, victories; IV. v. 187.
SUBSCRIBES, submits, yields; IV. v. 105.
SUBSTANCE, wealth; I. iii. 324.
SUCCESS, result, issue; I. iii. 340.
SUFFERANCE, suffering; I. i. 28.
SUFFOCATE = suffocated; I. iii. 125.
SUM, count up; II. ii. 28.
SUNBURNT, tanned by the sun, hence plain, not fair; I. iii. 282.
SUPPOSE, supposition; I. iii. 11.
SURE, surely; V. ii. 126.
SWATH, grass cut by the scythe; V. v. 25.
SWOUNDING, swooning; (Q., Ff., *"Sounding"*; Pope, *"Swooning"*); III. ii. 24.

TABLES, tablets; IV. v. 60.
TABOURINES, drums; IV. v. 275.
TARRE ON, incite, urge on; I. iii. 392.
TENDER OBJECTS, tender feeling; IV. v. 106.
TENT, probe for searching a wound; II. ii. 16.
TERCEL, male hawk; III. ii. 57.
TETCHY, touchy, peevish; (Q., Ff., *"teachy"*); I. i. 102.
THAT, that person; II. iii. 205.
THETIS, a sea-goddess, mother of Achilles; "confounded with *Tethys*, the wife of Oceanus, and used for the sea, the ocean" (Schmidt); I. iii. 39.
THICKER, quicker; III. ii. 38.
THIS = this way, thus; I. ii. 12.
THROUGH WARM, thoroughly warmed; II. iii. 238.
THROW MY GLOVE, challenge; IV. iv. 65.
THWART, athwart, crosswise; I. iii. 15.
TICK, an insect; III. iii. 320.
TICKLE IT, make him pay; V. ii. 177.
TICKLISH, wanton (Ff., *"tickling"*); IV. v. 61.
TIDE, right time; V. i. 92.
TITAN, the god of the sun; V. x. 25.
TITHE, tenth; II. ii. 19.
To, in addition to; I. i. 7.
——, compared to; I. iii. 344.
——, set to, onward; II. i. 21.
TOAST, a dainty morsel; (Beckett

conj. *"tot"*; Halliwell conj. *"boast"*); I. iii. 45.

TOPLESS, immeasurably high, supreme, (Warburton, *"stoopless"*); I. iii. 152.

TORTIVE, distorted; I. iii. 9.

TRADED, practised, professional; II. ii. 64.

TRAIN, entice, draw; V. iii. 4.

TRANSPORTANCE, transport; III. ii. 12.

TROY WALLS, the walls of Troy; I. iii. 12.

TRUMP, trumpet; III. iii. 210.

TRUMPET, trumpeter; I. iii. 256.

TURTLE, turtle-dove; III. ii. 194.

'TWIXT, between; II. ii. 64.

TYPHON = Typhorus, a fabulous giant, who attempted to dethrone Jove, but was defeated and imprisoned under Etna; I. iii. 160.

UNARM'D, when unarmed; I. iii. 235.

UNCOMPREHENSIVE, incomprehensible, mysterious; III. iii. 198.

UNDERGO, undertake; III. ii. 91.

UNDER-HONEST, "too little honorable"; II. iii. 139.

UNDERWRITE, submit to; II. iii. 137.

UNGRACIOUS, hateful; I. i. 95.

UNITY; "if there be rule in u. itself," *i. e.* "If there be *certainty* in *unity*, if there be a rule that one is one" (Johnson); V. ii. 141.

UNKNOWN; "u. Ajax," *i. e.* "having abilities which were never brought into view or use" (Johnson); III. iii. 125.

UNMINGLED (quadrisyllabic); I. iii. 30.

UNPLAUSIVE, displeased; (Q., *"unpaulsive"*); III. iii. 43.

UNRESPECTIVE, used at random; II. ii. 71.

UNSQUARED, not shaped or adapted to the purpose; (Q., *"unsquare"*); I. iii. 159.

UNTRADED, unhackneyed; IV. v. 178.

UNWHOLESOME, un-appetizing; II. iii. 135.

USAGE, treatment; IV. iv. 121.

USE, utility; "dear in use" = very useful; III. iii. 128.

USE TO, make a practice; II. i. 53.

VAIL, setting; V. viii. 7.

VALIANTLY, bravely, finely; (used ironically); I. ii. 136.

VANTBRACE, armor for the arm; (Q., *"vambrace"*); I. iii. 297.

VARLET, servant to a knight; I. i. 1.

——, (?) = harlot; (perhaps the old spellings show a blending of (i.) varlet and (ii.) harlot; Q., Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"varlot"*; Thirlby conj. *"harlot"*); V. i. 18.

VASSALAGE, vassals; III. ii. 40.

VAUNT, first beginning; Prol. 27.

VENOMOUS, malignant; IV. ii. 12.

VENTS, outlets; V. iii. 82.

VERY, mere; III. iii. 126.

VILLAIN, a term of endearment; III. ii. 35.

VINDICATIVE, vindictive; IV. v. 107.

VINEWED'ST, most mouldy; (Q., *"vnsalted"*; Ff., *"whined'st"*; Theobald, *"unwinnow'd'st"*; etc.); II. i. 15.

VIOLENTETH, is violent, doth rage; IV. iv. 4.

VIZARDED, covered with a mask or *vizor* = masked; I. iii. 83.

VOICES, applause, applauding voices; I. iii. 382.

VOLUNTARY = voluntarily; II. i. 105, 107, 108.

WAFTAGE, passage; III. ii. 11.
WAILS, bewails; IV. v. 289.
WALLET, knapsack; III. iii. 145.
WARD, guard; (a term in fencing); "at what w.", in what posture of defense; I. ii. 285.
WARE, aware; IV. ii. 59.
WATCHED, a term in falconry; hawks were kept from sleeping = watched, to tame them; III. ii. 46.
WATERFLIES, used contemptuously, the emblem of vanity; V. i. 38.
WATERY, watering, desiring; III. ii. 22.
WEATHER; "keeps the w.", has the advantage; = weather-gage; (a nautical term); V. iii. 26.
WEEDS, garments; III. iii. 239.
WHEN THAT = when; I. iii. 81.
WHERE, so that; IV. iv. 35.
WHOM, which; III. iii. 201.
WHOSOEVER, let him be whosoever he will; I. ii. 208.
WITHOUT, externally, physically; III. iii. 97.
WORKS = work, what we have been able to accomplish; (Singer conj. *"mocks"*; Collier MS. *"wrecks"*; Kinnear conj. *"wars"*); I. iii. 18.
WORTH, worthy of; V. iii. 93.
WORTHIER = men worthier; II. iii. 140.
WREST, instrument for tightening the strings of a harp (used here figuratively); III. iii. 23.

YOND, yonder; IV. v. 13.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. What evidences are there that the play passed through several stages of revision, and was probably composed at different times?

2. Comment on the unity of impression in the play; the development of purpose in it; the composition among the characters; the resolution.

3. What are its impressive features?

4. What authorities were probably drawn upon by Shakespeare for the materials of this play? Where did he probably derive his ideas of the Greek and Trojan heroes?

5. Describe the distinctive characteristics of the different persons of the drama.

6. In what respects has Shakespeare made his Cressida more consistent than Chaucer's characterization? How is she contrasted with Troilus?

7. What lines of Troilus, Cressida, and Pandarus, respectively, carry lasting bywords concerning them?

8. Quote some of the notable commentaries upon this play.

9. How are Shakespeare and Chaucer compared in their treatment of this story?

10. How is Shakespeare's delineation of character compared with Homer's in the case of the Greek and Trojan heroes?

11. What does the Prologue set forth? Why is the distinction made of "a prologue arm'd"?

ACT I

12. Where is the first scene laid?

13. What is Troilus's plaint? What part does Pandarus take in his behalf?

14. In what various connections are the characters introduced throughout the act?

15. How does Cressida appear? How does she speak of Hector and Troilus comparatively? Why was she "a fool to stay behind her father"?

16. How does Pandarus describe Troilus to Cressida, as he passes before them from the field? What is the distinction between Troy and Ilium here? What dramatic use has this review of the heroes in this first act?

17. What is said of Achilles as the heroes and soldiers pass?

18. What is the substance of Agamemnon's words to his heroes in scene iii? What, of Nestor's?

19. What is the conclusion of Ulysses with regard to Troy?—and what does he say of Achilles?

20. What does Nestor say of Ajax? What message does Æneas bring to Agamemnon?

21. Cite the incident of the challenge as taken from Chapman.

22. What do Ulysses and Nestor say of the challenge? What do they decide to manœuvre with regard to it?

ACT II

23. Describe Thersites and his manner of speech? Where did Shakespeare get most of his hint with regard to this characterization?

24. What proposition does Priam make in scene ii? How is it received by Hector and Troilus? What is Paris's defense? Compare the aspects of the case as presented by the four, Priam and the three of his sons present in the scene.

25. How does Achilles receive the visit of Agamemnon?

26. What does the talk to Ajax, and of him, during this passage, convey with regard to him?

ACT III

27. Describe the opening scene. What does it mainly present? To what does it lead in the action of the second scene?

28. What exchange for Antenor does Calchas suggest to Agamemnon? How is Antenor described in the "Troy-Boke"?

29. How does Ulysses suggest that he and the Greek heroes shall behave as they pass Achilles? With what object?

30. What is the object of Ulysses' talk to Achilles?

31. What is the incident of Achilles' wish to see Hector unarmed, as related by Caxton?

32. How does Thersites describe Ajax in his pride over his projected encounter with Hector? How does he propose to set it off for Achilles' benefit? Describe the incident.

ACT IV

33. What are the three important matters that take place in this act?

34. What answer does Diomed make to Paris, as to the claim to Helen?

35. Describe the parting of Troilus and Cressida. How has Cressida shown her nature up to this point?

36. What does Ulysses see in Cressida?

37. Describe the combat of Hector and Ajax.

38. How does Ulysses describe Troilus to Agamemnon?

39. Describe the friendly meeting of the Greek and Trojan heroes.

40. What does Nestor say to Hector that indicates the character of Hector's bravery?

41. What is the import of the final passage between Troilus and Ulysses?

ACT V

42. To whom does Achilles refer in his opening lines?

43. In the succeeding passage what does Cressida show herself to be? What does Troilus prove himself?

44. What is the warning of Andromache? What caused her fear?

45. What does Cassandra prophesy?

46. What does Troilus say to Hector that shows Hector's bravery as Nestor has previously spoken of it? How do these comments upon Hector's character affect our sympathies concerning his manner of death?

47. How do Hector and Troilus receive the various admonitions against going to battle on the day prophesied as fatal?

48. What attempt does Pandarus make to revive the love affair of Troilus and Cressida? What is its success with Troilus?

49. How does the Caxton History refer to the matter of Troilus's horse?

50. What finally arouses Achilles's wrath to immediate action against Hector?

51. How does Nestor describe Hector's fighting in the field? How does Ulysses describe it? How does the latter describe the effect, of the prowess of Hector and Troilus, on Achilles and Ajax?

52. Describe the side comments, of Thersites, on the battle as it wages. Have they dramatic purpose?

53. Describe the taking of Hector.

54. What does Ajax say upon hearing of Hector's death?

55. How do Troilus and the Trojans bewail it?

56. Comment on the ending of the play.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

Measure for Measure was first printed in the First Folio, where it occupies pp. 61–84, and holds the fourth place among the "Comedies." No direct reference to the play has been found anterior to its publication in 1623, nor is there any record of its performance before the Restoration, when Davenant produced his *Law against Lovers*, a wretched attempt to fuse *Measure for Measure* and *Much Ado About Nothing* into one play.

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

All arguments for the date of composition of *Measure for Measure* must be drawn from general considerations of style, and from alleged allusions. As regards the latter, it has been maintained that two passages (Act I, i, 68–71, and Act II, iv, 27–30), offer "a courtly apology for King James I's stately and ungracious demeanor on his entry into England," and various points of likeness in the character of the Duke and James have been detected. This evidence by itself would be of little value, but it certainly corroborates the æsthetic and metrical tests, which fix the date of composition about the year 1603–4. Further, in 1607, William Barksted, an admirer of our poet, published a poem, entitled *Myrrha, the Mother of Adonis*, wherein occurs an obvious reminiscence of a passage in *Measure for Measure*:—

> "And like as when some sudden extasie
> Seizeth the nature of a sicklie man;

When he's discerned to swoon, straight by an by
Folke to his helpe confusedly have ran;
And seeking with their art to fetch him backe,
So many throng, that he the ayre doth lacke."

(*cp. Measure for Measure*, II, iv, 24–27).

Mr. Stokes has advanced the ingenious conjecture that Barksted, as one of the children of the Revels, may have been the original actor of the part of Isabella.[1]

The strongest argument for the date 1603, generally adopted by critics, is derived from the many links between this play and *Hamlet;* they both contain similar reflections on Life and Death, though *Measure for Measure* "deals, not like *Hamlet* with the problems which beset one of exceptional temperament, but with mere human nature" (W. Pater, *Appreciations*, p. 179). There are, moreover, striking parallelisms of expression in the two plays. Similarly, incidents in *Measure for Measure* recall *All's Well that Ends Well;* Isabella and Helena seem almost twin-sisters; but the questions at issue concerning the latter play are too intricate to warrant us in drawing conclusions as regards the date of the former play.

SOURCE OF THE PLAY

The plot of *Measure for Measure* was ultimately derived from the *Hecatommithi* of Giraldi Cinthio (Decad. 8, Nov. 5): the direct source, however, was a dramatization of the story by George Whetstone, whose *Promos and Cassandra*, never acted, was printed in 1578. The title of this tedious production is noteworthy as indicating the rough outline of Shakespeare's original:—

The Right Excellent and Famous | History | of Promos and Cassandra; | divided into two Comical Discourses. | In the first part is shown, | the unsufferable abuse of a lewd Magistrate, | the virtuous behaviour of a chaste Lady; | the uncontrolled lewdness of a favoured Courtesan,

[1] *Cp. The Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays;* H. P. Stokes; pp. 106–109.

| *and the undeserved estimation of a pernicious Parasite.* | *In the second part is discoursed,* | *the perfect magnanimity of a noble King* | *in checking Vice and favouring Virtue:* | *Wherein is shown* | *the Ruin and Overthrow of dishonest practices,* | *with the advancement of upright dealing.* | (*Cp.* Hazlitt's *Shakespeare Library;* Part II, Vol. ii.)

In 1582 Whetstone included a prose version of the same story in his *Heptameron of Civil Discourses*,—a version probably known to Shakespeare; it has even been inferred that "in this narrative he may well have caught the first glimpse of a composition with nobler proportions."

The old play of *Promos and Cassandra* may claim the distinction of having provided the rough material for *Measure for Measure;* the earlier production should be read in order to understand, somewhat at least, how the poet has transformed his crude original; how he has infused into it a loftier motive; how he has ennobled its heroine, and created new episodes and new characters. The picture of the wronged, dejected mistress of the moated grange is wholly Shakespeare's.

DURATION OF ACTION

The time of action consists of four days:—

Day 1. Act I, sc. i, may be taken as a kind of prelude, after which some little interval must be supposed in order to permit the new governors of the city to settle to their work. The rest of the play is comprised in three consecutive days.

Day 2 commences with Act I, sc. ii, and ends with Act IV, sc. ii.

Day 3 commences with Act IV, sc. ii, and ends with Act IV, sc. iv.

Day 4 includes Act IV, scs. v and vi, and the whole of Act V, which is one scene only (P. A. Daniel; *On the Times in Shakespeare's Plays: New Shakespeare Soc.*, 1877–79).

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

Measure for Measure stands the fourth in the list of Comedies in the folio of 1623, where it was first printed. The divisions and subdivisions of acts and scenes are carefully noted in the original edition, and at the end is a list of the persons represented, under the usual heading, "The names of all the actors." Though the general scope and sense of the dialogue are everywhere clear enough, there are several obscure and doubtful words and passages, which cause us to regret, more than in any of the preceding plays, the want of earlier impressions to illustrate, and rectify, or establish, the text. As it is, the right reading in some places can scarce be cleared of uncertainty, or placed beyond controversy.

The strongly-marked peculiarity in the language, cast of thought, and moral temper of *Measure for Measure*, have invested the play with great psychological interest, and bred a strange curiosity among critics to connect it in some way with the author's mental history; with some supposed crisis in his feelings and experience. Hence the probable date of its composition was for a long time argued more strenuously than the subject would otherwise seem to justify; and, as often falls out in such cases, the more the critics argued the point, the farther they were from coming to an agreement. But, what is not a little remarkable, the best thinkers have here struck widest of the truth; the dull matter-of-fact critics have borne the palm away from their more philosophical brethren;—an edifying instance how little the brightest speculation can do in questions properly falling within the domain of facts.

Tieck and Ulrici, proceeding mainly upon internal evidence, fix the date somewhere between 1609 and 1612; and it is quite curious to observe how confident and positive they are in their inferences: Ulrici, after stating the reasons of Tieck for 1612, says—"The later origin of the piece—certainly it did not precede 1609—is vouched still more strongly by the profound masculine earnestness which pervades it, and by the prevalence of the same tone of feeling which led Shakespeare to abandon the life and pursuits of London for his native town."

Until since these conclusions were put forth, the English critics, in default of other data, grounded their reasonings upon certain probable allusions to contemporary matters; especially those passages which express the Duke's fondness for "the life remov'd," and his aversion to being greeted by crowds of people: and Chalmers, a very considerable instance of critical dullness, had the sagacity to discover a sort of portrait-like resemblance in the Duke to King James I. As the King was undeniably a much better theologian than statesman or governor, the circumstance of the Duke's appearing so much more at home in the cowl and hood than in his ducal robes certainly lends some credit to this discovery. The King's unamiable repugnance to being gazed upon by throngs of admiring subjects is thus spoken of by a contemporary writer: "In his public appearance, especially in his sports, the accesses of the people made him so impatient, that he often dispersed them with frowns, that we may not say with curses." And his unhandsome bearing towards the crowds which, prompted by eager loyalty, flocked forth to hail his accession, is noted by several historians. But he was a pretty liberal, and, for the time, judicious encourager of the drama, as well as of other learned delectations; and with those who sought or had tasted his patronage it was natural that these symptoms of weakness, or of something worse, should pass for tokens of a wise superiority to the dainties of popular applause.

All which renders it quite probable that the Poet may

have had an eye to the King in the passages cited by Malone in support of his conjecture.

> "I love the people,
> But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
> Though it do well, I do not relish well
> Their loud applause and *aves* vehement;
> Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
> That does affect it."

> "And even so
> The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
> Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
> Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
> Must needs appear offence."

The allusion here being granted, Malone's inference that the play was probably made soon after the King's accession, and before the effect of his unlooked-for austerity on this score had spent itself, was natural enough. Nor is the conjecture of Ulrici and others without weight, "that Shakespeare was led to the composition of the play by the rigoristic sentiments and arrogant virtue of the Puritans." And in this view several points of the main action might be aptly suggested at the time in question: for the King had scarcely set foot in England but he began to be worried by the importunities of that remarkable people, who had been feeding upon the hope, that by the sole exercise of his prerogative he would cast out surplice, Liturgy, and Episcopacy, and revolutionize the Church up to the Presbyterian model; it being a prime notion of theirs, that with the truth a minority, however small, was better than a majority, however large, without it.

Whether this view be fully warranted or not, it has been much strengthened by a recent discovery. The play is now known to have been acted at court December 26, 1604. For this knowledge we are indebted to Edmund Tylney's *Account of the Revels at Court*, preserved in the Audit Office, Somerset House, and lately edited by Mr. Peter Cunningham. Tylney was Master of the Revels from 1579 to 1610; and in his account of expenses for the year

beginning in October, 1604, occurs the following entry: "By His Majesty's players: On St. Stephen's night in the Hall a play called *Measure for Measure.*" In a column headed "The Poets which made the Plays," our author is set down as "Mr. Shaxberd"; the writer not taking pains to know the right spelling of a name, the mentioning of which was to be the sole cause that his own should be remembered in after ages and on other continents.

The date of the play being so far ascertained, all the main probabilities allegeable from the play itself readily fall into harmony therewith. And it is rather remarkable that *Measure for Measure* most resembles some other plays, known to have been written about the same time, in those very characteristics which led the German critics to fix upon a later date. Which shows how weak, in such cases, the internal evidence of style, temper, and spirit is by itself, and yet how strong in connection with the external evidence of facts.

No question is made, that for some particulars in the plot and story of *Measure for Measure* the Poet was ultimately indebted to Giraldi Cinthio, an Italian novelist of the sixteenth century. The original story forms the eighty-fifth in his *Hecatommithi*, or *Hundred Tales.* A youth named Ludovico is there overtaken in the same fault as Claudio; Juriste, a magistrate highly reputed for wisdom and justice, passes sentence of death upon him; and Epitia, Ludovico's sister, a virgin of rare gifts and graces, goes to pleading for her brother's life. Casting herself at the governor's feet, her beauty and eloquence, made doubly potent by the tears of suffering affection, have the same effect upon him as Isabella's upon Angelo. His proposals are rejected with scorn and horror; but the lady, overcome by the pathetic entreaties of her brother, at last yields to them under a solemn promise of marriage. His object being gained, the wicked man commits a double vow-breach, neither marrying the lady nor sparing her brother. She carries her cause to the Emperor, by whom Juriste is convicted, forced to marry her, and then sentenced to death;

but is at last pardoned at the suit of Epitia, who is now as earnest and eloquent for her husband as she had been for her brother. Her holy and heroic conduct touches him with remorse, and finally proves as effective in redeeming his character as it was in redeeming his life.

As early as 1578, this tale of Cinthio's was dramatized after a sort by George Whetstone. The title of Whetstone's performance runs thus: *The right excellent and famous History of Promos and Cassandra, divided into Comical Discourses.* In the conduct of the story Whetstone varies somewhat from his model; as may be seen by the following abstract of his argument:

In the city of Julio, then under the rule of Corvinus, King of Hungary, there was a law that for incontinency the man should lose his head, and the woman be marked out for infamy by her dress. Through the indulgence of magistrates this severe law came to be little regarded. At length the government falling into the hands of Lord Promos, he revived the terrible statute, and, a youth named Andrugio being convicted of the fault in question, resolved to visit the penalties in their utmost rigor upon both him and his partner in guilt. Andrugio had a sister of great virtue and accomplishment, named Cassandra, who undertook to sue for his life. Her good behavior, great beauty, and the sweet order of her talk wrought so far with the governor as to induce a short reprieve; but, his love soon turning into lust, he set down the spoil of her honor as the ransom; but she, abhorring both him and his suit, could by no persuasion be won to his wish. Unable, however, to stand out against the pathetic pleadings of her brother, she at last yielded to the wicked man's proposal, upon condition that he should pardon her brother and then marry her. This he solemnly vowed to do; but, his wish being gained, instead of keeping his vows, he ordered the jailer to present Cassandra with her brother's head. The jailer, knowing what the governor had done, and touched with the outcries of Andrugio, took the head of a felon just executed, and set the other at liberty.

Cassandra, thinking the head to be her brother's, was at the point to kill herself for grief at this treachery, but spared that stroke to be avenged of the traitor. She devised to make her case known to the King, and he forthwith hastened to do justice upon Promos, ordering that to repair the lady's honor he should marry her, and then for his crime against the state lose his head. No sooner was Cassandra a wife, than all her rhetoric of eye, tongue, and action was tasked to procure the pardon of her husband: but the King, tendering the public good more than hers, denied her suit. At length Andrugio, overcome by his sister's grief, made himself known: for he had all the while been about the place in disguise; whereupon the King, to honor the virtues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promos.

In 1582 Whetstone published his *Heptameron of Civil Discourses*, containing a prose version of the same tale. He was a writer of learning and talent, but not such that even the instructions of Shakespeare could have made him capable of dramatic excellence: and, as he had no such benefit, his performance, as might be expected, is insipid and worthless enough. It is observable that he deviates most from Cinthio in managing to bring Andrugio off alive; and from Shakespeare's concurring with him herein it may be fairly inferred that the borrowings were from him, not from the original author. The Poet, moreover, represents the illicit meeting of Claudio and Juliet as taking place under the shield of a solemn betrothment; which very much softens their fault, as marriage bonds were already upon them, and proportionably heightens the injustice of Angelo, as it brings upon him the guilt of making the law responsible for his own arbitrary rigor. Beyond this outline of the story, it does not appear that Shakespeare took any thing from Whetstone more than a few slight hints and casual expressions. And a comparison of the two performances were very far from abating the Poet's fame; it being more creditable to have lifted the story out of the mire into such a region of art and

poetry than to have invented it. The main original feature in the plot of *Measure for Measure* is the part of Mariana, which puts a new life into the whole, and purifies it almost into another nature; as it prevents the soiling of Isabella's holy womanhood, suggests an apt reason for the Duke's mysterious conduct, and yields a pregnant motive for Angelo's pardon, in that his life is thereby bound up with that of a wronged and innocent woman, whom his crimes are made the occasion of restoring to her rights and happiness, so that her virtue may be justly allowed to reprieve him from death.

In the comic scenes of Whetstone's play there is all the grossness of *Measure for Measure*, unredeemed by any thing that the utmost courtesy of language can call wit or humor: here, as Shakespeare took no help, so he can have no excuse, from his predecessor. But he probably saw that some such matter was required by the scheme of the work and the laws of artistic proportion; and as in these parts the truth and character are all his own, so he can scarce be blamed for not anticipating the delicacy of later times, there being none such in the most refined audiences of his day: and his choice of a subject so ugly in itself is amply justified by the many sweet lessons of virtue and wisdom which he has used it as an opportunity of delivering. To have trained and taught a barbarous tale of cruelty and lust into such a rich mellow fruitage of poetry and humanity, may be safely left to offset whatsoever of offense there may be in the play to modern taste. Perhaps the hardest thing to digest is the conduct of Angelo, as being too improbable for a work of art or fiction; though history has recorded several instances substantially the same,—of which probably the most familiar to English and American ears is that of Colonel Kirke, a lewd and inhuman minion of James II, whose crimes, however, did not exclude him from the favor of William III.

We have already referred to certain characteristics of style and temper which this play shares with several oth-

ers written about the same period, and which have been thought to mark some crisis in the Poet's life. It cannot well be denied that the plays in question have something of a peculiar spirit, which might aptly suggest that some rude uncivil shock must have untuned the melody of his soul; that some passage of bitter experience must have turned the sweet milk of his genius for a time into gall, and put him upon a course of harsh and ungentle thought. The matter is well stated by Mr. Hallam: "There seems to have been a period of Shakespeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world or his own conscience: the memory of hours misspent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worser nature, which intercourse with ill-chosen associates peculiarly teaches; these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of Lear and Timon, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind. This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jaques, gazing with an undiminished serenity, and with a gayety of fancy, though not of manners, on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled Duke of the same play, and one rather more severe in the Duke of *Measure for Measure*. In all these, however, it is merely a contemplative philosophy. In Hamlet this is mingled with the impulses of a perturbed heart under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances; it shines no longer, as in the former characters, with a steady light, but plays in fitful coruscations amid feigned gayety and extravagance. In Lear, it is the flash of sudden inspiration across the incongruous imagery of madness; in Timon, it is obscured by the exaggerations of misanthropy." Mr. Verplanck speaks in a similar strain of "that portion of the author's life which was memorable for the production of *Othello*, with all its bitter passion; the additions to the original *Hamlet*, with their melancholy wisdom; probably of *Timon*, with his indignant and hearty scorn, and rebukes of the baseness of civilized society; and above all of *Lear*,

with its dark pictures of unmixed, unmitigated guilt, and its terrible and prophet-like denunciations."

These words certainly carry much weight, and may go far to warrant the suggestion of the same authors, that the Poet was visited with some external calamity, which wrought itself into his moral frame; some assault of fortune, that wrenched his mind from its once smooth and happy course, causing it to recoil upon itself and brood over its own thoughts. Yet there are considerable difficulties besetting a theory of this kind. For there is no proof that *Timon*, but much that *Twelfth Night*, was written during the period in question: besides, even in the plays referred to there is so much of unquestionable difference blended with the acknowledged likeness, as will greatly embarrass, if not quite defeat, such a theory. But whatsoever may have caused the peculiar tone, the darker cast of thought, in these plays, it is pleasing to know that that darkness passed away; the clear azure, soft sunshine, and serene sweetness of *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale* being unquestionably of a later date. And surely, in the life of so thoughtful a man as Shakespeare, there might well be, nay, there must needs have been, times when, without any special woundings or bruisings of fortune, his mind got fascinated by the awful mystery, the appalling presence of evil that haunts our fallen nature.

That these hours, however occasioned, were more frequent at one period of his life than at others, is indeed probable. And it was equally natural that their coming should sometimes engage him in heart-tugging and brain-sweating efforts to scrutinize the inscrutable workings of human guilt, and thus stamp itself strongly upon the offspring of his mind. Thus, without any other than the ordinary progress of thoughtful spirits, we should naturally have a middle period, when the early enthusiasm of hope and successful endeavor had passed away, and before the deeper, calmer, but not less cheerful tranquillity of resignation had set in, the experienced insufficiency of man for himself having charmed the wrestlings of thought into

repose, and his spirit having undergone the chastening and subduing power of life's sterner discipline.

In some such passage as this, then, we should rather presume the unique conception of *Measure for Measure* to have been wrought up in his mind. We say unique, because this is his only instance of comedy where the wit seems to foam and sparkle up from a fountain of bitterness; where even the humor is made pungent with sarcasm; and where the poetry is marked with tragic austerity. In none of his plays does he exhibit less of learning upon pre-existing models, or a more manly negligence, perhaps sometimes carried to excess, of those lighter graces of manner which none but the greatest minds may safely despise. His genius is here out in all its colossal individuality, and he seems to have meant it should be so; as if he felt that he had now reached his mastership; as if a large experience and long testing of his powers had taught him a just self-reliance, and given him to know that, from being the offspring, he was to become the soul of his age; that from his accumulated and well-practised learnings he had built up a power to teach still nobler lessons; so that, instead of leaning any longer upon those who had gone before, he was to be himself a safe leaning-place for those that were to follow.

Accordingly, if we here miss something of what Wordsworth finely calls

> "That monumental grace
> Of Faith, which doth all passions tame
> That Reason *should* control,
> And shows in the untrembling frame
> A statue of the soul";

yet we have the wise though fearless grapplings and strugglings of mind with thoughts too big for human mastery, whereby the imperfection was in due time to be outgrown. The thought is strong, and in its strength careless of appearances, and rather wishing than fearing to have its roughnesses seen: the style is rugged, irregular,

abrupt, sometimes running into an almost forbidding sternness, but every where throbbing with life; the words, direct of movement, sudden and sure of result, always going right to the spot, and leaving none of their work undone: with but little of elaborate grace or finish, we have a few bold, deep strokes, where the want of finer softenings and shadings is more than made up by increased energy and expressiveness: often a rush and flood of thought is condensed and rammed into a line or clause, so that the life thereof beats and reverberates through the whole scene. Hence, perhaps, it is, in part, that so many axioms and "brief sententious precepts" of moral and political wisdom from this play have wrought themselves into the currency and familiarity of household words, and live for instruction or comfort in the memory of many who know nothing of their original source.

Whether from the nature of the subject, or the mode of treating it, or both, *Measure for Measure* is generally regarded as one of the least attractive, though most instructive, of Shakespeare's plays. Coleridge, in those precious fragments of his critical lectures, which now form our best text-book of English criticism, says,—"This play, which is Shakespeare's throughout, is to me the most painful—say rather, the only painful—part of his genuine works. The comic and tragic parts equally border on the *μισητόν*,—the one being disgusting, the other horrible; and the pardon and marriage of Angelo not merely baffles the strong indignant claims of justice, (for cruelty, with lust and damnable baseness, cannot be forgiven, because we cannot conceive them as being morally repented of;) but it is likewise degrading to woman." This language, though there is much in other critics to bear it out, seems not a little stronger than the subject will fairly justify; and when, in his *Table Talk*, he says that "Isabella herself contrives to be unamiable, and Claudio is detestable," we can by no means go along with him.

It would seem indeed as if undue censure had often passed, not so much on the play itself, as upon some of

the persons, from trying them by a moral standard which cannot be fairly applied to them, as they are not supposed to have any means of knowing it; or from not duly weighing all the circumstances, feelings, and motives under which they are represented as acting. Thus Ulrici speaks of Claudio as being guilty of seduction: which is surely wide of the mark; it being clear enough, that by the standard of morality then and there approved, he was, as he considered himself, virtually married, though not admissible to all the rights of the married life; in accordance with what the Duke says to Mariana, that there would be no crime in her meeting with Angelo, because he was her "husband on a pre-contract." And who does not know that, in ancient times, the ceremony of betrothment conferred the marriage tie, but not the nuptials, so that the union of the parties was thenceforth firm in the eyes of the law itself? Mr. Hallam, in like sort, speaking of Isabella, says,—"One is disposed to ask, whether, if Claudio had been really executed, the spectator would not have gone away with no great affection for her; and at least we now feel that her reproaches against her miserable brother, when he clings to life like a frail and guilty being, are too harsh." In reply to the first part of which, we would venture to ask this accomplished critic whether she would not have suffered a still greater depreciation in his esteem, if she had yielded to Angelo's proposal. As to the second part, though we do indeed feel that Claudio were rather to be pitied than blamed, whatever course he had taken in so terrible an alternative, yet the conduct of his sister strikes us as every way creditable to her. Her reproaches were indeed too harsh, if they appeared to spring from any want of love; but as it is their very harshness does her honor, as it shows the natural workings of a tender and deep affection, in an agony of disappointment at being counseled, by one for whom she would die, to an act which she shrinks from with noble horror, and justly regards as worse than death. We have here the keen anguish of conflicting feelings venting itself in a severity

which, though certainly undeserved, only serves to disclose the more impressively the treasured riches of her character. And the same judicious writer, after stating that, without the part of Mariana, "the story could not have had any thing like a satisfactory termination," goes on,— "Yet it is never explained how the Duke had become acquainted with this secret, and, being acquainted with it, how he had preserved his esteem and confidence in Angelo." But surely we are given to understand in the outset that the Duke has not preserved the esteem and confidence in question. In his first scene with friar Thomas, among his reasons for the action he has on foot, he makes special mention of this one:

> "Lord Angelo is precise;
> Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
> That his blood flows, or that his appetite
> Is more to bread than stone: *hence shall we see,*
> *If power change purpose, what our seemers be":*

thus inferring that his main purpose, in assuming the disguise of a monk, is to unmask the deputy, and demonstrate to others what himself has long known. And the Duke throws out other hints of a belief or suspicion that Lord Angelo is angling for emolument or popular breath, and baiting his hook with great apparent strictness and sanctity of life; thus putting on sheep's clothing to the end that he may play the wolf with safety and success. Nor was there much cause for explaining how the Duke came by the secret concerning Mariana; it being enough that he knows it, that the knowledge thereof justifies his distrust, and that when the time comes he uses it for a good purpose; the latter part of the work thus throwing light on what has gone before, and the former preparing the mind for what is to follow. Nor is it unreasonable to presume that one of the Duke's motives for the stratagem was, that he was better able to understand the deputy's character than persuade others of it: for a man of his wisdom, even if he had no available facts in the case, could hardly be ignorant that an austerity so theatrical as

Angelo's must needs be not so much a virtue as an art; and that one so forward to air his graces and *make* his light shine could scarce intend thereby any other glory than his own.

Yet Angelo is not so properly a hypocrite as a self-deceiver. For it is very considerable that he wishes to be, and sincerely thinks that he is what he affects and appears to be; as is plain from his consternation at the wickedness which opportunity awakens into conscious action within him. For a most searching and pregnant exposition of this type of character the reader may be referred to Bishop Butler's *Sermon before the House of Lords on the 30th of January;* where that great and good man, whose every sentence is an acorn of wisdom, speaks of a class of men who "try appearances upon themselves as well as upon the world, and with at least as much success; and choose to manage so as to make their own minds easy with their faults, which can scarce be done without management, rather than to mend them." Thus Angelo for self-ends imitates sanctity, and gets taken in by his own imitation. His original fault lay in forgetting or ignoring his own frailty. As a natural consequence, his "darling sin is pride that apes humility"; and his pride of virtue, his conceit of purity, "my gravity wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride," while it keeps him from certain vices, is itself a far greater vice than any it keeps him from; insomuch that Isabella's presence may almost be said to *elevate* him into lust. And perhaps the array of low and loathsome vices, which the Poet has clustered about him in the persons of Lucio, the Clown, and Mrs. Overdone, was necessary to make us feel how unspeakably worse than any or all of these is Angelo's pride of virtue. It can hardly be needful to add, that in Angelo this "mystery of iniquity" is depicted with a truth and sternness of pencil, that could scarce have been achieved but in an age fruitful in living examples of it.

The placing of Isabella, "a thing enskied and sainted," and who truly *is* all that Angelo seems, side by side with

such a breathing shining mass of pitch, is one of those dramatic audacities wherein none perhaps but a Shakespeare could safely indulge. Of her character the most prolific hint that is given is what she says to the Duke, when he is urging her to fasten her ear on his advisings touching the part of Mariana: "I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit." That is, she cares not what face the action may wear to the world, nor how much reproach it may bring upon her from others, if it will only leave her the society, which she has never parted from, of a clean breast and an unsoiled conscience. In strict keeping with this, her character appears to us among the finest, in some respects the very finest in Shakespeare's matchless cabinet of female excellence. Called from the cloister, where she is on the point of taking the veil of earthly renouncement, to plead for her brother's life, she comes forth a saintly anchoress, clad in the sweet austere composures of womanhood, to throw the light of her virgin soul upon the dark, loathsome scenes and characters around her. With great strength of intellect and depth of feeling she unites an equal power of imagination, the whole being pervaded, quickened, and guided by a still, intense religious enthusiasm. And because her virtue is securely rooted and grounded in religion, therefore she never once thinks of it as her own, but only as a gift from the God whom she loves, and who is her only hope for the keeping of what she has. Which suggests the fundamental point of contrast between her and Angelo, whose virtue, if such it may be called, is nothing, nay, worse than nothing, because it is one of his own making, and has no basis but pride, which is itself but a bubble. Accordingly, there is a vestal beauty about her, to which we know of nothing equal save in the lives of some of the whitest saints. The power and pathos with which she pleads for her brother are well known. At first she is timid, distrustful of her powers, shrinking with modest awe of the law's appointed organ; and she seems drawn unawares into the heights of moral argument and

the most sweetly-breathing strains of Gospel wisdom. Much of what she says has become domesticated wherever the English language is spoken, and would long since have grown old, if it were possible by any means to crush the freshness of immortal youth out of it.

The Duke has been rather hardly dealt with by critics. The Poet—than whom it would not be easy to find a better judge of what belongs to wisdom and goodness—seems to have meant him for a wise and good man; yet he has represented him as having rather more skill and pleasure in strategical arts and roundabout ways than is altogether compatible with such a character. Some of his alleged reasons for the action he is going about reflect no honor on him; but it is observable that the result does not approve them to have been his real ones: his conduct at the end infers better motives than his speech offered at the beginning; which naturally suggests that there may have been more of purpose than of truth in his statement of them. A liberal, sagacious, and merciful prince, but with more of whim and caprice than suits the dignity of his place, humanity speaks richly from his lips; yet in his action the philosopher and divine is better shown than the statesman; and he seems to take a very questionable delight in moving about as an unseen providence, by secret counsels leading the wicked designs of others to safe and wholesome issues. Schlegel thinks "he has more pleasure in overhearing his subjects than in governing them in the usual way of princes"; and sets him down as an exception to the proverb,—"A cowl does not make a monk": and perhaps his princely virtues are somewhat obscured by the disguise which so completely transforms him into a monk. Whether he acts upon the wicked principle with which that fraternity is so often reproached, or not, it is pretty certain that some of his means can be justified by nothing but the end: so that if he be not himself wrong in what he does, he has no shield from the charge but the settled custom of the order whose functions he undertakes. Schlegel justly remarks, that "Shakespeare, amidst the rancour of

religious parties, delights in painting monks, and always represents their influence as beneficial; there being in his plays none of the black and knavish specimens, which an enthusiasm for Protestantism, rather than poetical inspiration, has put some modern poets upon delineating. He merely gives his monks an inclination to be busy in the affairs of others, after renouncing the world for themselves; though in respect of pious frauds he does not make them very scrupulous." As to the Duke's pardon of Angelo, though Justice seems to cry out against the act, yet in the premises it were still more unjust in him to do otherwise; the deception he has practised upon Angelo in the substituting of Mariana having plainly bound him to the course he takes. For the same power whereby he effects this could easily have prevented Angelo's crime; and to punish the offense after thus withholding the means of prevention were obviously wrong; not to mention how his proceedings here involve an innocent person, so that he ought to spare Angelo for her sake, if not for his own. Nor does it strike us as very prudent to set bounds to the grace of repentance, or to say what amount of sin must render a man incapable of it. All which may in some measure explain the Duke's severity to the smaller crime of Lucio after his clemency to the greater one of Angelo.

Lucio is one of those mixed characters, such as are often generated amidst the refinements of city life, in whom low and disgusting vices, and a frivolity still more offensive, are blended with engaging manners and some manly sentiments. Thus he appears a gentleman and a blackguard by turns, and, what is more, does really unite something of these seemingly incompatible qualities. With a true eye and a just sympathy for virtue in others, yet, so far as we can see, he cares not a jot to have it in himself. And while his wanton, waggish levity seems too much for any generous feeling to consist with, still he shows a strong and hearty friendship for Claudio; as if on purpose to teach us how "the web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together."

Dr. Johnson rather oddly remarks, that "the comic scenes are natural and pleasing"; not indeed but that the remark is true enough, but that it seems rather out of character. And if these scenes please, it is not so much from any fund of mirthful exhilaration, or any genial gushes of wit and humor, as from the reckless, unsympathizing freedom, not unmingled with touches of scorn, with which the deformities of mankind are shown up. The contrast between the right-thoughted, well-meaning Claudio, a generous spirit walled in with overmuch infirmity, and Barnardine, a frightful petrifaction of humanity, "careless, reckless, and fearless of what is past, present, or to come," is in the Poet's boldest manner.

Nevertheless, the general current of things is far from musical, and the issues greatly disappoint the reader's feelings. The drowsy Justice, which we expect and wish to see awakened, and set in living harmony with Mercy, apparently relapses at last into a deeper sleep than ever. Our loyalty to Womanhood is not a little wounded by the humiliations to which poor Mariana stoops, at the ghostly counsels of her spiritual guide, that she may twine her life with that of the cursed hypocrite who has wronged her sex so deeply. That, amid the general impunity of so much crime, the mere telling of some ridiculous lies to the Duke about himself should draw down a disproportionate severity upon Lucio, the lively, unprincipled jester and wag, who might well be let pass as a privileged character, makes the whole look more as if done in mockery of justice than in honor of mercy. Except, indeed, the noble unfolding of Isabella, scarce any thing turns out as we would have it; nor are we much pleased at seeing her diverted from the quiet tasks and holy contemplations which she is so able and worthy to enjoy.

It will not be amiss to add, that the title of this play is apt to give a wrong impression of its scope and purpose. *Measure for Measure* is in itself equivocal; but the subject-matter here fixes it to be taken in the sense, not of the old Jewish proverb, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth

for a tooth," but of the divine precept, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Thus the title falls in with that noble line by Coleridge, "What nature makes us mourn, she bids us heal"; or with a similar passage in *The Merchant of Venice*, "We do pray for mercy, and that same prayer doth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

ISABELLA

Isabella has also the innate dignity which renders her "queen o'er herself," but she has lived far from the world and its pomps and pleasures; she is one of a consecrated sisterhood—a novice of St. Clare; the power to command obedience and to confer happiness are to her unknown. Portia is a splendid creature, radiant with confidence, hope, and joy. She is like the orange-tree, hung at once with golden fruit and luxuriant flowers, which has expanded into bloom and fragrance beneath favoring skies, and has been nursed into beauty by the sunshine and the dews of heaven. Isabella is like a stately and graceful cedar, towering on some alpine cliff, unbowed and unscathed amid the storm. She gives us the impression of one who has passed under the ennobling discipline of suffering and self-denial: a melancholy charm tempers the natural vigor of her mind: her spirit seems to stand upon an eminence, and look down upon the world as if already enskyed and sainted; and yet when brought in contact with that world which she inwardly despises, she shrinks back with all the timidity natural to her cloistral education.—Jameson, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

But the poet in Shakespeare comes first, and the philosopher only second; and the title of the play should rather be "Isabella." It is better to know the dramas of Shakespeare by their women than by their philosophy; and of these women Isabella is the *best.* You may like them for several virtues, these women; and by the word "best" I

mean the most "moral"; this accords with the whole scheme of the play. Isabella—we conclude with the poet's own description—is a saint. I am not quoting "a thing en-sky'd and sainted"; these words have reference to the cloister; but I allude to III, i, 186–7. Again, let me illustrate, and by comparison; there is no inductive method in literature. Isabella we may compare with the Portia of *The Merchant of Venice*, and the distinction is most striking; she combines all the daring of Portia with cold calmness and a hesitancy of peculiar charm. Portia would have importuned Angelo quite otherwise (II, ii); Isabella is at war 'twixt will and will not; but for the urgency of Lucio she might have withdrawn from the contest; this is one of the finest things in the play. But as she proceeds, love dominates the scruple of morality, and she gains the respite of another interview.—Luce, ***Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.***

THE DUKE

The reigning Duke, who had thus allowed this law to slumber, had done so from kindness of heart and innate mildness. He thinks himself justified in bearing testimony to himself that even to the envious he must appear a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. He holds that high moral opinion that the ruler and judge ought to be as holy as he is severe, a pattern in himself, "grace to stand and virtue go"; he considers him as a tyrant who punishes in others the faults into which he falls himself. His whole nature is that of a man of moderation, gentleness, and calmness, his whole endeavor that of a circumspect philosopher. He loves his people, but he does not relish their loud applause and thronging, nor does he think the man of safe discretion that affects it. He has a leaning to solitude, and plays the part of a friar perhaps even better than that of a statesman; his earnest endeavor was always to know himself, but it also seemed a kind of necessity with him to know men and to test the instruments of his rule. This circumspect wisdom, never seeing things im-

perfectly or from one point of view, shows itself also in his conduct respecting the morality or immorality of the people of Vienna, which by degrees had attained to such a height that the prince could no longer remain inactive. He is himself not of a sensual nature, but he does not, like Angelo, judge those who are so with unreasonable severity and strictness. In this mild spirit he has allowed those severe laws to slumber, but by this he has given free course to crime; these fruits of his kindness rouse him into seeking a remedy. But even while he now has recourse to severity, he allows himself to be governed by the same two-sided consideration which is throughout peculiar to him; he reflects that it would be tyrannical in him if he, who by his lenity had first given a free passage to sin, should all of a sudden turn to rigor. He therefore withdraws himself, and imposes on a deputy this office of making the change from the hitherto lax administration of justice to a new inculcation of the old, neglected, and severe laws.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

CLAUDIO'S SIN

With deliberate distinctness, which hasty reading must not be allowed to blur, Shakspere has set forth the circumstances which bring this young man, who in Whetstone's version was an ordinary libertine, within the scope of the terrible statute. He had been contracted to Juliet, and had lived with her as his wife, though the outward form of marriage had been postponed, because Juliet's dowry remained in the coffer of her friends, whose favor had yet to be gained for the union. A contracted couple, from the Elizabethan point of view, were looked upon as joined in wedlock, and thus Claudio's sin was merely one in name. Moreover—and it is one of the dramatist's most subtle and original uses of parallelism—Claudio's relation to Juliet had been almost of a piece with that of Angelo to Mariana. But where the one had for wordly reasons left his already affianced bride in the lurch, the other with generous im-

petuosity had preferred disregard of an outward form to heartless desertion. Thus Claudio's transgression is in itself most venial, and Angelo is the last man justified in visiting it with condign penalties. The humane Escalus pleads the mitigating effect of circumstances, the infirmity of human nature, the unsullied record of Claudio's house. He upholds that the true function of law is to cure, not to destroy, to "rather cut a little than fall and bruise to death." But Angelo is remorseless. He is the consummate type of the martinet official whose circle of vision is bounded by the narrow horizon of his department, who drives a code mercilessly through the delicately complex mechanism of society, and to whom the claims of red-tape are more sacred than those of human flesh and blood. The one imperious idea that the law must take its course fills his mind to the exclusion of all else, and Escalus' appeal is met with the dry, pitiless formula, "Sir, he must die."—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

POMPEY

Pompey, the Clown, is a copy from the life, so far as his original calling goes. One class of the domestic fool-jester in our poet's time was a hireling attendant at the taverns and places of profligate resort in the suburbs of great towns. Here the dramatist, for his purpose, had to introduce such a personage; and he has drawn him with all the bold strong colors required by the occasion. But he has given him humor, in a degree redeeming the coarseness; and wit, that points the moral, while it helps to withdraw attention from the grosser details of the picture that he judged it needful to draw.

The philosophy of making the Clown meet in the jail, imprisoned for debt, so many of the idle young men about town whom he had formerly encountered in haunts of dissipation, is sound doctrine, and sufficiently indicates the motive which induced the treating of so untoward a subject.

There is one speech he makes—a sharp satire upon *respectable* iniquitous trades—which alone lifts him into importance among the *dramatis personæ:*—" 'Twas never merry world since, of two *usuries,* the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed, by *order of law,* a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb skins, too, to signify, that craft being richer than innocency, stands for the *facing.*"—CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

THE SCENE

The city of Vienna is the scene of the play—it is represented as a very sink of sensual defilement, corrupted and ravaged in every physical and moral quality, the consequence of the suspension, for fourteen years, of the activity of most severe statutes framed to check the national tendency to grossness and license. The delineation of such a state, of course presents us with images and persons disgusting and contemptible in every sense; and this is one great cause of the uncongenial effect of the entire play. The progress of public demoralization is rather exaggerated than relieved by the character of the reaction, to which it has conduced. Dissoluteness in one quarter is compensated by austerity equally in excess in another, and the pride of unblushing and ostentatious vice, is matched by equal parade of ostentatious virtue. The picture is a true one of the effect on morals, of laws or maxims too severe to be executed; and the action of the play exhibits the farther disorder and complication resulting from the mere revival of unamended statutes, that had never become obsolete but for their need of amendment, and can scarcely have a better fate again. All the questions involved are brought to issue in the play, though it scarcely leaves assurance in conclusion, that the instructive experience will have its full weight for the future. We are spectators of a receptacle of stagnant impurities in vehement ferment, and working through stages of decomposition, but the hope of ultimate purification is scarcely set forth

so cheeringly as to compensate for the disagreeableness of what we witness, and to interest our sympathies in the result.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

THE PECULIAR COLORING OF THE PLAY

The reason that *Measure for Measure* enjoys so little approbation—in spite of its wealth of profound thoughts and its life-like, sharply-delineated and well-developed characters (which are as important as they are original), and in spite also of its perfectly Shakespearean language and composition—does not, I think, lie so much in the subject-matter of the action, which is certainly repulsive and offensive to our more delicate, perhaps only the effeminate state of our feelings, as in the peculiar coloring of the piece. I mean to say it is a fault in the drama, that the pharisaism and the various vices which are contrasted with it are exhibited in colors too glaring and in outlines too sharp, hence in an almost revolting manner; that, in the struggle with the enemy which it attacks, the drama becomes offensive, sharp, and bitter; that it tries to arouse our disgust, and to engage our whole soul against this enemy, and thus, as it were, invites us to give our assistance in combating it, to engage in real action in ordinary life, in place of raising us above the latter into the ideal spheres of art. Perhaps this was Shakspeare's object; he may have written the piece or remodeled it subsequently, with the express intention of arousing a spirit of sound, true morality in the nation in opposition to the Puritanical proceedings. But even though he had the most urgent occasion for so doing, from an artistic point of view, this tendency was a fault. The sharpness, the bitterness, the rousing of our feelings and the moral seriousness—which is pressed so much into the foreground and degenerates into prosaic moralizing—are so many offenses against the nature of poetry, and weaken the effect that art alone ought to produce.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

A PLAY OF CROSS-PURPOSES

This is a play as full of genius as it is of wisdom. Yet there is an original sin in the nature of the subject, which prevents us from taking a cordial interest in it. "The height of moral argument" which the author has maintained in the intervals of passion or blended with the more powerful impulses of nature, is hardly surpassed in any of his plays. But there is in general a want of passion; the affections are at a stand; our sympathies are repulsed and defeated in all directions. The only passion which influences the story is that of Angelo; and yet he seems to have a much greater passion for hypocrisy than for his mistress. Neither are we greatly enamored of Isabella's rigid chastity, though she could not act otherwise than she did. We do not feel the same confidence in the virtue that is "sublimely good" at another's expense, as if it had been put to some less disinterested trial. As to the Duke, who makes a very imposing and mysterious stage-character, he is more absorbed in his own plots and gravity than anxious for the welfare of the state; more tenacious of his own character than attentive to the feelings and apprehensions of others. Claudio is the only person who feels naturally; and yet he is placed in circumstances of distress which almost preclude the wish for his deliverance. Mariana is also in love with Angelo, whom we hate. In this respect, there may be said to be a general system of cross-purposes between the feelings of the different characters and the sympathy of the reader or the audience. This principle of repugnance seems to have reached its height in the character of Master Barnardine, who not only sets at defiance the opinions of others, but has even thrown off all self-regard,—"one that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, and to come." He is a fine antithesis to the morality and the hypocrisy of the other characters of the play.—Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

AN IMPEACHMENT OF HYPOCRISY

In this very unequally elaborated play, it is evident that Shakespeare cared only for the main point—the blow he was striking at hypocrisy. And it is probable that he here ventured as far as he by any means dared. It is a giant stride from the stingless satire on Puritanism in the character of Malvolio to this representation of a Puritan like Angelo. Probably for this very reason, Shakespeare has tried in every way to shield himself. The subject is treated entirely as a comedy. There is a threat of executing first Claudio, then the humorous scoundrel Barnardine, whose head is to be delivered instead of Claudio's; Barnardine is actually brought on the scene directly before execution, and the spectators sit in suspense; but all ends well at last, and the head of a man already dead is sent to Angelo. A noble maiden is threatened with dishonor; but another woman, Mariana, who was worthy of a better fate, keeps tryst with Angelo in her stead, and this danger is over. Finally, threats of retribution close round Angelo, the villain, himself; but after all he escapes unpunished, being merely obliged to marry the amiable girl whom he had at an earlier period deserted. In this way the play's terrible impeachment of hypocrisy is most carefully glozed over, and along with it the pessimism which animates the whole. —Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

THE LESSON OF THE PLAY

There stands the Duke, the representative of a benevolent and tolerant executive power which does not meddle with the people,—which subjects them to no harsh restrictions,—which surrounds them with no biting penalties; but which utterly fails in carrying out the essential principle of government when it disregards prevention, and sees no middle course between neglect and punishment. A new system is to be substituted; the *laissez faire* is to be succeeded by the "axe upon the block, very ready"; and

then come all the commonplaces by which a reign of terror is to be defended:—

> "We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
> Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
> And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
> Their perch, and not their terror."
>
> * * * * * *
>
> "The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
> Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
> If the first that did the edict infringe
> Had answer'd for his deed; now, 't is awake."

The philosophical poet sweeps these saws away with an indignation which is the more emphatic as coming from the mouth of the only truly moral character of the whole drama:—

> "Could great men thunder
> As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
> For every pelting, petty officer,
> Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder."

But he does more—he exhibits to us the every-day working of the hot fit succeeding the cold of legislative and executive power. It works always with injustice. The Duke of the comedy is behind the scenes, and sees how it works. The weak governor resumes his authority, and with it he must resume his principles, and he therefore pardons all. The mouth-repenting deputy, and the callous ruffian, they each escape. We forget; he does not pardon *all;* the prating coxcomb, who has spoken slander of his own person, is alone punished. Was this accident in the poet? Great crimes may be looked over by weak governments, but the pettiest libeller of power is inevitably punished. The catastrophe of this comedy necessarily leaves upon the mind an unsatisfactory impression. Had Angelo been adequately punished it would have been more unsatisfactory. When the Duke took the management of the affair into his own hands, and averted the consequences of Angelo's evil intentions by a series of deceptions, he threw away the power of punishing those evil in-

tentions. We agree with Coleridge that the pardon and marriage of Angelo "baffle the strong indignation claims of justice"; but we cannot see how it could be otherwise. The poet, as it appears to us, exhibits to the end the inadequacy of human laws to enforce public morals upon a system of punishment. But he has not forgotten to exhibit to us incidentally the most beautiful lessons of tolerance; not using *Measure for Measure* in the sense of the *jus talionis*, but in a higher spirit—that spirit which moves Isabella to supplicate for mercy towards him who had most wronged her:—

> "Most bounteous sir,
> Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
> As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
> A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
> Till he did look on me; since it is so,
> Let him not die."

—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakespeare.*

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VINCENTIO, *the Duke*
ANGELO, *Deputy*
ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord*
CLAUDIO, *a young gentleman*
LUCIO, *a fantastic*
Two other gentlemen
PROVOST
THOMAS, } *two friars*
PETER, }
A Justice
VARRIUS
ELBOW, *a simple constable*
FROTH, *a foolish gentleman*
POMPEY, *servant to Mistress Overdone*
ABHORSON, *an executioner*
BARNARDINE, *a dissolute prisoner*

ISABELLA, *sister to Claudio*
MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo*
JULIET, *beloved of Claudio*
FRANCISCA, *a nun*
MISTRESS OVERDONE, *a bawd*

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants

SCENE: *Vienna*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Angelo, a man of Vienna who bears the reputation of a saint because of his strict and upright life, is chosen by Vincentio, Duke of that city, as his deputy in order that certain moral reforms may be introduced without lessening the popularity of the Duke. The latter announces that he intends to visit Poland, but instead of leaving the city, he disguises himself as a friar and secretly watches Angelo. The first victim of the new rule is a young gentleman, Claudio, whose betrothed, Juliet, is with child by him. The deputy invokes an old law which had not been used in nineteen years, and for this offense sentences Claudio to be executed in three days. The same day on which this judgment is passed is the one on which Isabella, sister to Claudio, is to enter a cloister. On hearing of her brother's trouble, she determines to petition the deputy for his life.

ACT II

Isabella pleads in vain at her first audience with Angelo, but she arouses in him a passion which had always seemed foreign to his cold nature. At her second interview, he plainly tells her that she can buy her brother's safety with her own honor. She refuses him and determines to tell her brother how her suit has failed, saying "better it were a brother died at once, than that a sister, by redeeming him, should die forever."

ACT III

She hastens to Claudio and exhorts him to prepare for death, since his life can only be purchased by perpetual shame. At first Claudio commends her decision, but his fear of death weakens him and he pleads with her to yield to Angelo and save him. Isabella reproaches him and is about to leave him when they are interrupted by the Duke in his friar's garb. He has overheard their entire conversation and he now shows Isabella a way of saving her brother without sacrificing her honor: she is to pretend to yield to the entreaties of Angelo, to make an assignation with him, and then to send in her place Mariana, a young gentlewoman who had been promised in marriage to Angelo and whom he had deserted on the loss of her dowry.

ACT IV

Mariana consents to the enterprise. But Angelo does not keep his part of the agreement, for as soon as he has had his will with the supposed Isabella, he orders the immediate execution of Claudio. The provost of the prison on the disguised Duke's persuasion, sends to Angelo the head of another man who had just died a natural death in the prison and who resembled Claudio. The Duke then writes the deputy that he will soon return home.

ACT V

Angelo and the court officials meet the Duke at the city gates. Mariana and Isabella are also there, and the latter calls upon the Duke to redress her wrongs, openly accusing the deputy of being a virgin-violator and a murderer. In feigned anger the Duke orders her under arrest. Mariana now comes forward with her accusations. The Duke leaves the inquiry in Angelo's hand and he himself retires to don his friar's habit that he may be called as a witness in the examination of the two women. During the sessions, the Duke reveals himself. He orders

Angelo to marry Mariana, and that being accomplished, he sentences the man to die. The pleading of Mariana and Isabella avert this penalty. Claudio is freed from his prison and ordered to marry Juliet. The Duke himself sues for Isabella's hand.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

ACT FIRST

Scene I

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus.
Escal. My lord.
Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency . . . . .
. . . . . as your worth is able,

8, 9. There is no gap in the Folios, which is due to Theobald's plausible theory that the obscurity of the passage is due to some careless omission on the part of the printers. Various attempts have been made to explain the lines, *e. g.* "But that to your sufficiencies your worth is abled" (Johnson); "But your sufficiency as worth is able" (Farmer); Theobald supplied the missing words thus—

"But that to your sufficiency you add
Due diligency as your worth is able."—I. G.

And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you 're as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.
[*Exit an Attendant.*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honor,
It is Lord Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Mr Halliwell thinks to *relieve* the passage of darkness by printing *task* instead of *that*,—a correction which he found written by some unknown hand in an old copy of the play belonging to Mr. Tunno. But if we understand *that* as referring to the commission, which the Duke holds in his hand, as he afterwards says,—"There is our commission,"—the passage, though still obscure, will appear complete as it stands. The meaning will then be,—"Since, then, your worth is ample, nothing is wanting to qualify you, to make you sufficient for the office, but this our commission, and let *them*, that is, the ability, which is in you, and the authority, which I confer upon you, work."—H. N. H.

Tyrwhitt's

> But that to your sufficiency you put
> A zeal as willing as your worth is able,

perhaps approaches Shakespeare's thought, though it certainly misses his expression.—C. H. H.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.
Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to th' observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;
Hold therefore, Angelo:—
In our remove be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,

37. *"nor . . . never";* two negatives, not making an affirmative, are common in Shakespeare's writings. So in *Julius Cæsar: "Nor* to *no* Roman else."—H. N. H.

42. *"advertise";* that is, one that can himself set forth what pertains to him is my substitute.—H. N. H.

43. *"Hold therefore, Angelo";* the Duke probably says these words on tendering commission to Angelo.—I. G.

45. That is, I delegate to thy tongue the power of pronouncing

Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honor, have to do
With any scruple; your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand:
I 'll privily away. I love the people,

sentence of death, and to thy heart the privilege of exercising mercy.—H. N. H.

55. *"unquestion'd";* unexamined.—C. H. H.

68–71. This passage has been conjectured to offer "a courtly apology for King James I's stately and ungracious demeanor on his entry into England."—C. H. H.

But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and Aves vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I 'll wait upon your honor. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A street.

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the king.

71. *"Aves"*; hailings.—H. N. H.

First Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

Sec. Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

Sec. Gent. 'Thou shalt not steal'?

Lucio. Aye, that he razed.

First Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There 's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for peace.

Sec. Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

Sec. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

First Gent. What, in meter?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.

First Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Aye, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

First Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

First Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art

30. *"There went but a pair of shears between us"; i. e.* "we are of one piece."—I. G.

good velvet; thou 'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

First Gent. I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

Sec. Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—

Sec. Gent. To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

Sec. Gent. To three thousand dolours a year.

First Gent. Aye, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

First Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Mistress Overdone.

59. *"sound";* sounding (with a quibble).—C. H. H.

First Gent. How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Mrs. Ov. Well, well; there 's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

Sec. Gent. Who 's that, I pray thee?

Mrs. Ov. Marry, sir, that 's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

First Gent. Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.

Mrs. Ov. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Mrs. Ov. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

Sec. Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

First Gent. But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away! let 's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.*

Mrs. Ov. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter Pompey.

How now! what 's the news with you?

Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Mrs. Ov. Well; what has he done?

Pom. A woman.

Mrs. Ov. But what 's his offense?

Pom. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Mrs. Ov. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Pom. No, but there 's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Mrs. Ov. What proclamation, man?

Pom. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Mrs. Ov. And what shall become of those in the city?

Pom. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Mrs. Ov. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Pom. To the ground, mistress.

Mrs. Ov. Why, here 's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Pom. Come, fear not you: good counselors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I 'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity

111. In one of the Scotch Laws of James it is ordered, "that *common women* be put at the utmost endes of townes, queire least peril of fire is."—It is remarkable that the licensed *houses of resort* at Vienna are at this time all in the suburbs, under the permision of the Committee of Chastity.—H. N. H.

taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Mrs. Ov. What 's to do here, Thomas tapster? let 's withdraw.

Pom. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there 's Madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demigod Authority
Make us pay down for our offense by weight
The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Re-enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,

127. *"provost"* was anciently used for *principal* or *president* of any establishment. Here it means jailer.—H. N. H.

134. *Cp. St. Paul to the Romans* ix. 15, 18: "For He saith to Moses, I will have mercy *on whom I will* have mercy," and again, "Therefore hath He mercy *on whom He will* have mercy, and *whom He will* He hardeneth."—I. G.

135. *"yet still 'tis just";* authority, being absolute in Angelo, is finely styled by Claudio *the demigod,* whose decrees are as little to be questioned as *the words of Heaven.*—H. N. H.

So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. What 's thy offense, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What, is 't murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir! you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they 'll do you any good. Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract
I got possession of Julietta's bed:
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,

142. *"and when we drink we die";* so, in Chapman's *Revenge for Honour:*

"Like poison'd rats, which, when they've swallowed
The pleasing bane, rest not until they *drink,*
And can rest then much less, until they burst."—H. N. H.

146. *"Morality";* the Folios misprint *"mortality."*—I. G.

Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new Deputy now for the Duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have, like unscour'd armor, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so

162. *"Propagation";* Folio 1 reads *propogation,* corrected in Folio 2; *prorogation, procuration, preservation,* have been suggested by various editors, but the text as it stands is probably correct, though not altogether clear; *"propagation"*="increase"; perhaps the word implies "increase of interest," and *"for propogation"*="that she might continue to receive the interest, which was to be hers while she remained unmarried."—I. G.

183. *"for a name";* nominally, for form's sake.—C. H. H.

tickle on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he 's not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as move men; beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I 'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A monastery.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbor, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.
Fri. T. May your grace speak of it?
Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travel'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this.

2. *"dribbling"*; respecting the use of the term in archery, which Steevens thought could not be satisfactorily explained, Ascham says of one who, having learned to shoot well, neglects to practice with the bow,—"He shall become, of a fayre archer, a strake squyrter and *dribber*."—In the next line, *"a complete bosom"* is a bosom completely armed.—H. N. H.

Fri. T. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds,
Which for this fourteen years we have let slip;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. T. It rested in your Grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,

27. *"becomes"*; this word, not in the original, but required alike by the sense and by the verse, was suggested by Davenant, and inserted by Pope, and has since been universally received.—H. N. H.

And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo imposed the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight
To do in slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. Moe reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.
[*Exeunt.*

41. The words *"ambush"* and *"strike home"* show the image of a *fight* to have been in the Poet's mind. As the text stands, the speaker's purpose apparently is to avoid any open contest with crime, where his action would expose him to slander; not to let his person be seen in the fight, where he would have to work, *to do,* in the face of detraction and censure.—H. N. H.

43. *"To do in slander";* so the Folios; *"me"* and *"it"* have been suggested for *"in,"* but no change is necessary; *"do in"*="bring in, bring upon me."—I. G.

Scene IV

A nunnery.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?
Fran. Are not these large enough?
Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.
Lucio. [*Within*]. Ho! Peace be in this place!
Isab. Who 's that which calls?
Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit.*
Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, Virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why, 'her unhappy brother'? let me ask
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he 's in prison.
Isab. Woe me! for what?
Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.
Isab. Sir, make me not your story.
Lucio. It is true. 30
I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.
Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.
Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:—
Your brother and his lover have embraced: 40
As those that feed grow full,—as blossoming time,

30. *"make me not your story";* such is the reading of the original; the *me* being expletive, as in the well-known passage setting forth the virtues of sack: "It ascends *me* into the brain," &c. So that the meaning is,—"Make not your tale, invent not your fiction." Malone *improved* the passage thus: "Sir, mock me not,—your story"; which, surely, renders Lucio's reply, *'tis true,* very unapt.—H. N. H.

That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison,—even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
By vain, though apt, affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He—to give fear to use and liberty,

51. *"bore . . . in hand"*; "To bear in hand," says Richardson, "is merely to carry along with us, to lead along, as suitors, dependants, expectants, believers." The phrase is not uncommon in old writers. Thus, in *2 Henry IV*, Act. i. sc. 2: "A rascally yea-forsooth knave! *to bear a gentleman in hand*, and then stand upon security!"—H. N. H.

62. That is, to put the restraint of fear upon licentious custom and abused freedom.—H. N. H.

Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions—hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigor of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that 's my pith of business
'Twixt you and your poor brother.
Isab. Doth he so seek his life?
Lucio. Has censured him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.
Isab. Alas! what poor ability 's in me
To do him good?
Lucio. Assay the power you have.
Isab. My power? Alas, I doubt,—
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.
Isab. I 'll see what I can do.
Lucio. But speedily.
Isab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the Mother

83. As if they themselves owned the petitions, *i. e.* had the granting of them in their own hands.—C. H. H.

Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I 'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good sir, adieu. 90
[*Exeunt.*

89. *"my success"*; the issue of my suit.—C. H. H.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

A hall in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and a Justice, Provost, Officers, and other Attendants, behind.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Aye, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father!
Let but your honor know,
Whom I believe to be most straight in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time cohered with place or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood

6. *"fall"*; that is, throw down; *to fall* a tree is still used for *to fell* it.—H. N. H.

To complete the sense of this line *for* seems to be required,—"which now you censure him *for*." But Shakespeare frequently uses elliptical expressions.—H. N. H.

Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What 's open made to justice,
That justice seizes: what know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offense
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honor.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;

28. *"for"*; that is, because.—H. N. H.

30. Let my death-sentence on him be applied to my own case.—C. H. H.

For that 's the utmost of his pilgrimage.
[*Exit Provost.*

Escal. [*Aside*] Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from breaks of ice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, and Officers with Froth and Pompey.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What 's your name? and what 's the matter?

39. *"Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none";* the line as it stands in the Folios is obviously corrupt, and has occasioned much discussion. Shakespeare probably wrote *"brakes of vice"; brakes* = thickets, hence "entanglements"; *"brakes of vice"* is antithetical to *"a fault alone," cp. Henry VIII,* I. ii. 75—

"the rough brake
That virtue must go through."

The line therefore means "some escape from whole thickets of sin, and pay no penalty." Judging by the passage in *Henry VIII, through* for *from* would perhaps be an improvement.—I. G.

The original here reads,—"Some run from brakes of ice"; which Mr. Collier retains, silently changing *brakes* into *breaks.* It can hardly be denied that this reading yields very good sense; the image of course being that of men making good their escape, even when the ice is breaking under them. But *brakes* and *ice* do not quite cohere; and it seems as proper to change *ice* into *vice,* as *brakes* into *breaks;* and, as the former accords better with the rest of the passage, we venture to accept it. It was first made by Rowe. But there is a further question, whether *brake,* allowing that to be the right word, here means an engine of war or torture, or a snare, or a bramble; the word being used in all these senses. Which of these senses the word bears in the text, we must leave the reader to decide for himself.—H. N. H.

43. *"common houses";* houses of ill-fame.—C. H. H.

Elb. If it please your honor, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honor two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honor, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow!

Pom. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honor,—

Escal. How? thy wife?

Elb. Aye, sir;—whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

47. *"the poor duke's constable";* for "the duke's poor constable."—C. H. H.

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Aye, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honorable man; prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Pom. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing, saving your honor's reverence, for stewed prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three pence; your honors have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes,—

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and

97. *"distant";* the Clown, catching the constable's trick of speech, here uses *distant* as an Elbowism for *instant.*—H. N. H.

longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well;—you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

Froth. Aye, so I did indeed.

Pom. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

Froth. All this is true.

Pom. Why, very well, then,—

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Pom. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pom. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honor's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—was 't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?—

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Pom. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 140 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Pom. Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I 'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause; 149
Hoping you 'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. [*Exit Angelo.*
Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Pom. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pom. I beseech your honor, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir; what did this gentleman to 160 her?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honor; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honor mark his face?

138. *"All-Hallownd Eve";* the Eve of All Saint's day.—H. N. H.
143. *"An open room";* Schmidt, "public room"; perhaps it means "open to sun, light, cheerful."—I. G.

Escal. Aye, sir, very well.

Pom. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Pom. Doth your honor see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Pom. I 'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honor.

Escal. He 's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer.

172. *"supposed";* deposed; I will take my oath.—C. H. H.

Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I 'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is 't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offenses in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what 's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an 't please you, sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, sir?

Pom. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Pom. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a tap-house, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [*Exit Froth.*] Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What's your name, Master tapster?

Pom. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Pom. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you color it in being a tapster, are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Pom. Truly sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Pom. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Pom. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Pom. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to 't, then. If your worship will take or-

239. The breeches were formerly worn very large about the hips, and perhaps Pompey went beyond the fashion.—H. N. H.

der for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Pom. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you 'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I 'll rent the fairest house in it after threepence a bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you: I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Pom. I thank your worship for your good counsel: [*Aside*] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.
Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade:
The valiant heart 's not whipt out of his trade.
[*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, Master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office,

you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas, it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon 't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house. Fare you well.

[*Exit Elbow.*]

What 's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there 's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet,—poor Claudio! There is no remedy.
Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Another room in the same.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He 's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:
I 'll tell him of you.
Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*]
I 'll know
His pleasure; may be he will relent. Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for 't!

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what 's the matter, provost?
Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?
Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?
Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, Judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.
Ang. Go to; let that be mine,
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.
Prov. I crave your honor's pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She 's very near her hour.
Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd
Desires access to you.
Ang. Hath he a sister?
Prov. Aye, my good Lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sitserhood,
If not already.
Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*
See you the fornicatress be removed:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for 't.

Enter Isabella and Lucio.

Prov. God save your honor!
Ang. Stay a little while. [*To Isab.*] You 're welcome:
What 's your will?
Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honor,
Please but your honor hear me.
Ang. Well; what 's your suit?
Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.
Ang. Well; the matter?
Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Prov. [*Aside*] Heaven give thee moving graces!

35. That is, let my brother's fault die, but let not him suffer.—H. N. H.

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault 's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor. 41
Isab. O just but severe law!
I had a brother, then.—Heaven keep your honor!
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Give 't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown:
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say!
Isab. Must he needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no remedy.
Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy. 50
Ang. I will not do 't.
Isab. But can you, if you would?
Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
Isab. But might you do 't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?
Ang. He 's sentenced; 'tis too late.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] You are too cold.

40. That is, "to pronounce the fine or sentence of the law upon the *crime,* and let the *delinquent* escape."—H. N. H.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.
If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipt like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.
Ang. Pray you, be gone.
Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Aye, touch him; there 's the vein.
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.
Isab. Alas, alas!
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

79. *"Like man new made";* commentators are strongly tempted to refer the words to *"new made man," i. e.* Adam; Holt White paraphrased thus:—"And you, Angelo, will breathe new life into Claudio, as the Creator animated Adam, by breathing into his nostrils the breath of life." Malone explains:—"You will then appear as tenderhearted and merciful as the first man was in his days of innocence,

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I condemn your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow! O, that 's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He 's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath died for this offense?
There 's many have committed it.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Aye, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
Either now, or by remissness new-conceived,

immediately after his creation." Schmidt and others, "like man redeemed and regenerated by divine grace." The lines are perhaps capable of this interpretation:—And mercy will breathe within your lips, even as Mercy (*i. e.* God) breathed within the lips of a new made man.—I. G.

90. "Dormiunt aliquando leges, moriuntur nunquam," is a well-known maxim in law (Holt White).—I. G.

95. This alludes to the deceptions of the fortune-tellers, who pretended to see future events in a beryl, or crystal glass.—H. N. H.

96. "*either*"; (monosyllabic).—C. H. H.

And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offense would after gall;
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he, that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] That 's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder.
Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven

99–102. One of Judge Hale's Memorials is of the same tendency: "When I find myself swayed to mercy, let me remember that there is a mercy likewise due to the country."—H. N. H.

As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] O, to him, to him, wench! he will relent;
He 's coming; I perceive 't.

Prov. [*Aside*] Pray heaven she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou 'rt i' the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain 's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Art avised o' that? more on 't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That 's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue

122. The notion of angels weeping for the sins of men is rabbinical. By *spleens* Shakespeare meant that peculiar turn of the human mind, which always inclines it to a spiteful and unseasonable mirth. Had the angels *that*, they would laugh themselves out of their immortality, by indulging a passion unworthy of that prerogative.—H. N. H.

"spleens"; the spleen was regarded as the organ of mirth as well as ill-humor.—C. H. H.

136. *"skins";* covers with a skin.—C. H. H.

Shakespeare has used this indelicate metaphor again in *Hamlet:* "It will but skin and film the ulcerous place."—H. N. H.

Against my brother's life.

Ang. [*Aside*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark how I 'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.

Ang. How? bribe me?

Isab. Aye, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond sicles of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Go to; 'tis well; away!

Isab. Heaven keep your honor safe!

Ang. [*Aside*] Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your worship?

157. Isabella prays that his honor may be safe, meaning only to give him his title: his mind is caught by the word *honor*, he feels that it is in danger, and therefore says amen to her benediction.—H. N. H.

159. *"Where prayers cross." i. e.* where his prayer to possess Isabella crosses with hers, "Heaven keep your *honor* safe!"—I. G.

The petition of the Lord's Prayer, "Lead us not into temptation,"

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. 'Save your honor!

[*Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.*

Ang. From thee,—even from thy virtue!
What 's this, what 's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?
Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,

is here considered as *crossing* or intercepting the way in which Angelo was going: he was exposing himself to temptation by the appointment for the morrow's meeting.—H. N. H.

170. No language could more forcibly express the aggravated profligacy of Angelo's passion, which the purity of Isabella but served the more to inflame. The desecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the most abject purposes of nature, was an eastern method of expressing contempt. See 2 Kings x. 27. —H. N. H.

And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigor, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smiled, and wonder'd how. [*Exit.*

Scene III

A room in a prison.

Enter, severally, Duke disguised as a friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.
Prov. I am the provost. What 's your will, good friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;
And he that got it, sentenced; a young man
More fit to do another such offense
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you: stay awhile, [*To Juliet.*
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I 'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Jul. I 'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So, then, it seems your most offenseful act
Was mutually committed?

Jul. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Jul. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,

10. *"gentlewoman"*; (trisyllabic).—C. H. H.

11. *"The flaws of her own youth"*; possibly Warburton's correction *"flames"* should be adopted; *cp.*

"To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire" (*Hamlet*, III. iv. 84).—I. G.

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—

Jul. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you, *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*

Jul. Must die to-morrow! O injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

A room in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,

36. *"rest";* that is, keep yourself in this frame of mind.—H. N. H.
40. *"O injurious love"* (Folios "loue"); Hanmer's suggestion, *"law"* for *"loue,"* has been generally accepted; the law respited her "a life whose very comfort" was "a dying horror."—I. G.

As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:
Let 's write good angel on the devil's horn;
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter a Servant.

How now! who 's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts

9. *"Feared";* probably an error of *"feared," i. e. "seared,"* which, according to Collier, is the reading of Lord Ellesmere's copy of the 1st Folio.—I. G.

12. Shakespeare judiciously distinguishes the different operations of high place upon different minds. Fools are frighted and wise men allured. Those who cannot judge but by the eye are easily awed by splendor; those who consider men as well as conditions, are easily persuaded to love the appearance of virtue dignified with power.—H. N. H.

17. The crest was often emblematic of something in the wearer, such, for example, as his ancestral name. "The devil's horn" is "the devil's crest"; but if we write "good angel" on it, the emblem is overlooked in the "false seeming"; we think it is not the devil's horn, because itself tells us otherwise.—H. N. H.

Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general subject to a well-wish'd king
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offense.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.
Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.
Isab. Even so.—Heaven keep your honor!
Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you or I: yet he must die.
Isab. Under your sentence?
Ang. Yea.
Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,

27. That is, the *people* or *multitude* subject to a king. So, in *Hamlet:* "The play pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the *general.*" It is supposed that Shakespeare, in this passage, and in one before, Act i. sc. 2, intended to flatter the unkingly weakness of James I, which made him so impatient of the crowds which flocked to see him, at his first coming, that he restrained them by a proclamation.—H. N. H.

27–30. Like the similar passage in i. 1. 68–71, these lines have been thought to offer an apology for James's haughty demeanor on his entry into England.—C. H. H.

Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrained means
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather,—that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd!

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I 'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:—

43, 44. That is, that hath killed a man.—H. N. H.

44. *"remit"*; pardon.—C. H. H.

46–49. The thought is simply, that murder is as easy as fornication; and the inference which Angelo would draw is, that it is as improper to pardon the latter as the former.—H. N. H.

56. Isabel appears to use the words "give my body" in a different sense than Angelo. Her meaning appears to be, "I had rather *die* than forfeit my eternal happiness by the prostitution of my person."—H. N. H.

58. That is, actions that we are compelled to, however numerous, are not imputed to us by Heaven as crimes.—H. N. H.

I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life?
Isab. Please you to do 't,
I 'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.
Ang. Pleased you to do 't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.
Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I 'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.
Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that 's not good.
Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, display'd. But mark me;

73. *"nothing of your answer";* not to be answered for by you.—C. H. H.

79. The *"masks"* worn by female spectators of the play are here probably meant. At the beginning of *Romeo and Juliet,* we have a pasage of similar import:

"These happy *masks* that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being *black,* put us in mind they hide the fair."
—H. N. H.

To be received plain, I 'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offense is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,—
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,— that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desired of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-building law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I 'ld wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing have been sick for, ere I 'ld yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

90. That is, conversation that tends to nothing.—H. N. H. "*in the loss of question*"; in the embarrassment of discussion; simply as a means of making my point clear.—C. H. H.

103. "*That longing have been sick for*"; Rowe suggested, "I've been sick for."—I. G.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die forever.
Ang. Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?
Isab. Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.
Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather proved the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.
Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.
Ang. We are all frail.
Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he
Owe and succeed thy weakness.
Ang. Nay, women are frail too.
Isab. Aye, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.

122–124. A very obscure passage. The original reads, *thy weakness,* which fairly defies explanation. The word *this* is adopted by Mr. Collier from an old manuscript note in a copy of the first folio belonging to Lord Francis Egerton. With this change, the passage, though still obscure, makes good sense enough: "If we are not *all frail,*—if my brother have no *feodary,* that is, no companion, one holding by the same tenure of frailty,—if he alone be found to *own and succeed* to this weakness,—then let him die."—H. N. H.

125. The comparison is proverbial: "Glasses and lasses are brittle ware" (Hazlitt, *English Proverbs*).—C. H. H.

Women!—Help Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,—
Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be bold;—
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you 're none;
If you be one,—as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,—show it now,
By putting on the destined livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know your virtue hath a license in 't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honor,
My words express my purpose.

127. The meaning appears to be, that men debase their natures by taking advantage of women's weakness. She therefore calls on Heaven to assist them.—H. N. H.

145–147. That is, your virtue assumes an air of *licentiousness*, which is not natural to you, on purpose to try me.—H. N. H.

Isab. Ha! little honor to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I 'll tell the world aloud
What man thou art.
Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering suffrance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I 'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. [*Exit.*
Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,

162. *"prolixious blushes"* means what Milton has elegantly called "sweet reluctant amorous *delay*."—H. N. H.

Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I 'll to my brother:
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honor,
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he 'ld yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I 'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.
[*Exit.*

172. *"O perilous mouths";* the line is defective as it stands (?) *"O pernicious mouths"* (Walker), or *"these perilous"* (Seymour).—I. G.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

A room in the prison.

Enter Duke disguised as before, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke. So, then, you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope:
I 've hope to live, and am prepared to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences,
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;

8. *"keep"* here means *care for,* a common acceptation of the word in Chaucer and later writers.—H. N. H.

11. Death and his fool were personages that once figured on the stage. Douce relates having seen a play at a fair, in which Death bore a part, attended by a fool or clown; the person that represented Death being habited in a close black vest so painted as to look like a skeleton. Douce also had an old wood-cut, one of a series representing the Dance of Death, in which the fool was engaged in combat with his adversary, and buffeting him with a bladder filled with peas or small pebbles. In all such perform-

For him thou labor'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nursed by baseness. Thou 'rt by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provokest; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor;

ances, the rule appears to have been, that the fool, after struggling long against the stratagems of Death, at last became his victim.—H. N. H.

14–15. Upon this passage Johnson observes: "A minute analysis of life at once destroys that splendor which dazzles the imagination. Whatever grandeur can display, or luxury enjoy, is procured by *baseness,* by offices of which the mind shrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the shambles and the dunghill, all magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry, and all the pomp of ornament from among the damps and darkness of the mine."—H. N. H.

17. *"worm"* is put for any creeping thing or *serpent.* Shakespeare adopts the vulgar error, that a serpent wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is *forked.* In old tapestries and paintings the tongues of serpents and dragons always appear barbed like the point of an arrow.—H. N. H.

For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

32–34. This is exquisitely imagined. When we are young, we busy ourselves in forming schemes for succeeding time, and miss the gratifications that are before us; when we are old, we amuse the languor of age with the recollection of youthful pleasures or performances; so that our life, of which no part is filled with the business of the present time, resembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the designs of the evening.—H. N. H.

36. *"palsied eld"; old age.* In youth, which is or ought to be the *happiest* time, man commonly wants means to obtain what he could enjoy; he is dependent on *palsied eld;* must beg alms from the coffers of hoary avarice; and, being very niggardly supplied, *becomes as aged,* looks like an old man on happiness beyond his reach. And when he is *old and rich,* when he has wealth enough for the purchase of all that formerly excited his desires, he has no longer the powers of enjoyment.—H. N. H.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.
Isab. [*within*] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!
Prov. Who 's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.
Duke. Dear sir, ere long I 'll visit you again.
Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.
Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here 's your sister.
Duke. Provost, a word with you.
Prov. As many as you please.
Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be concealed. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*
Claud. Now, sister, what 's the comfort?
Isab. Why,
As all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.
Claud. Is there no remedy?
Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.
Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you 'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
Claud. Perpetual durance?
Isab. Aye, just; perpetual durance, a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determined scope.
Claud. But in what nature? 70
Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to 't,
Would bark your honor from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
Claud. Let me know the point.
Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honor. Darest thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great 80
As when a giant dies.
Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch

70. *"determined scope";* a confinement of your mind to one idea; to ignominy, of which the remembrance can neither be suppressed nor escaped.—H. N. H.

72. A metaphor, from stripping trees of their *bark.*—H. N. H.

77–81. This beautiful passage is in all our minds and memories, but it most frequently stands in quotation detached from the antecedent line,—"The sense of death is most in apprehension"; without which it is liable to an opposite construction. The meaning is, that fear is the principal sensation in death, which has no pain; and the giant when he dies feels no greater pain than the beetle.—H. N. H.

From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The prenzie Angelo!

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In prenzie guards! Dost thou think, Claudio?—
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed.

Claud. O heavens! it cannot be.

83. *"From flowery tenderness"; i. e.* do you think that, to make me resolute, I must be treated with this tender consideration for my supposed weakness?—C. H. H.

91. In whose presence the follies of youth are afraid to show themselves, as the fowl is afraid to flutter while the falcon hovers over it.—H. N. H.

93. *"cast";* cast up, vomited.—C. H. H.

94, 97. *"Prenzie";* the source of this strange word has baffled students; it seems identical with the Scottish *primsie,* "demure, precise," which in its turn is connected with *prim* (in Old French *prin, pren*): under any circumstances there is no reason why the word should be changed, as has been proposed, to "princely," the readers of the 2nd Folio, or "priestly," "pensive," &c.—I. G.

Isab. Yes, he would give 't thee, from this rank offence.
So to offend him still. This night 's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.
Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.
Isab. O, were it but my life,
I 'ld throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.
Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.
Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.
Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.
Isab. Which is the least?
Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined?—O Isabel!
Isab. What says my brother?
Claud. Death is a fearful thing.
Isab. And shamed life a hateful.
Claud. Aye, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become

100. That is, "*from the time* of my committing this offence, you might persist in sinning with safety."—H. N. H.

108–110. "Has *he* passions that impel him to transgress the law at the very moment that he is enforcing it against others? Surely then it cannot be a sin so very heinous, since Angelo, who is so wise, will venture it." Shakespeare shows his knowledge of human nature in the conduct of Claudio.—H. N. H.

114. "*trick*"; caprice.—C. H. H.

A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thought
Imagine howling:—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas, alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

121. This passage is a standing puzzle to commentators; "fiery floods" and "region of thick-ribbed ice" being, as one would think, among the last places to be *delighted* in. The most common explanation is, that *delighted spirit* means the spirit that has been delighted, or is accustomed to delight. Another, and perhaps a better explanation, is, that the passive form is here used in an active sense, *delighted* for *delighting* or *delightful*,—an usage quite frequent in Shakespeare; as in *Othello*, Act i. sc. 3: "If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack"; and in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv. sc. 6: "Give our hearts *united* ceremony." But the best suggestion we have seen is, that the word is here used in the sense of *removed from* or *deprived of* the light, as if it were written *de-lighted;* which is a strictly classical use of the prepositive *de*, and certainly has the merit of harmony with the context. The use of the Latin prepositive *de, di, dis*, in combination with native words, is so common in Shakespeare and other writers of that time, that it is scarce worth the while to cite examples.—H. N. H.

123. *"thrilling";* piercingly cold.—C. H. H.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Catiline*, Act i. sc. 1: "We are spirit-bound in *ribs of ice*, our whole bloods are one stone, and honor cannot thaw us."—H. N. H.

Isab. O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance!
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I 'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.
Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.
Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin 's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.
Claud. O, hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.
Isab. What is your will?
Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.
Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay

must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile. [*Walks apart.*

Duke. Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practice his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honor in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell. [*Exit Claudio.*] Provost, a word with you!

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. What 's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.

[*Exit Provost. Isabella comes forward.*

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath

178. *"Hold you there";* continue in that resolution.—H. N. H.
185. That is, *à la bonne heure,* so be it, very well.—H. N. H.

made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But, O, how much is the good Duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

187. *"the goodness that is cheap in beauty,"* etc.; "When goodness is not the soul of beauty, but its slighted and vendible accompaniment, beauty itself is fugitive."—C. H. H.

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who mis-carried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonor: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

242. *"bestowed her on her own lamentation";* that is, gave her up to her sorrows.—H. N. H.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonor in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course,—and now follows all,—we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honor untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The maid will I

249. *"avail"*; derive advantage.—C. H. H.

262. *"refer yourself"*; have recourse to.—H. N. H.

274. *"scaled"*; that is, stripped of his covering or disguise, his affectation of virtue; *desquamatus*. A metaphor of a similar ña-

frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's: there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

ture has before occurred in this play, taken from the barking, peeling, or stripping of trees.—H. N. H.

275. *"frame";* prepare.—C. H. H.

286, 287. *"there . . . Mariana";* the dreary and desolate solitude of Mariana at the moated grange is wrought out with great power by Mr. Tennyson, in a poem from which we have room for but one stanza:

"Her tears fell with the dews at even,
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement curtain by,
And glanc'd athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, 'The night is dreary—
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'"

The whole poem is a rare specimen in the art of creating imagery so fitted to a given tone of feeling as to reproduce the feeling itself.—A *grange* was a large farm-house, such as are often kept for summer residence by wealthy citizens. The grange was sometimes *moated* for defense and safety.—H. N. H.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene II

The street before the prison.

Enter, on one side, Duke disguised as before; on the other, Elbow, and Officers with Pompey.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Pom. 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir. 'Bless you, good father friar.

Sc. ii. In F. there is no change of scene.—C. H. H.

8. *"the worser"; i. e.* money-lending.—C. H. H.

9. "The passage seems to us to imply, furred (that is, lined with lamb-skin fur inside, and trimmed with fox-skin fur outside) with both kinds of fur, to show that craft (fox-skin), being richer than innocency (lamb-skin), is used for decoration" (Clarke).—I. G.

13–15. *"Good father friar" . . . "good brother father";* the joke, as Tyrwhitt pointed out, would be clearer in French, *"mon père frère" . . . "mon frère père."*—I. G.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offense hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Pom. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer:
Correction and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

19. *"picklock";* it is not necessary to take honest Pompey for a housebreaker: the locks he had occasion to pick were Spanish padlocks. In Jonson's *Volpone,* Corvino threatens to make his wife wear one of these strange contrivances.—H. N. H.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!
Elb. His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.
Pom. I spy comfort; I cry bail. Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's image's, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply, ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter and method? Is 't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? What sayest thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?
Duke. Still thus, and thus; still worse!
Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

43. *"From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!"* So Folio 1, Folio 2 and Folio 3, *"Free from our faults,"* &c.; Hanmer corrects the latter part of the line, *"As from faults seeming free."* As it stands in the text, it would seem to mean "Would that we were as free from faults, as our faults are from seeming (hypocrisy)." One feels inclined to hazard—

"Free from our faults, as from false seeming, free!"

(*Cp.* II. iv. 15, *"thy false seeming."*)—I. G.

44. His neck will be tied, like your waist, with a cord. The friar wore a rope for a girdle.—H. N. H.

49. *"newly made woman"*; that is, have you no new courtesans to recommend to your customers?—H. N. H.

Pom. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd; an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pom. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey: you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increaase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. 'Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

62. *"in the tub";* the method of cure for a certain disease was grossly called *the powdering tub.*—H. N. H.

79. *"keep the house";* that is, stay at home, alluding to the etymology of *husband.*—H. N. H.

Pom. You will not bail me, then, sir?
Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar? what news?
Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.
Lucio. Go to kennel, Pompey; go. [*Exeunt Elbow, Pompey and Officers.*] What news, friar, of the Duke?
Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?
Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?
Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.
Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to 't.
Duke. He does well in 't.
Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.
Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.
Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

91. *"Then nor now"*; neither then nor now.—C. H. H.

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawned him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that, when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative; that 's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No, pardon; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise! why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskillfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the Duke.

167. *"unskillfully"*; without understanding.—C. H. H.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you 'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I 'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? For filling a bottle with a tundish. I would the Duke we talk of were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar: I prithee, pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He 's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality

205. *"mutton"*; a wench was called a *laced mutton.* In *Doctor Faustus,* 1604, Lechery says, "I am one that loves an inch of raw *mutton* better than an ell of stock-fish." See *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* Act i. sc. 1.—H. N. H.

208. *"smelt"* for smelt *of.*—H. N. H.

Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, and Officers with Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Go; away with her to prison!

Mrs. Ov. Good my lord, be good to me; your honor is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind! This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honor.

Mrs. Ov. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the Duke's time; he promised her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license: let him be called before us. Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Officers with Mistress Ov.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable prep-

aration. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In special business from his Holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurst:—much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

258. *"make fellowships accurst";* the allusion is to those legal *securities* into which fellowship leads men to enter for each other. For this quibble Shakespeare has high authority; "He that hateth *suretyship is sure.*" Prov. xi. 15.—H. N. H.

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labored for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

269. *"events";* issue of his affairs.—C. H. H.

281. *"resolved";* that is, satisfied; probably because conviction leads to decision or resolution.—H. N. H.

286. *"but my brother justice,"* etc.; *summum jus, summa injuria.* —H. N. H.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offenses weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness made in crimes,

295–317. These lines are in all probability not Shakespeare's, but by another hand.—I. G.

299. *"Grace to stand, and virtue go"; i. e.* "To have grace to stand firm, and virtue to go forward."—I. G.

Coleridge, in his *Literary Remains,* remarks upon this passage,—"Worse metre indeed, but better English would be:

'Grace to stand, virtue to go.'"—H. N. H.

305. The Duke's *vice* may be explained by what he says himself. Act i. sc. 4: "'Twas *my fault* to give the people scope."—Angelo's vice requires no explanation.—H. N. H.

"my vice"; the duke speaks as a representative of men at large, not in his own person.—C. H. H.

308–311. *"How many likeness made in crimes,"* etc.; these lines do not readily admit of interpretation, and some corruption has probably crept into the text; Malone suggested *wade* for *made, i. e.* "How may hypocrisy wade in crimes"; Hanmer, "that likeness shading crimes," etc. None of the suggestions seem very satisfactory. Perhaps *to draw* = *"to-draw," i. e.* "pull to pieces" (?)—I. G.

"Likeness" apparently has much the same meaning here as what the Poet elsewhere calls "virtuous-seeming." So that the passage

Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

may be rendered thus: How may seeming virtue, unsubstantial as it is, and wickedly put on, by practicing upon the times draw to itself the greatest of earthly honors and emoluments, even while it is wading or rioting in crime!—H. N. H.

315. *"by the disguised"; i. e.* Mariana.—C. H. H.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

The moated grange at St. Luke's.

Enter Mariana and a Boy.

Boy sings.

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice

This song appears in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bloody Brother*, with the addition of the following stanza, assuredly not Shakespeare's, though found in the spurious edition of his poems, (1640)—

"Hide, O hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound by those icy chains by thee."—I. G.

It does not appear certain to whom this beautiful little song rightly belongs. Mr. Malone prints it as Shakespeare's, Mr. Boswell thinks Fletcher has the best claim to it, Mr. Weber that Shakespeare may have written the first stanza, and Fletcher the second. It may indeed be the property of some unknown or forgotten author.—H. N. H.

Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
[*Exit Boy.*

Enter Duke disguised as before.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath anybody inquired
for me here to-day? much upon this time
have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Enter Isabella.

Duke. I do constantly believe you. The time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and well come.
What is the news from this good Deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummured with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:

13. "Though the music soothed my sorrows, it had no tendency to produce light merriment" (Johnson).—I. G.

This other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads:
There have I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon it:
With whisperings and most guilty diligence.
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark:
And that I have possess'd him my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along.
That stays upon me, whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.

44. *"most"*; utmost.—C. H. H.

Duke. Take, then, this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.
Mari. Will 't please you walk aside?
[*Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.*
Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies!

Re-enter Mariana and Isabella.

Welcome, how agreed?
Isab. She 'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.
Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.
Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
'Remember now my brother.'
Mari. Fear me not.
Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn 's to reap, for yet our tithe 's to sow.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A room in the prison.

Enter Provost and Pompey.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he 's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Pom. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What, ho! Abhorson! Where 's Abhorson, there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

12. *"gyves"*; that is, fetters.—H. N. H.

Prov. Sirrah, here 's a fellow will help you tomorrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Pom. Pray, sir, by your good favor,—for surely, sir, a good favor you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Aye, sir; a mystery.

Pom. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Pom. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

48. *"true";* that is, honest.—H. N. H.

49–53. *"If it be too little—thief";* the Folios give this to *Clo.*

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Pom. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow. 60

Pom. I do desire to learn, sir: and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnadine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson.*

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:

(Pompey); Capell first transferred it to Abhorson, and he has been followed by most editors. Cowden Clarke defends the Folio arrangement; among other arguments he maintains that "the speech is much more in character with the clown's snip-snap style of chop-logic than with Abhorson's manner, which is remarkably curt and bluff."—I. G.

The Clown asks for proof that "hanging is a mystery"; and the hangman begins with a creeping, roundabout answer, when the Clown, being nimbler-witted, catches his method of proof, darts ahead of him in the argument, and proves, not indeed that hanging is a mystery, but that something else is.—H. N. H.

57. It was formerly the custom for an executioner, before proceeding to his office, to *ask forgiveness* of the person to be executed. —H. N. H.

67. *"The one"*; (pronounced *Thone*).—C. H. H.

'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where 's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labor
When it lies starkly in the traveler's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Knocking within.*] But, hark, what noise?—
Heaven give your spirits comfort!
[*Exit Claudio.*
By and by.—
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter Duke disguised as before.

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good Provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will, then, ere 't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There 's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd

85, 86. His own life conforms precisely to the lines of conduct he enforces as a judge.—C. H. H.

Even with the stroke and line of his great justice:
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he 's just. [*Knocking within.*
Now are they come.
[*Exit Provost.*
This is a gentle provost: seldom when
The steeled jailer is the friend of men.
[*Knocking within.*
How now! what noise? That spirit 's possessed with haste
That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.
Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?
Prov. None, sir, none.
Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

86. *"stroke"* is here put for the *stroke* of a pen, or a line.—H. N. H.

95. *"unsisting";* so in the original. Sir William Blackstone suggests that *unsisting* may mean *"never at rest,* always opening." Mr. Collier proposes *resisting,* which might easily be misprinted *unsisting,* and seems to agree better with the subject; the Provost *wounding* the door *with strokes,* because it *resisted,* or stuck in the casement. Nevertheless, we adhere to the original.—H. N. H.

Prov. Happily
You something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mes. [*Giving a paper*] My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*

Duke. [*Aside*] This is his pardon, purchased by such sin
For which the pardoner himself is in.
Hence hath offense his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy 's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you. Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me

107. *"This . . . man"*; Ff. give this speech to the duke, and the following one, "And here . . . pardon," to the provost. The correction was made by Tyrwhitt.—C. H. H.

with this unwonted putting-on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let 's hear.

Prov. [*Reads.*]

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent Duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

140. *"prisoner nine years old"*; that is, nine years in prison.—H. N. H.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what 's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are

159. *"desperately mortal";* perhaps we should read *mortally desperate;* as we have *harmonious charmingly* for *charmingly harmonious,* in *The Tempest.*—H. N. H.

"desperately mortal"; doomed to death without hope of salvation. Others interpret: "terribly near to death," "desperate in his incurring of death." But both the context and the duke's comment support the theological interpretation.—C. H. H.

171. That is, in *confidence* of my *sagacity.*—H. N. H.

to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favor.

Duke. O, death 's a great disguiser; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no of-

194–196. *"shave . . . death";* this probably alludes to a practice among Roman Catholics of desiring to receive the *tonsure* of the monks before they died.—H. N. H.

fense, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance of the Duke's death; perchance entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall

227. So Milton in *Comus:*

"The star that bids the shepherd fold
Now the top of heaven doth hold."—H. N. H.

absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Another room in the same.

Enter Pompey.

Pom. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here 's young Master Rash; he 's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master

235. *"resolve";* convince.—C. H. H.

4. This enumeration of the inhabitants of the prison affords a very striking view of the practices predominant in Shakespeare's age. Besides those whose follies are common to all times, we have four fighting men and a traveler. It is not unlikely that the originals of the pictures were then known. *Rash* was a silken stuff formerly worn in coats: all the names are characteristic.—H. N. H.

5–7. *"he's in for . . . ready money";* it was the practice of money lenders in Shakespeare's time, as well as more recently, to make advances partly in goods and partly in cash. The goods were to be resold generally at an enormous loss upon the cost price, and of these commodities it appears that *brown paper* and *ginger* often formed a part. In Green's *Defence of Coney-catching,* 1592: "If he borrow a hundred pound, he shall have forty in silver, and three-score in wares; as lute-strings, hobby-horses, or *brown paper.*"—H. N. H.

Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colored satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great traveler, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now 'for the Lord's sake.'

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Bar. [*Within*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Bar. [*Within*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

23. *"for the Lord's sake";* it appears from an ancient Epigram, that this was the language in which prisoners who were confined for debt addressed passengers: "Good gentle writers, *for the Lord's sake, for the Lord's sake,* like *Ludgate prisoners,* lo, I, begging, make my mone." And in Nashe's *Peirce Pennilesse,* 1593: "At that time that thy joys were in the *fleeting,* and thus crying *for the Lord's sake* out of an iron window."—H. N. H.

Pom. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir.

Enter Barnardine.

Bar. How now, Abhorson? what 's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant 's come.

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for 't.

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

Enter Duke disguised as before.

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that 's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you
Look forward on the journey you shall go.
Bar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.
Duke. But hear you.
Bar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*
Duke. Unfit to live or die: O gravel heart!
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.
[*Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.*

Enter Provost.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?
Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;
And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable.
Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his color. What if we do omit
This reprobate till he were well inclined;
And satisfy the Deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?
Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: see this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.
Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.

But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done.
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo [*Exit Provost.*
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home,
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I 'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I 'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return;

98. *"the under";* Hanmer's reading for Ff. *yond.*—C. H. H.

109. *"well-balanced";* the original has *"weal-balanc'd* form"; which may indeed possibly be right, referring to the state—*balanc'd* for the public *weal;* but this sense is so far-fetched and improbable, that we can scarce think it the Poet's.—H. N. H.

For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I 'll make all speed. [*Exit.*

Isab. [*Within*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel. She 's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ho, by your leave!

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the Deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world:
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other: show your wisdom, daughter,
In your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot;
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity:
The Duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;

One of our covent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honor.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
I 'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who 's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even. Friar, where 's the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine

152. *"to the head of Angelo"*; to his face.—C. H. H.

heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to 't. But they say the Duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

[*Exit Isabella.*

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvelous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do: he 's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you 'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I 'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

169. *"duke of dark corners";* the innuendo is explained by Lucio's next speech.—C. H. H.

172. *"he lives not in them";* that is, he depends not on them.—H. N. H.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I 'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we 'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

Scène IV

A room in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed

6. *"redeliver"*; Folio 1, *"re-liuer"*; Folio 2, *"deliuer"*; Capell first suggested *"redeliver."*—I. G.

betimes i' the morn; I 'll call you at your house: give notice to such men of sort and suit as are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir. Fare you well.

Ang. Good night. [*Exit Escalus.*

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body that enforced
The law against it! But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no;

28–31. This is commonly printed thus: "Yet reason dares her?—no: for my authority," &c.; in which case *dares* has the sense of *prompt, challenge,* or *call forth,* as in *1 Henry IV,* Act v. sc. 2:

"Unless a brother should a brother *dare*
To gentle exercise and proof of arms."

"Does reason move her to expose me?—No; the drawings of reason are all the other way"; which certainly yields an apt and clear meaning enough. Yet we give the passage as it stands in the original. Nor is the sense much less clear and apt as there printed. For *dare,* used transitively, may well have, and often has, the effect to keep or dissuade one from doing a thing; as if one should say,—"I *dared* him to strike me, and he *durst* not do it." So, in the text as we give it, the sense plainly is,—"Yet reason bids her *not* expose me"; the effect of that bidding being expressed by *no;* reason *threatens* and *overawes* her, so that she *dare not* do it. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, *The Chances,* Act iii. sc. 4:

"His sister that you nam'd 'tis true I have long lov'd,
As true, I have enjoy'd her; no less truth,
I have a child by her: but that she, or he,
Or any of that family, are tainted,
Suffer disgrace, or ruin, by my pleasures,
I wear a sword to satisfy the world *no.*"

That is, to satisfy the world that *'tis not so.* So, also, in *A Wife for*

For my authority bears of a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have lived,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonor'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had lived!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*

Scene V

Fields without the town.

Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me:
[*Giving letters.*
The provost knows our purpose and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;

a Month, by the same authors: "I'm sure he did not, for I charg'd him *no*"; that is, charged him *not to do it.* But indeed this use of *no* is not uncommon in the old writers.—The *of* after *bears,* in the next line, seems to have a partitive sense: "For my authority *carries so much of weight,*" &c.—H. N. H.

29. *"bears of a credent bulk";* so Folios 1, 2, 3; many emendations have been proposed; Dyce's seems the most plausible—"bears so credent bulk"; *"credent bulk"*="weight of credit."—I. G.

Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

Fri. P. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit.*

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk. There 's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

Street near the city-gate.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath:
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I am advised to do it;
He says, to veil full purpose.

Mari. Be ruled by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic
That 's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would Friar Peter—
Isab. O, peace the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

Fri. P. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded;
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entering: therefore, hence, away!
[*Exeunt.*

14. *"very near upon the duke is entering";* is on the point of entering.—C. H. H.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

The city-gate.

Mariana veiled, Isabella, and Friar Peter, at their stand. Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Provost, Officers, and Citizens, at several doors.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met!
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. } Happy return be to your royal Grace!
Escal. }

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time

12. *"A forted residence 'gainst"*; a residence fortified against.—C. H. H.

And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favors that keep within. Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand:
And good supporters are you.

Friar Peter and Isabella come forward.

Fri. P. Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonor not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what? by whom? be brief.
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear me, here!

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother
Cut off by course of justice,—

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo 's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo 's a murderer; is 't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange and strange?
Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.
Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.
Duke. Away with her!—Poor soul.
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.
Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness! Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
As Angelo; even so may Angelo
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince:
If he be less, he 's nothing; but he 's more,
Had I more name for badness.

52. *"unlike"*; unlikely.—C. H. H.

56. *"characts"* are *distinctive marks* or characters. A statute of Edward VI directs the seals of office of every bishop to have "certain *characts* under the king's arms for the knowledge of the diocese."—H. N. H.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad,—as I believe no other,—
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio
As then the messenger,—

Lucio. That 's I, an 't like your Grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That 's he indeed;

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

64. *"Do not banish reason, For inequality"; i. e.* because of "improbability," "incongruity," or, according to some, "partiality."—I. G.

The meaning appears to be,—"Do not suppose me mad because I speak inconsistently or *unequally*."—H. N. H.

64–66. That is,—Let your reason serve to discover the truth, where it lies hid, and to refute the false, where it seems true.—H. N. H.

Duke. I wish you now, then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then
Be perfect.
Lucio. I warrant your honor.
Duke. The warrant 's for yourself; take heed to 't.
Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale,—
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right; but you are i' the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.
Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff Deputy,—
Duke. That 's somewhat madly spoken.
Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again. The matter;—proceed.
Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied,—
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honor,
And I did yield to him: but the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant

90. That is, *suited* to the matter; as in *Hamlet:* "The phrase would be more german to the matter."—H. N. H.

For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honor
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou camest here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?
Then, O you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know you 'ld fain be gone.—An officer!
To prison with her!—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swinged him soundly.
Duke. Words against me! this 's a good friar belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.
Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.
Fri. P. Blessed be your royal Grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot.
Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?
Fri P. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he 's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.
Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.
Fri. P. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;

128. *"had he been lay"*; that is, of the *laity*, a layman.—H. N. H.

But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,—
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo,—came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false; and what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full clear,
Whensoever he 's convented. First, for this woman,
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accused,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let 's hear it.

[*Isabella is carried off guarded; and Mariana comes forward.*

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?—
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I 'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing, then:—neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married:
And I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband
Knows not that ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk, then, my lord: it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to 't, my lord:
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him my lord, with such a time
When I 'll depose I had him in mine arms
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she moe than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse. Let 's see thy face.
Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
[*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou sworest was worth the looking on;
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagined person.
Duke. Know you this woman?
Lucio. Carnally, she says.
Duke. Sirrah, no more!
Lucio. Enough, my lord.
Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman:
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honor.
Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife as strongly

As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone in 's garden-house
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on: let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Aye, with my heart;
And punish them to your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that 's gone, think'st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That 's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

245. *"That's seal'd in approbation?"; stamped* or *sealed,* as tried and *approved.*—H. N. H.

Fri. P. Would he were here, my lord! for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly. [*Exit Provost.*
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while will leave you;
But stir not you till you have well determined
Upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we 'll do it throughly. [*Exit Duke.*] Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. 'Cucullus non facit monachum:' honest in nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again: I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attend-*

254. *"well-warranted"*; the word *warrant* was colloquially monosyllabic, as it is still in dialect.—C. H. H.

255. *"forth"*; that is, out, to the end.—H. N. H.

264. *"Cucullus non facit monachum"*; "the cowl does not make a monk." It occurs again in *Twelfth Night*, Act i. sc. 5.—H. N. H.

ant] Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I 'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly, she 'll be ashamed.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That 's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Re-enter Officers with Isabella; and Provost with the Duke in his friar's habit.

Escal. Come on, mistress: here 's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time: speak not you to him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honor'd for his burning throne!
Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

282. *"light";* this is one of the words on which Shakespeare delights to quibble. Thus Portia, in *The Merchant of Venice:* "Let me give *light,* but let me not be *light.*"—H. N. H.

Escal. The Duke 's in us; and we will hear you speak:
Look you speak justly.
Duke. Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress! Is the Duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The Duke 's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse.
Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.
Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar,
Is 't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? and then to glance from him
To the Duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to the rack with him! We 'll touse you
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.
What 'unjust'!
Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial. My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble

Till it o'er-run the stew; laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, good-man baldpate: do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the Duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the Duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

325. "These shops," according to Nares, "were places of great resort, for passing away time in an idle manner. By way of enforcing some kind of regularity, and perhaps at least as much to promote drinking, certain laws were usually hung up, the transgression of which was to be punished by specific *forfeitures*. It is not to be wondered, that laws of that nature were as often laughed at as obeyed."—I. G.

Duke. I protest I love the Duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark, how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses!

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal. Away with him to prison! Where is the provost? Away with him to prison! lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more. Away with those giglets too, and with the other confederate companion!

Duke. [*To the Provost*] Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Ang. What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will 't not off?

[*Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er madest a Duke.
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.
[*To Lucio*] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you
Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

364. *"be hanged an hour"* seems to have been a cant phrase, meaning little more than "be hanged!"—I. G.

"What, Piper ho! be *hang'd awhile,"* is a line in an old madrigal. And in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair,* we have,—"Leave the bottle behind you, and be *curst awhile."* That is, be *hang'd,* be *curst; awhile* being, like *an hour* in the text, merely a vulgar expletive.—H. N. H.

Duke. [*To Escalus*] What you have spoke I pardon: sit you down.
We 'll borrow place of him. [*To Angelo*] Sir, by your leave.
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And no hold longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your Grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana.
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again. Go with him, provost.
[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter and Provost.*

Escal. My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonor
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel.

380. *"passes"*; probably put for *trespasses;* or it may mean *courses,* from *passeés,* Fr. *Les passeés d'un cerf* is the track or passages of a stag, his *courses.*—H. N. H.

Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty!

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel why I obscured myself,
Laboring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power
Then let him so be lost. O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose. But, peace be within him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honor, you must pardon

392. *"advertising and holy"*; attentive and faithful.—H. N. H.
405. *"That brain'd my purpose"*; we still use in conversation a like phrase: "that knocked my design on the head."—H. N. H.

For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudged your brother,—
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,—
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his prophet tongue,
'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!'
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and MEASURE still FOR MEASURE.
Then, Angelo, thy fault 's thus manifested;
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.
Away with him!

Mari. O my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honor,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,

414. *"promise-breach";* it should be *promise; breach* is superfluous. —H. N. H.

420. *"measure* still *for measure";* this appears to have been a current expression for retributive justice. So, in *3 Henry VI,* Act ii. sc. 6: *"Measure for measure* must be answered." Perhaps the proverb grew from the Scripture,—"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."—H. N. H.

And choke your good to come: for his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal.
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege,— [*Kneeling.*

Duke. You do but lose your labor.
Away with him to death! [*To Lucio*] Now, sir, to you.

Mari. O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I 'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I 'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

442. *"against all sense"*; that is, against *reason* and *affection*.—H. N. H.

443. That is, to beg for mercy on this act.—H. N. H.

448. On the principle that Nature or Providence often uses our vices to scourge down our pride; as in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv. sc. 3: "Our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not."—H. N. H.

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.
Isab. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother lived: I partly think
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents, but merely thoughts.
Mari. Merely, my lord.
Duke. Your suit 's unprofitable; stand up, I say.
I have bethought me of another fault.
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?
Prov. It was commanded so.
Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?
Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.
Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.
Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:

460–462. That is, like the traveler, who dies on his journey, is obscurely interred, and thought of no more:

"Illum expirantem——
Obliti ignoto camporum in pulvere linquunt."—H. N. H.

For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserved alive.

Duke. What 's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, with Barnardine, Claudio muffled, and Juliet.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man.
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squarest thy life accordingly. Thou 'rt condemn'd:
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come. Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow 's that?

492. That is, so far as they are punishable on *earth*.—H. N. H.

Prov. This is another prisoner that I saved,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio as himself.
[*Unmuffles Claudio.*

Duke. [*To Isabella*] If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: but fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he 's safe;
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth worth yours.
I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here 's one in place I cannot pardon.
[*To Lucio*] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow,—

501. *"Give me your hand"; i. e.* "if you give me your hand."—I. G.
505. *"quits you well";* brings you in a good return.—C. H. H.
506. *"her worth worth yours";* that is, "her value is equal to yours; the match is not unworthy of you."—H. N. H.

As I have heard him swear himself there 's one
Whom he begot with child, let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore. Your highness said even now, I made you a Duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honor, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison;
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.

[*Exeunt Officers with Lucio.*

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana! Love her, Angelo:
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There 's more behind that is more gratulate.
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
The offense pardons itself. Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;

529. *"forfeits";* Dr. Johnson says, *forfeits* means *punishments;* but is it not more likely to signify *misdoings, transgressions,* from the French *forfait?* Steevens's note affords instances of the word in this sense.—H. N. H.

Whereto if you 'll a willing ear incline,
What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So, bring us to our palace; where we 'll show
What 's yet behind, that 's meet you all should know. [*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Absolute, decided; "be abs.," *i. e.* "make up your mind"; III. i. 5; perfect; V. i. 54.

Abuse, delusion; V. i. 205.

Accommodations, comforts; III. i. 14.

Advertise, instruct; I. i. 42.

Advertising, instructing; V. i. 392.

Advice, consideration; V. i. 473.

Affection, feeling; II. iv. 168.

Affections, passions; III. i. 108.

After, at the rate of; II. i. 267.

All-building, being the ground and foundation of all; II. iv. 94 (other suggested emendations; all-binding; all-holding).

Appliances, remedies, means; III. i. 89.

Appointment, equipment; III. i. 60.

Approbation; "receive her ap.," *i. e.* enter upon her probation; I. ii. 191.

As, though indeed; II. iv. 89.

Avised, advised, aware; II. ii. 132.

Bark, peel away; III. i. 72.

Bastard (used equivocally), a kind of sweet wine; III. ii. 4.

Bay, an architectural term for a division of a building, marked by the single windows or other openings (? an error for "day"); II. i. 268.

Beholding, beholden; IV. iii. 171.

Belongings, endowments; I. i. 30.

Billets, small logs of wood; IV. iii. 62.

Bite by the nose, to treat with contempt; III. i. 109.

Blench, start away; IV. v. 5.

Boldness, confidence; IV. ii. 171.

Bonds, obligations; V. i. 8.

Boot, advantage, profit; II. iv. 11.

Bore in hand, kept in expectation; I. iv. 51–2.

Borne up, devised; IV. i. 48.

Bosom, heart's desire; IV. iii. 144.

Bottom, "to look into the b. of my place," *i. e.* "to know it thoroughly"; I. i. 79.

Bravery, finery; I. iii. 10.

Breeds, "my sense b. with it," *i. e.* "many new thoughts are awakened by it in me"; II. ii. 142.

Bunch of grapes, name of a room; it was the custom to name the several rooms in taverns; II. i. 141.

Censure, to pass judgment, or sentence, upon; I. iv. 72; II. i. 29.

Character, writing, outward mark; I. i. 28; handwriting; IV. ii. 216.

CHARACTS, characters; V. i. 56.
CHEAP, of small value; III. i. 187.
CIRCUMMURED, walled round; IV. i. 28.
CLACK-DISH, a wooden dish or box carried by beggars; III. ii. 145.
CLAP, to begin without delay; IV. iii. 46.
CLOSE, to make peace, come to an agreement; V. i. 349.
CLOSE, silent, secret; IV. iii. 128.
COLD, cool, deliberate; IV. iii. 109.
COMBINATE, betrothed; III. i. 236.
COMBINED, bound; IV. iii. 154.
COMES OFF WELL, is well told; II. i. 59.
COMMODITY, quantity of wares, parcel; IV. iii. 6.
COMPACT, leagued; V. i. 242.
COMPOSITION, compact; V. i. 220.
CONCERNING, "c. her observance," *i. e.* "which it concerns her to observe"; IV. i. 42.
CONCUPISCIBLE, concupiscent; V. i. 98.
CONFIXED, fixed; V. i. 232.
CONSERVE, preserve; III. i. 88.
CONSTANTLY, firmly; IV. i. 21.
CONSUMMATE, being consummated; V. i. 388.
CONTINUE, blunderingly misunderstood by Elbow to refer to some penalty or other; II. i. 210; to let live; IV. iii. 93.
CONTRARIOUS, contradictory; IV. i. 62.
CONVENIENT, fitting; IV. iii. 112.
CONVENTED, summoned; V. i. 158.
COUNTENANCE, hypocrisy; V. i. 118.
COVENT, convent; IV. iii. 138.
CREATION; "their cr.," *i. e.* "their (men's) nature"; II. iv. 127.
CREDENT BULK, weight of credit; IV. iv. 29.
CREDULOUS, readily yielding; II. iv. 130.
"CUCULLUS non facit monachum," *i. e.* "All hoods make not monks"; V. i. 264.
CUNNING, sagacity; IV. ii. 171.

DEFIANCE, rejection, refusal; III. i. 143.
DEFINITIVE, resolved; V. i. 436.
DELIGHTED, accustomed to ease and delight; III. i. 121.
DENUNCIATION, declaration; I. ii. 160.
DEPUTATION, deputyship; I. i. 21.
DESPERATELY; "d. mortal," *i. e.* "terribly near death"; others, "desperate in his incurring of death"; "destined to die without hope of salvation"; IV. ii. 159.
DETECTED, charged, accused; III. ii. 138.
DETERMINED, limited, bounded; III. i. 70.
DETERMINES, assigns; I. i. 39.
DETEST, Elbow's blunder for "protest"; II. i. 72.
DISCOVER, recognize; IV. ii. 192.
DISCOVER, expose; III. i. 202.
DISPENSES WITH, excuses; III. i. 135.
DISSOLUTION, death; III. ii. 252.
DISVALUED, depreciated; V. i. 221.
DISVOUCHED, contradicted; IV. iv. 1.
DOLORS, used quibblingly with play upon "dollar"; I. ii. 54.
DRAW, "as it refers to the tapster it signifies to drain, to empty"; as it is related to "hang" it means "to be con-

veyed to execution on a hurdle," in Froth's answer it is the same as "to bring along by some motive or power"; II. i. 226.

Drawn in, taken in, swindled; II. i. 231.

Dressings, habiliments; V. i. 56.

Dribbling, weak; I. iii. 2.

Effects, expressions; III. i. 24.

Emmew, to coop up, "to force to lie in cover without daring to show themselves"; III. i. 91.

Enshield, concealed, enclosed; II. iv. 80.

Ensky'd, placed in heaven; I. iv. 34.

Entertain, desire to keep; III. i. 75.

Escapes, sallies; IV. i. 63.

Estimation, reputation; IV. ii. 29.

Evasion, excuse; I. i. 51.

Evils, privies; II. ii. 172.

Fact, crime; IV. ii. 147.

False, illegal; II. iv. 49.

Falsely, dishonestly, illegally; II. iv. 47.

Fault; "fault and glimpse," *i. e.* the faulty glimpse; a fault arising from the mind being dazzled by a novel authority; I. ii. 170.

Favor, used equivocally with a play upon "favor"="countenance"; IV. ii. 33; face; IV. ii. 192.

Fear, affright; II. i. 2.

Fear, "to give fear,"="to intimidate"; I. iv. 62.

Feodary (so Folios 2, 3, 4; Fol. 1 fedarie), originally one who holds an estate by suit or service to a superior lord, hence one who acts under the direction of another; here, "one of the human fraternity"; II. iv. 122.

Fewness and truth, briefly and truly; I. iv. 39.

File, multitude; III. ii. 144.

Fine, punish; II. ii. 40; III. i. 115.

Fine, punishment; II. ii. 40.

Flourish, adorn; IV. i. 75.

Flowery tenderness, *i. e.* a tender woman "whose action is no stronger than a flower" (*cp.* Sonnet lxv. 4); III. i. 83.

Foison, plenty; I. iv. 43.

Fond, foolish; II. ii. 187; V. i. 105; foolishly overprized; II. ii. 149.

Foppery, folly; I. ii. 146.

Forfeit, liable to penalty; III. ii. 220.

"For the Lord's sake," the supplication of imprisoned debtors to the passers-by; IV. iii. 23.

Free, liberal; V. i. 397.

French crown, a bald head produced by a certain disease; used equivocally; I. ii. 56.

Garden-house, summer-house; V. i. 212.

General, populace; II. iv. 27.

Generation, race; IV. iii. 98.

Generative, (?) begot; "a motion g."; "a puppet born of a female being" (but probably Theobald's emendation is correct—"ungenerative"); III. ii. 126.

Generous and gravest, *i. e.* most generous and most grave; IV. vi. 13.

Ghostly, spiritual; IV. iii. 54.

Giglets, giglots, wantons; V. i. 355.

Glassy essence, "that essential nature of man which is like glass, from its faculty to reflect the image of others in its own, and from its fragility, its liability to injury or destruction"; II. ii. 120.

Grace, good fortune, happiness; I. iv. 69.

Gradation, regular advance from step to step; IV. iii. 109.

Grange, a solitary farmhouse; III. i. 286.

Gratulate, gratifying; V. i. 538.

Gravel, flinty; IV. iii. 73.

Guard, "stands at a guard with," *i. e.* "is on his guard against"; I. iii. 51.

Guards, facings, trimmings; III. i. 97.

Hannibal, Elbow's error for "cannibal"; II. i. 193.

Happily, haply; IV. ii. 102.

Heavy, drowsy, sleepy; IV. i. 35.

Helmed, directed; III. ii. 162.

Hent, seized, taken possession of; IV. vi. 14.

Hide, suppress; V. i. 67.

His, its; IV. i. 31.

Home and home, to the quick; IV. iii. 153.

Hot-house, bathing-house; II. i. 69.

Ignomy (so Folio 1)=ignominy (which word suits the meter better); II. iv. 111.

Impartial, taking no part; V. i. 166.

Imports, carries with it; V. i. 108.

Importune, urge; I. i. 57.

Incertain, unsettled, vague; III. i. 127.

Informal, insane; V. i. 236.

In good time, so be it, very well; III. i. 185.

Iniquity, *vide* Justice.

Insensible of, indifferent to; IV. ii. 158.

Instance, intimation; IV. iii. 139.

Invention, imagination; II. iv. 3.

Inward, intimate friend; III. ii. 149.

Issues, purposes; I. i. 37.

Journal, diurnal; IV. iii. 97.

Justice or Iniquity; "that is the constable or the fool; Escalus calls the latter Iniquity in allusion to the old Vice, a familiar character in the ancient moralities and dumb shows"; II. i. 190.

Keeps, dwells; I. iii. 10.

Lapwing ("the bird diverts attention from its nest by flying to a distance and attracting the sportsman there by fluttering"); I. iv. 32.

Leaven'd, well fermented, ripened; I. i. 52.

Leiger, a *resident* ambassador at a foreign court; III. i. 59.

Like, likely to be believed; V. i. 104.

Limit, appointed time; III. i. 228.

Limited, appointed; IV. ii. 183.

Lists, bounds, limits; I. i. 6.

Loss of question, absence of any better argument; II. iv. 90.

Lower chair, an easy chair; II. i. 140.

Luxury, lust; V. i. 510.

Meal'd, sprinkled; IV. ii. 89.

Medlar, used wantonly for "woman"; IV. iii. 189.

Mere, particular; V. i. 152.

Meter (refers probably to the an-

cient metrical graces arranged to be said or sung); I. ii. 23.

MOE, more; "moe thousand deaths," *i. e.* "a thousand more deaths"; III. i. 40.

MORTALITY, death; I. i. 45.

MOTHER, abbess; I. iv. 86.

MOTION, a thing endowed with movement; III. i. 120.

MYSTERY, trade; IV. ii. 32.

NATURE, life; II. iv. 43.

NO; "reason dares her no," *i. e.* "admonishes her not to do it"; IV. iv. 28.

OBSTRUCTION, stagnation of the blood; III. i. 119.

OFFICE, service; V. i. 374.

OMIT, pass by; IV. iii. 82.

OPPOSITE, opponent; III. ii. 188.

OWE, possess, have; I. iv. 83; II. iv. 123.

PACE, to make to go (lit. a horse to move according to the will of the rider); IV. iii. 142.

PAIN, penalty; II. iv. 86.

PAIN'D, put to trouble; V. i. 396.

PARCEL-BAWD, part bawd; II. i. 66.

PART; "my p. in him," *i. e.* "my office delegated to him"; I. i. 42.

PARTIAL; "nothing come in p.," *i. e.* "no partiality be allowed"; II. i. 31.

PARTICULAR, private; IV. iv. 30.

PASSES, proceedings; V. i. 380.

PASSING ON, *i. e.* passing sentence on; II. i. 19.

PEACHES, impeaches; IV. iii. 13.

PELTING, paltry; II. ii. 112.

PERDURABLY, everlastingly; III. i. 115.

PHILIP AND JACOB, *i. e.* the fast of St. P. and St. J. (May 1st); III. ii. 228.

PILED, "a quibble between *piled*, peeled, stripped of hair, bald (from the French disease), and *piled* as applied to velvet; three-piled velvet meaning the finest and costliest"; I. ii. 37.

PLANCHED, planked; IV. i. 30.

PLUCK ON, draw on; II. iv. 147.

POSSESS'D, informed; IV. i. 44.

PRACTICE, plot; V. i. 107, 123.

PRECEPT, instruction; "in action all of p."="with actions intended to instruct me" (*i. e.* showing the several turnings of the way with his hand); IV. i. 40.

PREFERS ITSELF, places itself before everything else; I. i. 55.

PREGNANT, expert; I. i. 12; evident; II. i. 23.

PRENZIE, prim; III. i. 94, 97.

PRESENT; "p. shrift," *i. e.* "immediate absolution"; IV. ii. 233.

PRESENTLY, immediately; IV. iii. 87.

PRESERVED, kept pure; II. ii. 153.

PRINTS, impressions; II. iv. 130.

PROBATION, proof; V. i. 157.

PROFANATION, Elbow's blunder for "profession"; II. i. 56.

PROFESSION, business; IV. iii. 2.

PROFITING, taking advantage; II. iv. 128.

PROLIXIOUS, tiresome and hindering; II. iv. 162.

PRONE AND SPEECHLESS, probably to be considered as equivalent to "speechlessly prone," *i. e.* speaking fervently and eagerly without words, (or perhaps "prone"= deferential); I. ii. 196.

PROPER, own; III. i. 30; personally, peculiarly; I. i. 31.

Proper to, belonging to; V. i. 110.

Proportion, measure; I. ii. 24.

Proportions, portion, fortune; V. i. 219.

Provincial; "here p."="under the jurisdiction of this ecclesiastical province"; V. i. 320.

Provokest, invokest; III. i. 18.

Put, compelled; I. i. 5.

Putting-on, incitement; IV. ii. 124.

Qualify, check; IV. ii. 89.

Question, consideration; I. i. 47.

Quests, spyings; IV. i. 62.

Quit, acquit, forgive; V. i. 492.

Race, natural disposition; II. iv. 160.

Rack, distort; IV. i. 65.

Ravin down, ravenously devour; I. ii. 141.

Rebate, make dull; I. iv. 60.

Received, understood; II. iv. 82.

Refell'd, refuted; V. i. 94.

Remission; "apt r."=a ready pardon, readiness to forgive; V. i. 507.

Remonstrance, demonstration; V. i. 400.

Remorse, pity; II. ii. 54; V. i. 100.

Remove, absence; I. i. 44.

Renouncement, renunciation of the world; I. iv. 35.

Resolve, inform; III. i. 197.

Respected, misapplied by Elbow and Pompey (=suspected); II. i. 180, 183.

Restrained, forbidden; II. iv. 48.

Retort, "to refer back (to Angelo the cause in which you appealed from Angelo to the Duke)"; V. i. 305.

Salt, lustful; V. i. 410.

Satisfy your resolution, sustain your courage; III. i. 172.

Saucy, wanton; II. iv. 45.

Scaled, weighed; (or perhaps "stripped" as of scales, unmasked; "foiled" has been suggested as an emendation); III. i 274.

Scope, power; I. i. 65; license; I. ii. 139; I. iii. 35.

Scruple, very small quantity; I. i. 38; doubtful perplexity; I. i. 65.

Secondary, subordinate; I. i. 47.

Sects, classes, ranks; II. ii. 5.

See = Rome; III. ii. 248.

Seeming, hypocrisy; II. iv. 150.

Seldom when, *i. e.* 'tis seldom that; IV. ii. 92.

Serpigo, a dry eruption on the skin; III. i. 31.

Several, different; II. iv. 2.

Shears; "there went but a pair of shears between us," *i. e.* "we are both of the same piece"; I. ii. 30.

Sheep-biting, thievish; V. i. 363.

Shield, forefend; "Heaven s. my mother play'd my father fair," *i. e.* "God grant that thou wert not my father's true son"; III. i. 141.

Shrewd, evil, mischievous; II. i. 276.

Sicles (the Folios "sickles"), shekels; II. ii. 149.

Siege, seat; IV. ii. 104.

Sith, since; I. iii. 35.

Smack, have a taste, savor; II. ii. 5.

Snatches, repartees; IV. ii. 6.

Sort and suit, rank and service (*i. e.* suit-service, due to a superior lord); IV. iv. 19.

Soul, "with special s.," *i. e.* with special liking; I. i. 18.

Spare, forbear to offend; II. iii. 33.

Splay, (so first Folio; Steevens "spay"), to castrate; II. i. 255.

Stage, to make a show of; I. i. 69.

Stagger, waver, hesitate; I. ii. 177.

Starkly, stiffly, as if dead; IV. ii. 74.

Stays upon, waits for; IV. i. 47.

Stead, be of service to; I. iv. 17.

Stead up, to supply; III. i. 268.

Stew, cauldron; V. i. 323.

Story, subject of mirth; I. iv. 30.

Straitness, strictness; III. ii. 289.

Stricture, strictness; I. iii. 12.

Succeed, inherit; II. iv. 123.

Sufferance, suffering; III. i. 80.

Sweat; the plague was popularly known as "the sweating sickness"; I. ii. 84.

Sweetness, self-indulgence; II. iv. 45.

Swinged, whipped; V. i. 130.

Tax, accuse; II. iv. 79.

Temporary meddler, one who meddles with temporal matters; V. i. 145.

Terms; "the technical language of the courts. An old book called *Les Termes de la Ley* was in Shakespeare's days, and is now, the accidence of young students in the law" (Blackstone); I. i. 11.

Tickle, unstable; I. ii. 185.

Tick-tack, a sort of backgammon (used equivocally); I. ii. 204.

Tilth, tillage; I. iv. 44.

Tithe (probably an error for "tilth"); IV. i. 76.

Touches, vices; III. ii. 25.

Touse, pull, tear; V. i. 315.

Trade, custom, established habit; III. i. 149.

Transport, remove from one world to another; IV. iii. 77.

Trick, fashion; V. i. 514.

Trot, a contemptuous name, applied properly to an old woman; III. ii. 54.

Trumpets, trumpeters; IV. v. 9.

Tub, the sweating-tub, used as a cure for certain diseases; III. ii. 62.

Tun-dish, funnel; III. ii. 194.

Unfolding, releasing from the fold or pen; IV. ii. 227.

Ungenitured, (?) impotent (perhaps "unbegotten"); III. ii. 196.

Ungot, not begotten; V. i. 142.

Unpitied, unmerciful; IV. ii. 14.

Unpregnant, unready, inapt; IV. iv. 23.

Unshunned, inevitable; III. ii. 62.

Unsisting, probably a misprint (in Folios 1, 2, 3) for "insisting" (the reading of Fol. 4), *i. e.* "persistent"; IV. ii. 95.

Untrussing, "untying the points or tagged laces which attached the hose or breeches to the doublet"; III. ii. 203.

Unweighing, injudicious; III. ii. 158.

Use, practices long countenanced by custom; I. iv. 62.

Use, interest, probably with a secondary sense of "exertion"; I. i. 41.

VAIL YOUR REGARD, lower your look; V. i. 20.
VAIN, "for v."=in vain, to no purpose; II. iv. 12.
VANTAGE, "denies thee v.," *i. e.* "will avail thee nothing"; V. i. 422.
VASTIDITY, vastness; III. i. 69.
VEIL FULL PURPOSE, to cover his full p.; IV. vi. 4.
VIEWLESS, invisible; III. i. 124.
VIRTUOUS, beneficial; II. ii. 168.
VOICE, "in my v."="in my name"; I. ii. 193.
VOUCH, affirmation; II. iv. 156.
VULGARLY, publicly; V. i. 160.

WARP, deviate; I. i. 15.
WARPED, crooked, wry, unnatural; III. i. 142.
WEAR, fashion; III. ii. 83.
WEEDS, "weed is a term still commonly applied to an ill-conditioned horse" (Collier); emendations proposed: "steeds," "wills"; I. iii. 20.
WHO = which; I. ii. 203.
WIDOW, to give as jointure; V. i. 433.
WILDERNESS, wildness; III. i. 142.
WOODMAN, one who hunts female game; IV. iii. 175.
WRONG, "done myself w.," *i. e.* "put myself in the wrong"; I. ii. 45.

YARE, ready; IV. ii. 64.
YIELD, "y. you forth to public thanks," *i. e.* "yield public thanks to you"; V. i. 7.

ZODIACS, circuits of the sun, years; I. ii. 180.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. What æsthetic and metrical tests assist in fixing the date of the play's composition?

2. Cite the links between this play and *Hamlet*. What is the difference in the problems with which the two plays deal?

3. What other characters in the plays does Isabella resemble, and in what respects?

4. What are the sources of the plot?

5. In what ways has Shakespeare's version developed and transcended the originals?

6. What are the peculiarly marked features in the manner, cast of thought, and ethics of the play?

7. What religious faction in the time of James I may have led Shakespeare to the composition of this play? Why? Trace the analogy between its sentiments and the theme of the play.

8. Comment upon the selection of the theme for a work of art. What elements of the Poet's handling of it make its selection justifiable?

9. What is the inference to be drawn concerning the underlying motives of the Duke in carrying out his incognito?

10. What constitutes the *ethos* of the theme?

11. What circumstances make Angelo's severity towards Claudio peculiarly hypocritical in their austerity, even before the cause of Isabella is introduced?

12. Explain what it is in the handling of values in the piece, that make its effect harsh?

ACT I

13. What does the Duke announce he is about to do?

14. What does he really do instead?

15. By what sort of description is Angelo introduced?

16. To what condition of the city are we introduced? What may we suppose to have caused the state it is in? What characters give us clues to this condition?

17. What circumstances in the situation between Claudio and his betrothed make it unjust to visit upon him the extremity of the new rigor?

18. In what does Claudio place his only hope of reprieve?

ACT II

19. What characterizes the bearing of Isabella before Angelo?

20. Do any lines of Angelo's imply that his own pride in his austerity caused a self deception in him, more than hypocrisy, at first?

21. What are his reflections immediately before the second coming of Isabella? What do they show of his state of mind?

22. How does Isabella receive his advances?

23. Of what is she confident with regard to her brother's view of the case?

24. What aspects of the situation does the Duke learn from Juliet, when he is in the prison disguised as a Friar?

ACT III

25. What is striking and beautiful in the Duke's discourse to Claudio in the prison when he affects to persuade him to be ready for death?

26. Does the Duke's desire to overhear the conversation between Isabella and Claudio emphasize his suspicion of Angelo?

27. Describe the scene between Isabella and Claudio. How does it express the spirit of each? What temporary

emotion may explain Claudio's wavering? What is the character of his reasoning while in this state of mind?

28. What does the Duke tell Claudio is the state of the case? Why does he tell him this?

29. What has the Duke known of Angelo's past that he believes he can bring usefully into the situation at this juncture?

30. Is it possible that his knowledge of this fact has influenced him to penetrate Angelo's outward sainthood?

31. What picture of Mariana and her sorrows is drawn?

32. How does Lucio express himself concerning the Duke?

33. What is the purpose of bringing the group of low characters into contrast with the Duke?

34. What does Escalus say of his efforts with Angelo?

35. What are the Duke's reflections closing the Act?

ACT IV

36. What effect is gained by the introduction of Barnardine?

37. What news arrives from Angelo when the Provost expects Claudio's pardon?

38. In the talk concerning Barnardine what is revealed concerning the methods of the Duke's government?

39. What does the Duke tell the Provost to do to elude the mandates he has received from Angelo?

40. What is contributed to the setting by the introduction of Pompey's account of the fellow-prisoners he encounters?

41. What commission does the Duke give Isabella after telling her that Claudio has been killed?

42. Does Lucio betray any redeeming emotions?

43. What messages do Angelo and Escalus receive that puzzle them, with regard to the Duke's purposes?

44. What truth does Angelo's final reflection in scene iv emphasize, with regard to the development of a course of crime?

45. What undertaking does the Duke commit to Friar Peter? How are he, Isabella, and Marianna prepared to carry the disclosures of the Duke to their fulfillment?

ACT V

46. Does the Duke's first greeting to Angelo and Escalus convey to them any idea of his intents?

47. How do Isabella, Friar Peter, and Marianna present the case they have in hand, to the Duke? What is the effect of their several presentations, superficially, upon Angelo and the bystanders at first?

48. How does the Duke pretend to receive it? What does he command concerning Isabella?

49. Upon whom does Angelo try to turn the suspicion of the Duke?

50. How does the Duke bring matters to their conclusion when he enters disguised as the Friar again?

51. How does Lucio get caught in his own trap?

52. What draws his confession from Angelo?

53. How is the pardon of Angelo obtained? What is the moralization to be inferred from Isabella's words regarding his sin?

54. What appropriate justice is meted to Lucio?

55. Comment on the conclusion as it relates to Isabella.

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF KING HENRY VIII

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF KING HENRY VIII

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth was printed for the first time in the First Folio. There was no Quarto edition of the play.

The text of the play is singularly free from corruptions; the Acts and Scenes are indicated throughout; [1] the stage-directions are full and explicit.[2] Rowe first supplied, imperfectly, the *Dramatis Personæ*.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

Henry the Eighth was undoubtedly acted as "*a new play*" on June 29, 1613, and resulted in the destruction by fire of the Globe Theater on that day. The evidence on this point seems absolutely conclusive:—

(i) Thomas Lorkin, in a letter dated "this last of June" 1613, referring to the catastrophe of the previous day, says: "No longer since than yesterday, while Bourbage his companie were acting at the Globe the play of *Henry VIII*, and their shooting of certayne chambers in the way of triumph, the fire catch'd," etc.

[1] Except in the case of Act V. scene iii., where no change of scene is marked in the folio. "*Exeunt*" is not added at the end of the previous scene, but it is quite clear that the audience was to imagine a change of scene from the outside to the inside of the Council-chamber. The stage-direction runs:—"A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed under the state," etc.

[2] The lengthy stage-direction at the beginning of Act V. Sc. v. was taken straight from Holinshed; similarly, the order of the Coronation in Act IV. sc. i.

(ii) Sir Henry Wotton, writing to his nephew on July 2, 1613, tells how the Globe was burnt down during the performance "of a new play, called *All is True*,[1] representing some principal pieces of the reign of *Henry the 8th.* . . . . . Now, King *Henry* making a Masque at the Cardinal *Wolsey's* House, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry,[2] some of the paper, and other stuff, where-

[1] *Cp.* Prologue to *Henry VIII*, ll. 9, 18, 21:—

"May here find truth."

. . . . . .

"To rank our chosen truth with such a show."

. . . . . .

"To make that only true we now intend."

The second name of the play may very well have been a counterblast to the title of Rowley's *Chronicle History of Henry 8th, "When you see me you know me,"* and perhaps also of Heywood's plays on Queen Elizabeth, *"If you know not me, you know no body."* It is possible that both Prologue and Epilogue of *Henry VIII* refer to Rowley's play, "the merry bawdy play," with its "fool and fight," and its "abuse of the city."

"When you see Me" was certainly "the Enterlude of K. Henry VIII" entered in the Stationers' Books under the date of February 12, 1604 (–5), which has sometimes been identified with Shakespeare's play.

It is noteworthy that the play, first published in 1605, was re-issued in 1613. The same is true of the First Part of Heywood's play. This play of Heywood's called forth the well-known prologue, wherein the author protested

"That some by stenography drew
The plot: put it in print: scarce one word trew."

Similarly, *the Chronicle History of Thomas Lord Cromwell*, originally printed in 1602, was re-issued in 1613 with the mendacious or equivocal statement on the title-page, *"written by W. S."*

We know from Henslowe's *Diary* that there were at least two plays on Wolsey which held the stage in 1601, 1602, *The Rising of Cardinal Wolsey*, by Munday, Drayton & Chettle, and *Cardinal Wolsey*, by Chettle.

An edition of Rowley's play, by Karl Elze, with Introduction and Notes, was published in 1874 (Williams & Norgate).

[2] *Vide* Act I. sc. iv. 44–51, with stage direction:—*"Chambers discharged."*

with one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch," etc.

(iii) John Chamberlain, in a letter to Sir Ralph Winwood (*vide* Winwood's *Memorials*), dated July 12, 1613, alludes to the burning of the theater, "which fell out by a peale of chambers (that I know not upon what occasion were to be used in the play)."

(iv) Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's *Chronicle* (1615) says that the fire took place when the house was "filled with people, to behold the play, viz., of Henry the 8."

(v) Ben Jonson, in his *Execration vpon Vulcan*, refers to "that cruel strategem against the Globe" . . . . .

> "The fort of the whole parish,
> I saw with two poor chambers taken in,
> And razed; ere thought could urge this might have been!"[1]

Internal evidence seems to corroborate this external evidence, and to point to *circa* 1612 as the date of *Henry VIII*. The panegyric on James I, with its probable reference (V, v, 51–3) to the first settlements of Virginia in 1607, and to subsequent settlements contemplated in 1612[2] (or to the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Elec-

[1] There were also several "lamentable ballads" on the event; one of them, *if genuine*, is of special interest, as it has for the burden at the end of each stanza:—

> "O sorrow, pitiful sorrow!
> And yet it all is true!"

The fifth stanza is significant:—

> Away ran Lady Catherine,
> Nor waited out her trial.

(*Vide* Collier, *Annals of the Stage.*) The authenticity of the ballad is most doubtful.

Halliwell doubted the identity of *All is True* and Shakespeare's play, because he found a reference in a ballad to the fact that *"the reprobates . . . prayed for the Foole and Henrye Condye,"* and there is no fool in the play, but the ballad does not imply that there was a fool's part.

[2] A state lottery was set up expressly for the establishment of English Colonies in Virginia in 1612.

tor Palatine which took place on February 14, 1613), fixes the late date for the play in its present form.

Some scholars have, however, held that it was originally composed either (i) towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, or (ii) at the beginning of the reign of her successor. Elze attempted, without success, to maintain the former supposition by eliminating (as later additions) not only the references to King James, but also the scene between Katharine and the Cardinals, and most of Katharine's death scene, so as to make the play a sort of apology for Henry, a glorification of Anne Boleyn, and an apotheosis of Elizabeth.[1] Hunter held the latter view, discovering *inter alia* that the last scene was "to exhibit the respect which rested on the memory of Elizabeth, and the hopeful anticipations which were entertained on the accession of King James."[2]

At all events no critic has attempted to regard the great trial-scene as a later interpolation, and this scene may therefore be taken to be an integral part of Shakespeare's work; it is a companion picture to the trial in *The Winter's Tale;* Hermione and Katharine are twin-sisters, "queens of earthly queens"; and indeed the general characteristics, metrical and otherwise, of this and other typically Shakespearean scenes, give a well-grounded impression that the two plays belong to the same late period, and that we probably have in *Henry VIII* "the last heir" of the poet's invention. "The opening of the play," wrote James Spedding, recording the effect produced by a careful reading of the whole, "seemed to have the full stamp of Shakespeare, in his latest manner: the same close-packed expression; the same life, and reality, and freshness; the same rapid and abrupt turnings of thought, so quick that language can hardly follow fast enough; the same im-

[1] *Vide Essays on Shakespeare by Professor Karl Elze* (translated by L. Dora Schmitz); *cp.* German Shakespeare, *Jahrbuch,* 1874. Collier held a similar theory, which numbers many advocates among the old Shakespearians—*e. g.* Theobald, Johnson, Steevens, Malone, etc.

[2] *New Illustrations to Shakespeare,* II. 101.

patient activity of intellect and fancy, which having once disclosed an idea cannot wait to work it orderly out; the same daring confidence in the resources of language, which plunges headlong into a sentence without knowing how it is to come forth; the same careless meter which disdains to produce its harmonious effects by the ordinary devices, yet is evidently subject to a master of harmony; the same entire freedom from book-language and common-place; all the qualities, in short, which distinguish the magical hand which has never yet been successfully imitated." [1] But the magical touch is not found throughout the play.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE PLAY

As early as 1758, in Edward's *Canons of Criticism* (sixth edition), Roderick called attention to the following peculiarities in the versification of Henry VIII:—(i) the frequent occurrence of a redundant syllable at the end of line; (ii) the remarkable character of the cæsuræ, or pauses of the verse; (iii) the clashing of the emphasis with the cadence of the meter. The subject received no serious attention for well-nigh a century, until in 1850 Mr. Spedding published his striking study of the play, wherein he elaborated a suggestion casually thrown out "by a man of first-rate judgment on such a point" (viz., the late Lord Tennyson), that many passages in *Henry VIII* were very much in the manner of *Fletcher*. Basing his conclusions on considerations of dramatic construction, diction, meter, and subtle æsthetic criteria, he assigned to Shakespeare Act I, sc. i, ii; Act II, sc. iii, iv; Act III, sc. ii (to exit of the King); Act V, sc. i, and all the rest of the play to Fletcher (though, possibly, even a third hand can be detected).[2]

Shakespeare's original design was probably "a great

[1] *"Who wrote Shakespeare's Henry VIII?"* (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1850); "New Shakespeare Society's Papers," 1874.

[2] *N. B.*—Wolsey's famous soliloquy falls to Fletcher's share.

As regards the Prologue and Epilogue, they seem Fletcherian; the former may well be compared with the lines prefixed to *The Mad*

historical drama on the subject of Henry VIII, which would have included the divorce of Katharine, the fall of Wolsey, the rise of Cranmer, the coronation of Anne Bullen, and the final separation of the English from the Romish Church." He had carried out his idea as far as Act III, when his fellows at the Globe required a new play for some special occasion (perhaps the marriage of Princess Elizabeth) the MS. was handed over to Fletcher, who elaborated a five-act play, suitable to the occasion, "by interspersing scenes of show and magnificence"; a splendid "historical masque or show-play" was the result.[1]

Spedding's views on *Henry VIII* are now generally accepted;[2] they were immediately confirmed by Mr. S. Hickson, who had been investigating the matter independently (*Notes and Queries*, II, p, 198; III, p. 33), and later on by Mr. Fleay and others, who subjected the various portions of the play to the metrical tests.[3]

Lover; they are, however, so contradictory, that one would fain assign them to different hands.

[1] The panegyric at the end is quite in the Masque-style; so, too, the Vision in Act IV. scene ii.; compare *Pericles,* V. ii.; *Cymbeline,* V. iv., both similarly un-Shakespearean. The Masque in *The Tempest* is also of somewhat doubtful authorship. Mr. Fleay suggested as an explanation of the dual authorship that that part of Shakespeare's play was burned at the Globe, and that Fletcher was employed to rewrite this part; that in doing so he used such material as he recollected from his hearing of Shakespeare's play. Hence the superiority of his work here over that elsewhere (*vide Shakespeare Manual,* p. 171).

[2] Singer, Knight, Ward, Ulrici, do not accept the theory of a divided authorship. In the *Transactions of the New Shak. Soc.* for 1880–5, there is a paper by Mr. Robert Boyle, putting forth the theory that the play was written by Fletcher and Massinger, and that the original Shakespearean play perished altogether in the Globe fire.

[3] These tests seem decisive against Shakespeare's sole authorship. Dr. Abbot (*Shakespearian Grammar,* p. 331) states emphatically:— "The fact that in *Henry VIII,* and in no other play of Shakespeare's, constant exceptions *are formed to this rule* (that an extra syllable at the end of a line is rarely a monosyllable) seems to me a sufficient proof that Shakespeare did not write that play."

THE SOURCES

There were four main sources used for the historical facts of the play:—(i) Hall's *Union of the Families of Lancaster and York* (1st ed. 1548); (ii) Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland* (1st ed. 1577; 2nd ed. 1586); (iii) *The Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, by George Cavendish, his gentleman-usher (first printed in 1641; MSS. of the work were common); (iv) Foxe's *Acts and Monuments of the Church* (1st ed. 1563). The last-named book afforded the materials for the Fifth Act.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE PLAY

Though the play keeps in many places the very diction of the authorities, yet its chronology is altogether capricious, as will be seen from the following table of historic dates, arranged in the order of the play:—[1]

1520. June. Field of the Cloth of Gold.
1522. March. War declared with France.
May–July. Visit of the Emperor to the English Court.
1521. April 16. Buckingham brought to the Tower.
1527. Henry becomes acquainted with Anne Bullen.
1521. May. Arraignment of Buckingham.
May 17. His execution.

The following table will show at a glance the metrical characteristics of the parts:—

	Shakespeare.	Fletcher.	
double endings	1 to 3	1 to 1.7	proportion.
unstopped lines	1 to 2.03	1 to 3.79	
light endings	45	7	number.
weak endings	37	1	
rhymes	6 (*accidental*)	10	

[1] *Vide* P. A. Daniel's Time Analysis, *Trans. of New Shak. Soc.*, 1877–79; *cp.* Courtenay's *Commentaries on the Historical Plays;* Warner's *English History in Shakespeare.*

1527. August. Commencement of proceedings for the divorce.
1528. October. Cardinal Campeius arrives in London.
1532. September. Anne Bullen created Marchioness of Pembroke.
1529. May. Assembly of the Court at Blackfriars to try the case of the divorce.
1529. 1533. Cranmer abroad working for the divorce.
1529. Return of Cardinal Campeius to Rome.
1533. January. Marriage of Henry with Anne Bullen.
1529. October. Wolsey deprived of the great seal. Sir Thomas More chosen Lord Chancellor.
1533. March 30. Cranmer consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury.
May 23. Nullity of the marriage with Katherine declared.
1530. November 29. Death of Cardinal Wolsey.
1533. June 1. Coronation of Anne.
1536. January 8. Death of Queen Katherine.
1533. September 7. Birth of Elizabeth.
1544. Cranmer called before the Council.
1533. September. Christening of Elizabeth.

DURATION OF ACTION

From the above it is clear that the historical events of the play cover a period of twenty-four years; the time of the play, however, is seven days, represented on the stage, with intervals:—

Day 1. Act I, sc. i–iv. *Interval.*
Day 2. Act II, sc. i–iii.
Day 3. Act II, sc. iv.
Day 4. Act III, sc. i. *Interval.*
Day 5. Act III, sc. ii. *Interval.*
Day 6. Act IV, sc. i, ii. *Interval.*
Day 7. Act V, sc. i–iv.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth was first published in the folio of 1623, with a text unusually correct for the time, with the acts and scenes regularly marked throughout, and with the stage-directions more full and particular than in any of the previous dramas. That it should have been printed so accurately is the more remarkable, inasmuch as the construction of the sentences is often greatly involved, the meaning in many places very obscure, and the versification irregular to the last degree of dramatic freedom throughout.

The date of the composition has been more variously argued and concluded than can well be accounted for, considering the clearness and coherence of the premises. The Globe Theater was burned down June 29, 1613. Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's *Chronicle*, recording this event some time after it took place, speaks of "the house being filled with people to behold the play of Henry the Eighth." And in the Harleian Manuscripts is a letter from Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering, dated "London, this last of June," and containing the following: "No longer since than yesterday, while Burbage his company were acting at the Globe the play of *Henry VIII*, and there shooting of certain chambers in triumph, the fire catched, and fastened upon the thatch of the house, and there burned so furiously, as it consumed the whole house, and in less than two hours, the people having enough to do to save themselves." But the most particular account of the event is in a letter written by Sir Henry Wotton to his nephew, and dated July 6, 1613:

"Now to let matters of state sleep, I will entertain you at the present with what happened this week at the Bankside. The king's players had *a new play*, called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the knights of the order with their Georges and Garter, the guards with their embroidered coats and the like; sufficient, in truth, within a while to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now, King Henry making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper, or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where, being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes being more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming within less than an hour the whole house to the very ground. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric, wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks: only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him, if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle ale."

From all which it would seem that the play originally had a double title, one referring to the plan, the other to the material, of the composition. At all events, Sir Henry's description clearly identifies the play to have been the one now in hand; and it will hardly be questioned that he knew what he was about when he called it *a new play*. And the title whereby he distinguishes it is in some sort bespoken in the Prologue; while, in the kind of interest sought to be awakened, the whole play is strictly corresponding therewith; the Poet being here more than in any other case studious of truth in the historical sense, and adhering, not always indeed to the actual order of events, but with singular closeness throughout to their actual import and form. In short, a kind of historical conscience, a scrupulous fidelity to fact, is manifestly the

regulating and informing *thought* of the piece; as if the Poet had here undertaken to set forth a drama made up emphatically of "chosen truth," insomuch that it should in all fairness deserve the significant title, *All is True*.

This of course infers the play to have been written as late as 1612, and perhaps not before the beginning of 1613. And herewith agrees that part of Cranmer's prophecy in the last scene, declaring that

> "Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
> His honour and the greatness of his name
> Shall be, and make new nations";

which can scarce be understood otherwise than as referring to the *new nation* founded by King James in America, the first charter of Virginia being issued in 1606, the colony planted and *James*-Town settled in 1607, and a second charter granted, and a lottery opened in aid of the colonists, in 1612. It will not be out of place to adduce here the well-known passage from the *Diary* of the Rev. J. Ward, who became vicar of the church at Stratford in 1662, forty-six years after the Poet's death. "I have heard," says he, "that Mr. Shakespeare was a natural wit, without any art at all; he frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year." That this statement is in all points strictly true, is not pretended; nor does the writer give any part of it as a fact, but merely as what "I have heard": as to that about the "two plays every year," the most that can be said is, that it probably had some basis of truth; which basis may have been merely that Shakespeare continued to write for the stage after he retired to Stratford. And that the reverend author took no small interest in the person he was writing about, may be safely presumed from the rule he lays down for himself just after: "Remember to peruse Shakespeare's plays, and be versed in them, that I may not be ignorant in that matter." The precise date of Shakespeare's retirement from the stage has not been ascer-

tained: most probably it was some time in the course of 1610 or the following year; and there are none of his plays which, whether by internal or external marks, appear more likely to have been written after that time, than *King Henry VIII.* In style and diction it has much the same peculiarities, only in a still higher degree, as *The Tempest, The Winter's Tale,* and *Cymbeline,* which there is every reason to believe were written during or near the period in question.

Notwithstanding all this evidence, the notion more commonly held is, that the play was written before the death of Elizabeth, which took place in March, 1603. The only reason worth naming alleged for this is, that the Poet would not have been likely to glorify her reign so amply after her death. And because there is still less likelihood that during her life he would have glorified in so large a measure the reign of her successor, therefore resort is had to the theory, that in June, 1613, the play was revived under a new title, which caused Sir Henry Wotton to think it *a new play,* and that the Prologue was then written and the passage concerning James interpolated by Ben Jonson. Which position needs no other answer, than that it is unsupported by any real evidence: it is a sheer conjecture, devised of purpose to meet the exigency of a foregone conclusion. And, surely, the evidence must be pretty strong, to warrant the belief that Jonson would have exercised such a liberal patronage over any of Shakespeare's plays while the author was yet living. And as for the passage touching James, we can perceive no such signs as have been alleged of its being an after insertion: the awkwardness of connection, which has been so confidently affirmed as betraying a second hand or a second time, seems altogether imaginary: the passage knits in as smoothly as need be with what precedes and follows, is of the same cast, color, and complexion, and, in brief, is perfectly in course and keeping with the whole drift and upshot of Cranmer's magnificent prediction. We speak the more strongly on this subject, for that the interpolation

has been assumed as beyond controversy, and the lines printed in brackets, as having no right to be considered a part of the original play. And it is worthy of special note, that the words,—"She shall be an *aged princess*,"—have not been included in the brackets; which, notwithstanding, are precisely what any man would have least dared to write, unless he meant that writing should be his last, while the great queen was living.

Nor is it easy to discover in the play itself any very strong indications of its having been written with a special view to please Elizabeth. The design, so far as she was anywise concerned therein, seems much rather to have been, to please the people by whom she was all-beloved during her life, and, if possible, still more so when, after the lapse of a few years, her prudence, her courage, and her magnanimity, save where her female jealousies were touched, had been set off to greater advantage by the blunders and infirmities of her speech-wise, act-fool successor. For it is well known that for a long while the popular feeling run back so strongly to her government, that James had no way but to fall in with and swell the current, notwithstanding the strong causes which he had, both public and personal, to execrate her memory. The play has an evident making in with this feeling, unsolicitous, generally, of what would have been likely to make in, and sometimes boldly adventurous of what would have been sure to make out, with the object of it. Such an appreciative representation of the meek and honorable sorrows of Katharine, so nobly-proud, yet in that pride so gentle and true-hearted; her dignified submission, wherein her rights as a woman and a wife are firmly watched and sweetly maintained, yet the sharpest eye cannot detect the least swerving from duty; her brave and eloquent sympathy with the plundered people, pleading their cause in the face of royal and reverend rapacity, and that with an energetic simplicity which even the witchcraft of Wolsey's tongue cannot sophisticate; and all this set in open contrast with the worldly-minded levity, and the equiv-

ocal, or at least the qualified, virtue of her rival, and with the sensual, hard-hearted, hypocritical tyranny of the king;—surely the Poet must have known a great deal less, or else a great deal more, than anybody else, of the haughty daughter of that rival and that king, to have thought of pleasing her by such a representation.

Mr. Collier, who holds much the same view as here expressed, so far as regards the prophecies touching Elizabeth and James, has however a third view as to the date of the composition. He thinks that the play was probably brought out at the Globe Theater in the summer of 1604, and that what Sir Henry Wotton described in 1613 as "a new play, called *All is True*," was the work of another person. His only ground for this opinion is the following entry in the Stationers' Register, made to Nathaniel Butter, February 12, 1605: "If he get good allowance for the Interlude of King Henry VIII before he begins to print it, and then procure the wardens' hands to it for the entrance of it, he is to have the same for his copy." Had there been at that time no other dramatic performance on the subject of Henry the Eighth, this would indeed go far to prove, not that the play described by Sir Henry was not Shakespeare's, but that he was mistaken in calling it *new*. But it seems quite probable that the above-quoted entry relates to another play by Samuel Rowley, published in 1605, and entitled *When you see me you know me, or The Famous Chronicle History of King Henry the Eighth.*

The historical matter of this play, so far as relates to the fall of Wolsey and the divorcement of Katharine, was originally derived from George Cavendish, who was gentleman-usher to the great cardinal, and himself an eyewitness of much that he describes. His *Life of Master Wolsey* is among the best specimens extant of the older English literature; the narrative being set forth in a clear, simple, manly eloquence, which in some of his finest passages the Poet has almost literally transcribed. Whether his book had been published in Shakespeare's time, is un-

certain, but so much of it as fell within the plot of the drama had been embodied in the Chronicles of Holinshed and Stowe. That the Poet may have read it either in manuscript or in some unknown edition, is indeed possible: howbeit, the play yields no evidence of his having gone beyond the pages of the chronicler. We subjoin a pretty full statement of the matter as it stands in Holinshed; where the reader will be apt to feel a certain first-hand directness and spirit, as though the words had been caught and kept in all their racy freshness, as they fell from the original speakers.

In the summer of 1527, something over six years after the death of Buckingham, it began to be whispered in London, how the king had been told by Dr. Longland, bishop of Lincoln, and others, that his marriage with Katharine was not lawful; and how for that cause he was thinking to put her away, and marry the duchess of Alencon, sister to the king of France. Hearing that this rumor was going, the king sent for the mayor, and charged him to see that the people ceased from such talk. The next year, however, the trouble, which, it seems, had long been secretly brewing in the king's conscience touching that matter, broke out sure enough. Whether this doubt were first moved by the cardinal or by Longland, the king's confessor, at all events, in doubt he was; and therefore he resolved to have the case examined and cleared by sufficient authority. And, in truth, the blame of having cast this scruple into his mind was commonly laid upon Wolsey, because of his known hatred to the emperor, Charles V, who was nephew to Katharine, and who had refused him the archbishopric of Toledo, for which he was a suitor. Therefore he sought to procure a divorce, that Henry might be free to knit a fast friendship with the French king by marrying his sister. In pursuance of his resolution Henry wrote to Rome, desiring that a legate might be sent over to hear and determine the cause; and the consistory sent Cardinal Campeius, a man of great judgment and experience, with whom was joined the car-

dinal of York. Upon his coming, which was in October, 1528, the king, knowing that the queen was somewhat wedded to her opinion, and wishing her to do nothing without counsel, bade her choose the best clerks in his realm, and licensed them to do the best they could for her. She having made her selection, the great hall at Black-Friars was fixed upon and fitted up for the trial.

The court began its work on June 21, 1529. All things being ready, at the command of the scribe the crier called, "Henry, king of England, come into the court. With that the king answered, Here. Then called he, Katharine, queen of England, come into the court. Who made no answer, but rose out of her chair; and, because she could not come to the king directly for the distance between them, she went about by the court, and came to the king, kneeling down at his feet. Sir, quoth she, I desire you to do me justice and right, and take some pity upon me; for I am a poor woman, and a stranger, born out of your dominion, having here no indifferent counsel, and less assurance of friendship. Alas, sir, in what have I offended you, or what occasion of displeasure have I showed you, intending thus to put me from you? I take God to my judge, I have been to you a true and humble wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure, and being always contented with all things wherein you had any delight, whether little or much: without grudge or displeasure, I loved for your sake all them whom you loved, whether they were my friends or enemies. I have been your wife these twenty years and more, and you have had by me divers children. If there be any just cause that you can allege against me, either of dishonesty, or of matter lawful to put me from you, I am content to depart to my shame and rebuke: and if there be none, then I pray you to let me have justice at your hand. The king your father was in his time of excellent wit; and the king of Spain my father, Ferdinand, was reckoned one of the wisest princes that reigned in Spain many years before. It is not to be doubted, that they had gathered as wise

counselors unto them of every realm, who deemed the marriage between you and me good and lawful. Wherefore I humbly desire you to spare me, until I may know what counsel my friends in Spain will advise me to take; and if you will not, then your pleasure be fulfilled.

"Here is to be noted, that the queen in presence of the whole court most grievously accused the cardinal of untruth, deceit, and malice, which had sown dissension betwixt her and the king; and therefore openly protested that she did utterly abhor, refuse, and forsake such a judge, who was not only a malicious enemy to her, but also a manifest adversary to all right and justice: and therewith did she appeal unto the pope, committing her whole cause to be judged of him. With that she arose up, making a low courtesy to the king, and departed. The king, being advertised that she was ready to go out of the house, commanded the crier to call her again; who called, Katharine, queen of England, come into the court. With that quoth master Griffith, Madam, you be called again. On, on, quoth she; it maketh no matter: I will not tarry; go on your ways. And thus she departed, without any further answer at that time, or any other; and never would appear after in any court. The king, perceiving she was departed, said these words in effect: Forasmuch as the queen is gone, I will in her absence declare to you all, that she has been to me as true, as obedient, and as conformable a wife, as I would wish or desire. She hath all the virtuous qualities that ought to be in a woman: she is also surely noble born; her conditions well declare the same.

"With that quoth the cardinal, Sir, I most humbly require your highness to declare before all this audience, whether I have been the chief and first mover of this matter unto your majesty, or no; for I am greatly suspected herein. My lord cardinal, quoth the king, I can well excuse you in this matter; marry, you have been rather against me, than a setter-forward or mover of the same. The special cause that moved me was a scrupulosity that

pricked my conscience, upon certain words spoken by the bishop of Bayonne, the French ambassador, who had been hither sent upon the debating of a marriage between our daughter the lady Mary and the duke of Orleans. Upon the resolution and determination whereof, he desired respite to advertise the king his master, whether our daughter Mary should be legitimate, in respect of my marriage with this woman, being sometime my brother's wife. Which words within the secret bottom of my conscience engendered such a scrupulous doubt, whereby I thought myself to be greatly in danger of God's indignation; which appeared the rather, for that He sent us no issue male, and all such issue male as my wife had by me died incontinent after they came into the world.

"Thus my conscience being tossed in the waves of a scrupulous mind, it behooved me further to consider the state of this realm, and the danger it stood in for lack of a prince to succeed me. I thought it good in release of the weighty burden of my conscience to attempt the law therein, whether I may take another wife more lawfully, by whom God may send me more issue, and not for any misliking of the queen's person and age, with whom I would be as well contented, if our marriage may stand with the laws of God, as with any woman alive. In this point consisteth all that we now go about to try, by the wisdom of you, our prelates and pastors, to whose conscience and learning I have committed the charge and judgment. After that I perceived my conscience so doubtful, I moved it in confession to you, my lord of Lincoln, then ghostly father. And forasmuch as you were in some doubt, you moved me to ask the counsel of all these lords: whereupon I moved you, my lord of Canterbury, first to have your license to put this matter in question; and so I did of all you, my lords, which you granted under your seals. After that, the king rose up, and the court was adjourned till another day. The legates sat weekly, and every day were arguments brought in on both parts, and still they assayed if they could procure the

queen to call back her appeal, which she utterly refused to do. The king would gladly have had an end in the matter; but when the legates drove time, and determined no point, he conceived a suspicion, that this was of purpose that their doings might draw to no conclusion.

"Thus the court passed from session to session, till the king sent the two cardinals to the queen, who was then in Bridewell, to advise her to surrender the whole matter into the king's hands, which should be much better to her honor, than to stand to the trial of law. The cardinals being in the queen's chamber of presence, the gentleman-usher advertised the queen that they were come to speak with her. With that she rose up, and, with a skein of white thread about her neck, came into her chamber where they were attending. Quoth she, What is your pleasure with me? If it please your grace, quoth Cardinal Wolsey, to go into your privy chamber, we will show you the cause of our coming. My lord, quoth she, if ye have any thing to say, speak it openly before all these folk; for I fear nothing that ye can say against me, but I would all the world should hear and see it. Then began the cardinal to speak to her in Latin. Nay, good my lord, quoth she, speak to me in English. Forsooth, good madam, quoth the cardinal, we come to know your mind in this matter between the king and you, and to declare secretly our opinions and counsel unto you; which we do only for very zeal and obedience we bear unto your grace. My lord, quoth she, I thank you for your good will; but to make answer in your request I cannot so suddenly; for I was set among my maids at work, thinking full little of any such matter; wherein there needeth a longer deliberation, and a better head than mine: I need counsel in this case which toucheth me so near; and for any counsel or friendship that I can find in England, they are not for my profit. What think you, my lords, will any Englishman counsel me, or be friend to me against the king's pleasure? Nay, forsooth; as for my counsel, in whom I will put my trust, they be not here, they be in Spain, in my own coun-

try.—My lords, I am a poor woman, lacking wit to answer to any such noble persons of wisdom as you be, in so weighty a matter: therefore, I pray you, be good to me, destitute of friends here in a foreign region; and your counsel also I will be glad to hear. And therewith she took the cardinal by the hand, and led him into her privy chamber with the other cardinal; where they tarried a season, talking with the queen: which communication ended, they departed to the king, making to him relation of her talk."

All men now looked for a conclusion of the case the next day; but, when the time came, Campeius, instead of giving judgment, dissolved the court, saying that, as the defendant had appealed her cause to Rome, he could take no further action, but would lay all their proceedings before the pope, and abide by his decision; which delay was highly offensive to the king. Meanwhile Wolsey had been apprised that the king had set his heart upon Anne Boleyn, the queen's maid of honor. Foreseeing that if the divorce were granted the king would marry her, he set himself to defeat that match, which he thought was most of all to be avoided. The queen's appeal to Rome still pending, he sent letters and secret messengers, requesting the pope to defer judgment in the case till he could mold the king to his purpose. But his doings were not so secret but that the king got knowledge of them, and thereupon took so great displeasure that he resolved to abase the cardinal; which when the nobles perceived, they began to accuse him of such offenses as they knew could be proved, and, having drawn up certain articles, got divers of the king's council to set their hands to them. The king was now informed that what the cardinal had done in virtue of his legantine power fell under the statute of *præmunire*, and, a parliament being called, he caused his attorney to make out a writ to that effect. On November 17, 1529, he sent the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, requiring him to surrender the great seal, and retire to Asher, a house near Hampton-court, belonging to the bishopric of Winchester.

Wolsey refused to give up the seal without further proof of their authority, saying that the king had entrusted it to him for the term of his life, and confirmed the gift with letters-patent. After a great many words between them, the dukes went off without it, and returned the next day with a written order from the king; whereupon the cardinal yielded, made over his whole personal estate to the king, and threw himself entirely on his mercy.

So big was this great man's grief, that about Christmas he was taken down with a threatening fever. On hearing of his danger, the king exclaimed,—"God forbid that he should die! I would not lose him for twenty thousand pounds." He then forthwith sent three physicians to Asher, assured the sick man of his unabated attachment, and persuaded Anne Boleyn to send him a tablet of gold as a token of reconciliation. In the course of the winter Wolsey retired to his office as archbishop of York, the king having arrested the *præmunire* so far as to reserve him the revenues of that see and of Winchester. At this time many of his servants, the chief of whom was Thomas Cromwell, left his service, and entered the king's. It is said that he kept Easter at Peterborough, with a train of a hundred and sixty persons; and that "upon Maundy-Thursday he there had nine-and-fifty poor men, whose feet he washed, and gave every one twelve pence in money, three ells of good canvas, a pair of shoes, a cast of red herrings and three white herrings, and one of them had two shillings." By his great thoughts, gentle acts, and liberal and gracious deportment, he was winning the hearts of all about him; on which account his enemies, fearing he might yet reinstate himself, spared no efforts to complete his undoing. Accordingly, the following November, at his manor of Cawood, he was arrested for high treason by the earl of Northumberland. On his way to London he spent several days at Sheffield park with the earl of Shrewsbury, where he was taken very ill with a fever and a flux which greatly reduced his strength. There he was met by Kingston, constable of the Tower, to whom it had

been given in charge to conduct him to London. On first coming into his presence Kingston kneeled down; but he said,—"I pray you, stand up; kneel not to me; I am but a wretch replete with misery, utterly cast away." From thence he rode onward three days, by short and easy journeys, the flux continuing with great violence, till at length on the third day "he waxed so sick that he was almost fallen from his mule." After night-fall he came to Leicester abbey, where, at his coming, the abbot and all the convent went out to meet him with lighted torches, and received him with great honor; and he said,—"Father abbot, I am come hither to lay my bones among you." Having alighted, he immediately took his chamber and went to bed, where his sickness still increased. Three days after, "on Tuesday even, master Kingston came to him, and bade him good-morrow, for it was about six of the clock, and asked him how he did. Sir, quoth he, I tarry but the pleasure of God, to render up my poor soul into His hands. Not so, sir, quoth master Kingston; with the grace of God, ye shall live, and do very well, if ye will be of good cheer. Nay, in good sooth, master Kingston; my disease is such that I cannot live. Sir, quoth master Kingston, you be in much pensiveness, doubting that thing that in good faith ye need not. Well, well, master Kingston, quoth the cardinal; I see the matter how it is framed: but if I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, He would not have given me over in my gray hairs. But it is the just reward that I must receive for the pains and study I have had, to do him service, not regarding my service to God. When the clock struck eight he gave up the ghost, and departed this life; which caused some to call to remembrance how he said the day before, that at eight of the clock they should lose their master."

This was on November 29, 1530. The Poet, with fine dramatic effect, and without any prejudice to the essential truth of history, represents the death of Katharine as occurring shortly after, though in fact it did not occur till

January 8, 1536. In July, 1531, Katharine withdrew from the court, and took up her abode at Ampthill. Upon receiving from Henry an order to do thus, she replied that to whatever place she removed, nothing could remove her from being the king's wife. Long before this time the king had been trying to persuade Anne Boleyn to be a sort of left-handed wife to him; but an older sister of hers having already held such a place and had enough of it, she stood out, being resolved to be his right-handed wife, or none at all; and, as the queen still persisted in her appeal, she still held off till she should see more prospect of the divorce being carried through. In September, 1532, she was created marchioness of Pembroke, with a thousand pounds a year, to which as much more was added soon after; and at length the king was privately married to her January 25, following. Cranmer became archbishop of Canterbury the next March, and went directly about the business of the divorce; an act of parliament having been lately passed, forbidding appeals to Rome under the penalty of *præmunire*. The archbishop, assisted by four bishops and divers other learned men, held his court in May at Dunstable, about six miles from Ampthill, where Katharine was still residing. "There she was cited to appear before the archbishop in cause of matrimony, and at the day of appearance she appeared not, but made default; and so she was called peremptorily every day fifteen days together; and at the last, for lack of appearance, by the assent of all the learned men there present she was divorced from the king, and the marriage declared to be void and of none effect."

This was followed, in June, by the coronation of the new queen, and, in September, by the birth and christening of the Princess Elizabeth. Soon after the divorce, Katharine removed to Kimbolton, where, in the course of the next year, she had to digest the hard intelligence, how the cold-hearted ruffianism of Henry, no longer tempered by the eloquence of the great cardinal, nor awed by the virtue of the good queen, had broken forth upon her

friends, and sucked the righteous blood of Fisher and More. Well might the poor woman die of a broken heart! And so, in truth, she did: yet no threats or promises could induce her to forego the title of queen; neither would she allow herself to be addressed in any other style, though the king had put forth an order making it treason to give her any title but that of Princess Dowager. The story of her death is thus told by Holinshed: "The Princess Dowager, lying at Kimbolton, fell into her last sickness, whereof the king being advertised appointed the emperor's ambassador, named Eustachius Capucius, to visit her, and will her to be of good comfort. The ambassador with all diligence did his duty therein; but she within six days after, perceiving herself to wax very weak and feeble, and to feel death approaching, caused one of her gentlewomen to write a letter to the king, commending to him her daughter and his, beseeching him to stand good father unto her. Further, she desired him to have some consideration for her gentlewomen that had served her, and to see them bestowed in marriage; and that it would please him to appoint that her servants might have their due and a year's wages besides. This in effect was all she requested; and so immediately she departed this life, and was buried at Peterborough."

The fifth act of this play is remarkable in that it yields a further disclosure as to Shakespeare's reading. Some of the incidents and, in many cases, the very words are taken from Fox the Martyrologist, whose *Acts and Monuments of the Church*, first published in 1563, had grown to be a very popular book in the Poet's time.

And it is to be noted that the Poet has here again judiciously departed from the actual order of events. For the passage between Cranmer and the Privy Council took place in 1544, more than eleven years after the event with which the play closes. Of course the inherent adaptedness of the matter to a sound and legitimate stage-effect did not escape the Poet's eye; and he has certainly used it to that end with sufficient skill and judgment: but as

the design of the piece required that it should wind up with the birth and christening of Elizabeth, he had no way to avail himself of that matter, but by anticipating and drawing it back to an earlier period. Thus far we have only a principle of dramatic convenience for the transposition. But there is really a much deeper reason for it. For the passage in question yields the most forcible and pertinent instance of that steady support of Cranmer by the king, which was necessary to prepare the way for the final establishing of the Reformation on Elizabeth's coming to the crown. So that the matter is substantially connected with the ushering in of that new era in the national life, which was to form the chief strength and glory of her reign, and with the prevision of which the drama was to conclude. For it is manifest that the main interest of the drama, taken as a whole, culminates in that national renovation of mind and soul which was to take its beginnings from or along with the establishing of the Reformed Faith: a sort of prophetic forecast to this effect runs through the play as an undercurrent, now and then working up to the surface in hopeful and joyous anticipation; while the whole ends by projecting the thoughts forward into the far-off glories thence resulting. Thus we may see that the king's treatment of Cranmer, so aptly instanced in the passage with the Privy Council, stands in some sort as the original and cause of those mighty interests which are gathered up and concentrated in the closing scene: though later in time than the birth of Elizabeth, it was in true logical and historical antecedence to the manifold great events which were bound up with her life, and which are appropriately made the theme of exultation at her christening.

It is a question of no little interest how far, and in what sort, the Poet has in this play committed himself to the Reformation; if at all, whether more as a religious or as a national movement. He certainly shows a good mind towards Cranmer, but nothing can be justly inferred from this, for he shows the same quite as much towards Kath-

arine; and the king's real motives for putting her away are made plain enough: all which bespeaks a judicial calmness and evenness of mind, such as could not easily be won to any thing savoring of advocacy or special-pleading. There are, however, several expressions in the play, especially that in Cranmer's prophecy respecting Elizabeth,—"In her days God shall be truly known,"—that indicate pretty clearly on which side the Poet stood in the great ecclesiastical question of the time: though it may be plausibly, if not fairly, urged that in all these cases he does but make the persons speak in proper keeping with their characters and circumstances, without projecting any thing of his individuality into them, or practising any ventriloquism about them; thus maintaining the usual aloofness of himself, his opinions, tastes, preferences, from his representations. Not by any means that we should make or admit any question of the Poet's being what would now be called a Protestant. That he was most truly and most wisely such, is shown unmistakably, we think, by the general complexion and toning of the piece, which, by the way, is the only one of his plays wherein this issue enters into the very structure and life of the work. It can scarce be thought that any man otherwise minded would have selected and ordered the materials of a drama so manifestly with a view to celebrate the glories of Elizabeth's reign, all the main features thereof being identified with that interest by foes as well as friends. But whether he were made such more by religious or by national sympathies, is another question, and one not to be decided so easily. For the honor and the liberties of England were then so held to be bound up with that cause, that the Poet's sound, sterling, honest English heart and the strong current of patriotic sentiment that flowed through his veins were enough of themselves to pledge him to it, and to secure it his enthusiastic and unreserved allegiance. That there was, practically, no breath for the stout, lusty nationality of old England but in the atmosphere of the Reformation, left no choice to such a downright,

thorough-paced Englishman as Shakespeare everywhere approves himself. So that all does but set off the Poet's equanimity in giving to each of the characters their due, and in letting them speak without fear or favor for themselves. That, in his view, they could best serve his ends by freely pursuing their own, is of course the best possible proof that his ends were right.

The main idea of this play, that whereon the grouping of the persons and the casting of the parts are made to proceed, is announced in the Prologue, thus:

> "You see them great,
> And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat
> Of thousand friends; then in a moment see
> How soon this mightiness meets misery."

Here we have the key-note of the whole, that which draws and tempers the several particulars into consistency and harmony of effect. Accordingly the interest turns on a series of sudden and most affecting reverses. One after another the mighty are humbled and the lofty laid low, their prosperity being strained to a high pitch, as if on purpose to deepen their plunge, just when they have reached the summit with their hearts built up and settled to the height of their rising, and when the wheel of Fortune seems fast locked, with themselves at the top. First, we have the princely Buckingham in the full-blown pride of talents and station; made insolent and presumptuous by success; losing his self-control by the very elevation that renders it most needful; putting forth those leaves of hope which, as they express the worst parts of himself, of course provoke the worst parts of others, and so invite danger while blinding him to its approach: so that all things within and around him are thus made ripe for his final upsetting and ruin. Next, we have the patient and saintly Katharine sitting in state with the king, all that she can ask being given ere she asks it, sharing half his power, and appearing most worthy of it when most free to use it: she sees blessings flowing from her hand to the

people, and the honor and happiness of the nation reviving as she pleads for them; and her state seems secure, because it stands on nothing but virtue, and aims at nothing but the good of all within her reach, and because of her simple modesty and uprightness which no flatteries can surprise or beguile: yet even now the hypocritical king is cherishing in secret the passion that has already supplanted her from his heart, and his base crafty mind is plotting the means of divorcing her from his side; while at the same time he is weaving about her such a net of intrigue and conspiracy as may render her virtues, her very strength and beauty of character, powerless in her behalf, so that before she feels the meditated wrong all chance of redress is foreclosed. Then we have the overgreat cardinal who, from his plenitude of inward forces, cuts his way and carries himself upward over whatsoever offers to stop him; who walks most securely when dangers are thickest, and is sure to make his purpose so long as there is any thing to hinder him, because he has the gift of turning all that would thwart him into the ministry of a new strength; whose cunning hand quietly steals and gathers in from others the elements of power, because he best knows how to use it and wherein the secret of it lies; who at length has the king for his pupil and dependent, because his strange witchcraft of tongue is never at loss for just the right word at just the right time; and gets the keeping and control of his will, because he alone has the wit to make a way for it: yet his very power of rising against all opposers serves, apparently, but to aggravate and assure his fall, when there is no further height for him to climb; and he at last, by his own mere oversight and oblivion, loses all he has gained, because he has nothing more to gain.

Yet in all these cases, because the persons have their greatness inherent, and not adventitious, therefore they carry it with them in their reverses; or rather, in seeming to lose it, they augment it. For it is then seen, as it could not be before, that the greatness which was in their

circumstances only served to cripple or obscure that which was in themselves; their nobler and better qualities shining out afresh when they are brought low, so that from their fall we learn the real causes of their rising. Buckingham is something more and better than the gifted and accomplished nobleman, when he stands before us unpropped and simply as "poor Edward Bohun"; his innate nobility being set free by the hard discipline of adversity, and his mind falling back on its naked self for the making good his title to respect. And Wolsey towers far above the all-powerful cardinal and chancellor who "bore his blushing honors thick upon him," when, stripped of every thing that fortune and favor can give or take away, he bestows his great mind in parting counsel upon Cromwell; when he comes, "an old man broken with the storms of state," to beg "a little earth for charity"; and when

> "His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
> For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
> And found the blessedness of being little."

Nor is the change in our feelings towards them, after their fall, merely an effect passing within ourselves: it proceeds in part upon a real disclosure and outcoming of somewhat in them that was before hidden or stifled beneath the superinducings of place and circumstance; it is the seeing what they really are, and not merely the considering what they have lost, that now moves us to do them reverence. For those elements which, stimulated into an usurped predominance by the subtly-working drugs of flattery and pride, before made them hateful and repulsive, are now overmastered by the stronger elements of good that have their dwelling in them. And because this real and true exaltation springs up as the natural consequence of their overthrow, therefore it is that from the ruins of their fallen state the Poet builds "such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow."

Katharine, it is true, so nobly meek, so proudly submissive, maintains the same simple, austere, and solid sweet-

ness of mind and manners through all the changes of fortune. Yet she, too, rises by her humiliation and is made perfect by suffering, if not in herself, at least to us; for it gives her full sway over those deeper sympathies which are necessary to a just appreciation of the profound and venerable beauty of her character. She has neither great nor brilliant parts; and of this she is herself aware, for she knows herself most thoroughly; yet she is truly great, —and this is the only truth about her which she does not know, and that, because she will not,—from the wonderful symmetry and composure wherein all the elements of her being stand and move together: so that she presents a very remarkable instance of greatness in the whole, with the absence of it in the parts. How clear and piercing and exact her judgment and discrimination! yet we scarce know whence it comes, or how. She exemplifies, more than any other of Shakespeare's historical portraits, the working

> "Of that fine sense, which to the pure in heart,
> By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,
> Reveals the approach of evil."

Not a little of the awe with which we justly regard her seems owing to the fact, or rather, perhaps, the impression we take, that she sees through her husband perfectly, yet never in the least betrays to him, and hardly owns to herself, what mean and wicked qualities she knows or feels to be in him. It is not possible to overstate her simple artlessness of mind, yet her simplicity is of such a texture and make as to be an overmatch for all the resources of unscrupulous cunning by which she is beset. Her betrayers, with all their dark craft, can neither keep from her the secret of their thoughts, nor turn her knowledge of it into any blemish of her innocence; and she is as brave to face and even to outface their purpose, as she is penetrating to discover it. And when her resolution is fixed, that "nothing but death shall e'er divorce her dignities," it is not, and we feel it is not, that she anywise over-val-

ues the accidents of her position, or holds them for one iota more than they are worth; the reverse of this is rather true: but to her they are the necessary symbols of her honor as a wife, and the inseparable garments of her delicacy as a woman; and as such, (to say nothing how her thoughts of duty, of ancestral reverence, and of self-respect, are associated with them,) they have so grown in with her life, that she cannot part with them and live. Moreover, many hard, hard trials have made her conscious of her sterling virtue; she has borne too much, and borne it too well, to be ignorant what she is, and how much better things she has deserved; she knows, as she alone can know, that patience has had its perfect work with her: and this knowledge of her most solid and true worth, so sorely tried, so fully proved, enhances to her sense the insult and wrong that are put upon her, and make them eat like rust into her soul; in short, her one absorbing sentiment is that of the profoundest grief at meeting with such hardhearted injustice and indignity, where she had done and suffered so much to make good her claims as a woman and a wife.

One instance deserves to be specially noted, where by the peculiar use of a single word the Poet illustrates very pregnantly, how Katharine "guides her words with discretion," and at the same time makes her suggest the long and hard ordeal of temper and judgment which she has nobly stood through. It is in the conversation that passes between her and the two cardinals, when they come to visit her at Bridewell:

> "Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
> One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,
> And to that woman, when she has done most,
> Yet will I add an honor,—*a great patience.*"

How much more is here understood to be meant than is allowed to meet the ear! By the cautious and well-guarded, but prolific hint conveyed in the words italicized, the mind is thrown back and set at work upon the long

course of trials she has suffered, yet still kept her suffering secret, lest the knowledge thereof should defeat the hope that has possession of her heart; with what considerate forbearance and reserve she has borne with and struggled against the worst parts of her husband's character; how she has wisely and thoughtfully ignored his base and cruel sins against her, that so she might still keep in action with him the proper motives to amendment; thus endeavoring by conscientious art and policy to make the best that could be out of his strong, but hard, selfish, groveling nature. And yet all this is so intimated as not to compromise the quick and apprehensive delicacy which befits her relation to him, and belongs to her character.

The scope of the suggestion in hand is well shown by a passage in the *Life of Wolsey*, referring to things that took place some time before the question of divorce was openly broached. The writer, having just spoken of Anne Boleyn's "privy grudge" against the cardinal for breaking the contract between Lord Percy and her, goes on thus: "But after she knew the king's pleasure and the bottom of his secret stomach, then she began to look very haughty and stout, lacking no manner of jewels or rich apparel that might be gotten for money. It was therefore judged bye-and-bye through the court of every man, that she being in such favor might work masteries with the king, and obtain any suit of him for her friend. All this while, it is no doubt but good Queen Katharine, having this gentlewoman daily attending upon her, both heard by report and saw with her eyes how it framed against her good ladyship: although she showed neither unto Mistress Anne Boleyn nor unto the king any kind or spark of grudge or displeasure; but accepted all things in good part, and with wisdom and great patience dissembled the same, having Mistress Anne in more estimation for the king's sake, than she was before; declaring herself to be a very perfect Grissel, as her patient acts shall hereafter more evidently be declared."

As regards the characterization of this play, perhaps

there need nothing further be said; though there is much more that would well bear dwelling upon. Taken altogether, its most note-worthy feature seems to lie in combining a very strict adherence to history with the Poet's peculiar mode of conceiving and working out character; thus showing that his creative powers could have all the freedom they desired under the severest laws of actual truth. The portrait of Henry, considering all the circumstances in which it was drawn, is a remarkable piece of work, being no less true to the original than politic as regards the author; for the cause which Henry had been made to serve, though against his will and from the very rampancy of his vices, had rendered it a long and hard process for the nation to see him as he was. His ferocious, low-minded ruffianism is set forth without palliation or disguise, yet with such simplicity of dealing as if the Poet himself were scarce aware of it: yet when one of the speakers is made to say of the king,—"His conscience has crept too near another lady,"—it is manifest that Shakespeare understood his character perfectly. His little traditional peculiarities of manner, which would be ridiculous, but that his boisterous savageness of temper renders them dreadful, so that they move disgust and terror at the same time; and the mixture of hypocrisy and fanaticism which endeavors to misderive his bad passions, his cruelty and lust, from divine sources, thus making Heaven responsible for the devil that is in him, and in the strength of which he is enabled to believe a lie, even while he knows it is a lie, and because he wishes it true;—all these things are shown up without malignity indeed, but without mercy too; the Poet nowhere betraying any the least judgment or leaning either for or against him, insomuch as almost to leave it doubtful whether himself disapproved of what he was showing. The secret of all which is, that Shakespeare does not expressly and as from himself draw and mold the king's character, but, in his usual way, allows him freely to characterize himself by his own words and deeds.

And in the brief but searching delineation of Anne Boleyn there is drawn together the essence of a long history. With little or nothing in her of a substantive or positive nature one way or the other; with scarce any legitimate object-matter of respect or confidence, she is notwithstanding rather an amiable person; possessed with a girlish fancy and hankering for the vain pomps and fripperies of state, but having no sense of its duties and dignities. She has a kindly and pitiful heart, but is so void of womanly principle and delicacy as to be from the first evidently flattered and elated by those royal benevolences, which to any just sensibility of honor would minister nothing but humiliation and shame. She has a real and true pity for the good queen; but her pity goes altogether on false grounds; and she shows by the very terms of it her eager and uneasy longing after what she scarcely more fears than hopes the queen is about to lose. She strikes infinitely below the true grounds and sources of Katharine's noble sorrow, and that in such a way as to indicate her utter inability to reach or conceive them; and thus serves to set off and enhance the deep and solid character of her of whose sole truth is not so much a quality, as it is the very substance and essential form; and who, from the serene and steady light thence shining within her, much rather than from any acuteness or strength of intellect, is enabled to detect the crooked policy and duplicity which are playing their engines about her. For, as Mrs. Jameson justly observes, this thorough honesty and integrity of heart, this perfect truth in the inward parts, is as hard to be deceived, as it is incapable of deceiving. We can well imagine, that with those of the Poet's audience who had any knowledge of English history, and many of them no doubt had much, the delineation of Anne, broken off, as it is, at the height of her fortune, must needs have sent their thoughts forward to reflect how the self-same levity of character, which lifted her into Katharine's place, soon afterwards drew on herself a far more sudden and terrible reverse than had overtaken those on whose ruins she

had risen. And indeed some such thing may be needful, in order to excuse the Poet, on the score of art, for not carrying out the truth of history from seed-time to harvest, or at least indicating the consummation of that whereof he so faithfully unfolds the beginnings. For, that the play is historically true so far as it goes, strengthens the reason for that completeness which enters into the proper idea of historical truth.

Nevertheless, the moral effect of the play is very impressive and very just. And the lesson evolved, so far as it can be gathered into generalities, may be said to stand in showing how sorrow makes sacred the wearer, and how, to our human feelings, suffering, if borne with true dignity and strength of soul, covers a multitude of sins; or, to carry out this point with more special reference to Katharine, the lesson is stated by Mrs. Jameson, with her usual felicity, to consist in illustrating how, by the union of perfect truth with entire benevolence of character, a queen and heroine of tragedy, though "stripped of all the pomp of place and circumstance," and without any of "the usual sources of poetical interest, as youth, beauty, grace, fancy, commanding intellect, could depend on the moral principle alone, to touch the very springs of feeling in our bosoms, and melt and elevate our hearts through the purest and holiest impulses."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

KATHARINE

Dr. Johnson observed that the genius of Shakspere comes in and goes out with Queen Katharine. What then chiefly interested the dramatist in this designed and partly accomplished *Henry VIII?* The presence of a noble sufferer,—one who was grievously wronged, and who by a plain loyalty to what is faithful and true, by a disinterestedness of soul, and enduring magnanimity, passes out of all passion and personal resentment into the reality of things, in which much indeed of pain remains, but no ignoble wrath or shallow bitterness of heart. Her earnest endeavor for the welfare of her English subjects is made with fearless and calm persistence in the face of Wolsey's opposition. It is integrity and freedom from self-regard set over against guile, and power, and pride. In her trial-scene the indignation of Katharine flashes forth against the Cardinal, but is an indignation which unswervingly progresses towards and penetrates into the truth.—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

With all his desire to please his royal mistress, Shakspeare has yet never once depreciated the virtues of the good Queen Katharine, or drawn a veil over her injuries. He has made her the most prominent, as well as the most amiable, sufferer in his drama; and, in thus closely adhering to the truth of history, he pays a silent tribute to the liberality of Elizabeth, more worth than all his warmest eulogiums.—Inchbald, *King Henry VIII* in *The British Theatre.*

KATHARINE AND ANNE BULLEN

The two female characters between whom Henry is placed betray the same masterly manner of dramatic delineation, although one is a mere sketch. Katharine is a touching model of womanly virtue and gentleness, of conjugal devotion and love, and of Christian patience in defenseless suffering. She is surrounded by the most virtuous company; her enemy is compelled to praise in her a "disposition gentle" and a "wisdom o'ertopping woman's power." She has never done evil which must seek concealment; she was incapable of calumny and injury. Only when a natural instinct provokes her against an artful intriguer, to whom, while led away by his ambition, virtue is a folly, and when she has to take poor subjects under her protection against oppression, then only does her virtue impart to her a sting, which, however, never transgresses the limits of womanly refinement. She loves her husband "with that excellence that angels love good men with"; almost bigoted in her love, she dreams of no joy beyond his pleasure; he himself testifies to her that she was never opposed to his wishes, that she was of wife-like government, commanding in obeying; all his caprices she bore with the most saint-like patience. To see herself divorced from him after twenty years of happiness is a load of sorrow which only the noblest of women can bear with dignity and resignation; to descend from the high position of queen is moreover painful to the royal Spaniard. But she is ready to lead a life of seclusion in homely simplicity, and to bless her faithless, cruel husband even to the hour of her death. Her soul had remained beautiful upon the throne, in her outward degradation it was more beautiful still; she goes to the grave reconciled with her true enemy and destroyer. Johnson has ranked her death scene as above any scene in any other poet; so much was he impressed with its profound effect, unaided by romantic contrivance, and apart from all unnatural bursts of poetic lamentation and the ebullitions of stormy sorrow. *One*

womanly weakness the poet (in obedience to history) has imputed to her even to the brink of the grave: even in the hour of death, and after she has indeed seen heaven open, she clings to the royal honor which belongs to her. The poet indicates in Anne Bullen the counterpart to this weakness. He has portrayed this "fresh-fish," the rising queen, only from a distance, he has rather declared than exhibited her beauty, her loveliness, and chastity, her completeness in mind and feature; he does not attempt to enlist us excessively in her favor, when he exhibits her so merry in the society of a Sands; moreover, all place greater stress upon the blessing which is to descend from her than upon herself. The introductory scene makes us believe that she is as free from ambitious views as she asserts; her conversation indeed with the court lady convinces us as little as the former that she could not reconcile herself to splendid honors when they were laid upon her. We see her not as queen, but we see her self-love flattered so far that we can well divine that, raised out of her lowly position, she would play the part of queen as well as Katharine did that of a domestic woman.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

ANNE

What was the real position of Anne now in the midst of all these stirring events? Shakespeare's portrait of her in the two scenes (aside from the coronation) in which she is introduced has all the delicacy of a rare water-color, daintily washed in. Before the subject of Katharine's divorce is touched upon, the poet with his dramatic instinct presents Anne to his audience at one of the fashionable masques of the time, in Wolsey's house, where she meets the king by poetic license for the first time. The meaning is to convey, subtly and without offense to Henry's memory, the well-known fact that the king had long known and paid his royal attention to Anne. Perhaps there was here a delicate reference to the often-referred-to fact, that although Anne accepted favors from the royal hand in the

shape of titles and estates, she bestowed none in return until as a lawful wife she could with honor. Such an inference could not fail to be gratefully received by Anne's daughter, and Shakespeare among his other talents possessed those of an accomplished courtier.—WARNER, *English History in Shakespeare's Plays.*

The scene in which Anna Bullen is introduced as expressing her grief and sympathy for her royal mistress is exquisitely graceful.

> Here's the pang that pinches:
> His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
> So good a lady, that no tongue could ever

How completely, in the few passages appropriated to Anna Bullen, is her character portrayed! with what a delicate and yet luxuriant grace is she sketched off, with her gaiety and her beauty, her levity, her extreme mobility, her sweetness of disposition, her tenderness of heart, and, in short, all her *femalities!* How nobly has Shakspeare done justice to the two women, and heightened our interest in both, by placing the praises of Katherine in the mouth of Anna Bullen! and how characteristic of the latter, that she should first express unbounded pity for her mistress, insisting chiefly on her fall from her regal state and worldly pomp, thus betraying her own disposition—

> For she that had all the fair parts of woman,
> Had, too, a woman's heart, which ever yet
> Affected eminence, wealth, and sovereignty.

That she should call the loss of temporal pomp, once enjoyed, "a sufferance equal to soul and body's severing"; that she should immediately protest that she would not herself be a queen—"No, good troth! not for all the riches under heaven!"—and not long afterwards ascend without reluctance that throne and bed from which her royal mistress had been so cruelly divorced!—how natural! The portrait is not less true and masterly than that of Katherine; but the character is overborne by the superior moral

firmness and intrinsic excellence of the latter. That we may be more fully sensible of this contrast, the beautiful scene just alluded to immediately precedes Katherine's trial at Blackfriars, and the description of Anna Bullen's triumphant beauty at her coronation, is placed immediately before the dying scene of Katherine; yet with equal good taste and good feeling Shakspeare has constantly avoided all personal collision between the two characters; nor does Anna Bullen ever appear as queen except in the pageant of the procession.—JAMESON, *Shakspeare's Heroines.*

WOLSEY

Wolsey is Shakespeare's most elaborate picture, and he has many, of the arrogant, scheming and unchristian churchman. The strongest lines mark his duplicity of act and word, his envy, malice and pitilessness against Buckingham, Catharine, Pace or Bullen—the dim-burning light that with off-hand severity he would snuff out; and yet so soon as his own ruin explodes he turns upon those who triumph in his fall, some like Surrey not without good excuse, and taxes them indignantly with envy and malice, —their ignorance of truth,—he who so often had profaned his gift of ingratiating language to betray,—with shameful want of manners, thus imputing the faults with which he of all others is most chargeable. Yet strange to say in all this seeming impudent self-assertion he is already becoming more truthful. His defenselessness comes bitterly home to him, and he grasps about wildly and eagerly for those weapons and the armor, that would bestead him in such need; and as he vainly searches in his soul for the resources he has forfeited he becomes conscious of his past and irreparable improvidence. Relieved from the obstructions of place and power, he soon sees with clear eye from what quarter might have come entire protection against, or compensation for any danger, and any insult and fall. The very features of the vices he has been practising are reflected before him in the ex-

ultation of the enemies who have leapt into his position, and with sudden pang he notes and hates their despicableness in himself. Such is the process of the purification of his mind, and the sign of it is that the taunts of the nobles have their effect in composing his mind rather than agitating or irritating it. In a bright outburst of moral enlightenment we note the refreshment and very rejuvenescence of the soul, which Shakespeare is our warrant may truly come over the corrupt,—the criminal. No repentance will ever undo and reverse the full consequence of wrong, for the better life of the man may sigh as vainly to recover the misused capacities and opportunities of youth and boyhood as their lost hours; yet is not the great Order merciless, nor are they dreamers and deceivers of the fanatical who tell that it remains for the wrong-doer—who shall set a limit and say how heinously guilty—to arrive by whatever providential process at a newness of heart that places him in completest opposition to his former self, gives him the sense of triumph over his own former errors and enables him,—the test of sincerity at last, to conquer self in the future, and to find happiness in promoting happiness entirely independent of his own temporal success, and even at the expense of it.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

INACCURACIES OF THE PLAY

This very glorification of the House of Tudor has led him [Shakspeare] to commit offenses against historical truth in a way that he should not have done, because they are so many offenses against poetical beauty and the laws of dramatic art. Shakspeare has, it is true, not spared Henry's character: he appears everywhere as the obstinate, capricious, selfish and heartless man that he was—a slave to his favorites and to his passions. That Shakspeare has not *expressly* described him as such, that he has rather characterized him tacitly through his own actions, and no doubt sedulously pushed his good points into the fore-

ground, could not—without injustice—have been expected otherwise from a national poet who wrote in the reign of Henry's daughter, the universally honored Elizabeth. Further, that he does not describe Anne Boleyn exactly as she was—she who, indeed, at first rejected Henry's advances, but afterwards lived with him in adultery for three years—is also excusable, seeing that she was Elizabeth's mother, and her doings had not in Shakspeare's time been fully disclosed, at all events they were not publicly narrated in the Chronicles and popular histories.

Some inaccuracies may be left out of consideration; for instance, that the opinions expressed by the most eminent theologians in regard to Henry's divorce were not in his favor, and that Thomas Cranmer was not quite the noble, amiable Christian character he is here represented. These are secondary circumstances which the poet was free to dispose of as he pleased. But one point, where he certainly is open to censure, is, that he has not given us a *full* and *complete* account of the lives of Henry and Anne, but simply a portion of their history; the representation therefore becomes untrue from an *ideal* point of view as well. Not only does this offend the justice which proceeds from human thought, but it likewise offends poetical justice. Moreover, it is opposed to the true and actual justice of history when a man like Henry—the slave to his selfish caprice, lusts and passions, the play-ball in the hands of such a favorite as the ambitious, revengeful, intriguing Wolsey—a man who condemns the Duke of Buckingham to death without cause or justice, and who for his own low, sensual desires repudiates his amiable, pious, and most noble consort, whose only fault is a pardonable pride in her true majesty—when, I repeat, such a man is rewarded for his heavy transgressions with the hand of the woman he loves and by the birth of a fortunate child; and again, when we see Anne Boleyn—who even in the drama seems burdened with a grievous sin, inasmuch as she forces herself into the place belonging to the unjustly banished Queen—leave the stage simply as the happy, extolled

mother of such a child, and in the full enjoyment of her unlawful possession. This is *not* the course taken by *history*. We know, and it was always well known, that Henry died while still in the prime of life and after much suffering, in consequence of his excessive dissipations—a wreck in body as well as in mind; we know, and it can never have been a secret, that Anne, after a short period of happiness, and not altogether unjustly, ended her frivolous life in prison, into which she was thrown at her own husband's command.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

THE PIECEMEAL CHARACTER

The piecemeal character of the play is set forth in the Prologue; comedy will be excluded (yet the comic element appears in the persons of the "Old Lady" and the Porter); but there will be occasion, it tells us, for pity, for the belief in truth, and for the delight in pageantry; in other words, the tragedy will be spoilt by history, and spectacular display will come to the rescue of both. As with the play, so with the characters; there is no leading character because there is no leading drama; Henry is variously and fitfully drawn, chiefly because the artist must devote his best time and pains to the canvas of Katherine; except perhaps at the close we are left in doubt as to whether he is noble or ignoble, a hero or a tyrant. Much the same may be said of Wolsey, Buckingham, and Anne Bullen; all this, however, is of less consequence as we possess the perfect picture of Katherine.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

LACK OF UNITY

As a whole, for all its splendors, the play has no kind of unity, and is rather a pageant than a drama. The texture is often thin, rhetorical, and vague to an extent almost incredible in the creator of *The Tempest.* Neither the tragedy of Wolsey nor that of the Queen is fully

worked out, while the ending is feeble and inconsequent. The last act has, in fact, no relations to those preceding it, and very little interest of any kind.—SECCOMBE AND ALLEN, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

THE STYLE OF THE DRAMA

We have a few words to add on the style of this drama. It is remarkable for the elliptical construction of many of the sentences, and for an occasional peculiarity in the versification, which is not found in any other of Shakspere's works. The Roman plays, decidedly amongst the latest of his productions, possess a colloquial freedom of versification which in some cases approaches almost to ruggedness. But in the *Henry VIII* this freedom is carried much farther. We have repeated instances in which the lines are so constructed that it is impossible to read them with the slightest pause at the end of each line:—the sentence must be run together, so as to produce more the effect of measured prose than of blank-verse. As an example of what we mean we will write a sentence of fourteen lines as if it had been printed as prose:—

"Hence I took a thought this was a judgment on me; that my kingdom, well worthy the best heir of the world, should not be gladdened in 't by me: Then follows, that I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in by this my issue's fail: and that gave to me many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in the wild sea of my conscience, I did steer toward this remedy, whereupon we are now present here together; that is to say, I meant to rectify my conscience,—which I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—by all the reverend fathers of the land, and doctors learn'd."

If the reader will turn to the passage (Act II, sc. iv) he will see that many of the lines end with particles, and that scarcely one of the lines is marked by a pause at the termination. Many other passages could be pointed out by this peculiarity. A theory has been set up that Jonson "tampered" with the versification. We hold this notion to be utterly untenable; for there is no play of Shakspere's

which has a more decided character of unity—no one from which any passage could be less easily struck out. We believe that Shakspere worked in this particular upon a principle of art which he had proposed to himself to adhere to, wherever the nature of the scene would allow. The elliptical construction, and the license of versification, brought the dialogue, whenever the speaker was not necessarily rhetorical, closer to the language of common life. Of all his historical plays, the *Henry VIII* is the nearest in its story to his own times. It professed to be a "truth." It belongs to his own country. It has no poetical indistinctness about it, either of time or place: all is defined. If the diction and the versification had been more artificial it would have been less a reality.—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakespeare.*

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF KING HENRY VIII

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

King Henry *the Eighth*
Cardinal Wolsey
Cardinal Campeius
Capucius, *Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V*
Cranmer, *Archbishop of Canterbury*
Duke of Norfolk
Duke of Buckingham
Duke of Suffolk
Earl of Surrey
Lord Chamberlain
Lord Chancellor
Gardiner, *Bishop of Winchester*
Bishop of Lincoln
Lord Abergavenny
Lord Sands
Sir Henry Guildford
Sir Thomas Lovell
Sir Anthony Denny
Sir Nicholas Vaux
Secretaries to Wolsey
Cromwell, *Servant to Wolsey*
Griffith, *Gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine*
Three Gentlemen
Doctor Butts, *Physician to the King*
Garter King-at-Arms
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham
Brandon, and a Sergeant-at-Arms
Door-keeper at the Council-chamber. Porter, and his Man
Page to Gardiner. A Crier

Queen Katharine, *wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced*
Anne Bullen, *her Maid of Honor, afterwards Queen*
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen
Patience, *woman to Queen Katharine*

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants

Spirits

Scene: *London, Westminster; Kimbolton*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Henry VIII has returned from France and from his interview with the king of that country on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The Duke of Buckingham quarrels with Cardinal Wolsey, the lord chancellor, and the cardinal has the Duke arrested, charged with high treason. A great court supper is given by Wolsey at his palace in York place. The king and his lords attend in masks and habited like shepherds. The beauty, grace, and wit of Anne Bullen, maid of honor to Queen Katharine, greatly attracts the king.

ACT II

Buckingham is tried, and from the testimony of bribed witness, is found guilty of high treason and condemned to death. The king's conscience begins to trouble him, for he had married his brother's widow, and he consults Wolsey as to whether he should divorce her. The queen is brought to public trial, with Wolsey and another cardinal as judges. She refuses to accept Wolsey as her judge, believing the king's desire to divorce her to be a scheme of Wolsey's to rid himself of her influence over the king. She appeals to the Pope.

ACT III

Suddenly Wolsey sees why Henry wishes to put away Katharine—he desires to marry Anne Bullen. The cardinal writes a letter to the Pope, which miscarries and falls into the king's hand, along with an inventory of

Wolsey's property, most of which he had accumulated by appropriating to himself a great deal of the money raised by taxation. The king, angry at Wolsey's treachery, takes from him all of his civil offices and declares all his goods, lands, tenements, chattels, and whatever to be forfeited. In the meantime, the king has obtained from Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, an opinion on his divorce favorable to his own views, has put away the queen, and has secretly married Anne Bullen.

ACT IV

Cardinal Wolsey is arrested charged with high treason, but dies before his trial. Shortly after Queen Katharine dies. The coronation of Anne takes place with great pomp and magnificence. Cranmer anoints her queen.

ACT V

Cranmer's favor with the king arouses the jealousy of some powerful nobles. They plot his downfall and bring him to trial. They are about to send him to the Tower when the king enters and orders his release and asks him to christen Anne's daughter, Elizabeth. This he does and prophesies that "peace, plenty, love, truth, terror," shall all be servants of this royal infant in the days to come.

ENGLAND
At the time of the Reformation
to illustrate
HENRY VIII.
English Miles
0 25 50 100
SCOTLAND
Berwick
Northumberland
Carlisle
Durham
York
Lincoln
St. Asaph
Chester
WALES
Stafford
Leicester
NORFOLK
Norwich
Kimbolton
Ely
Northampton
SUFFOLK
Ipswich
Hereford
Ampthill
Buckingham
Dunstable
Oxford
Hertford
Abergavenny
Gloucester
St. Alban
LONDON
Tower
Westminster
Hampton Court
Greenwich
Canterbury
Sandwich
Rochester
Dover
Pembroke
Bath
Wells
Salisbury
Winchester
SURREY
Hythe
Calais
Romney
Chichester
Hastings
Guines
DORSET
FRANCE
54
52
50
6
4
2
0
2

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF

KING HENRY VIII

THE PROLOGUE

I come no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I 'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,

3. *"high and working";* Staunton reads *"and high-working."*—I. G.

12. *"shilling";* the usual price for a seat on or next the stage.—I. G.

16. *"a long motley coat";* the professional garb of the fool or jester.—I. G.

Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains and the opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend, 21
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat

19. *"As fool and fight";* "This is not the only passage," says Johnson, "in which Shakespeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men, with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army; and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all opinion of truth, and leave him never an understanding friend." The Prologue, partly on the strength of this passage, has been by some ascribed to Ben Jonson. It certainly accords well with what he says in the prologue to *Every Man in his Humour,* though this nowise infers the conclusion some would draw from it:

"Though need make many poets, and some such
As art and nature have not better'd much;
Yet ours for want hath not so lov'd the stage,
As he dare serve the ill customs of the age;
To make a child, now swaddled, to proceed
Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
Past threescore years; or, *with three rusty swords,*
And help of some few foot and half-foot words,
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars.—H. N. H.

21. The line is either to be taken as a parenthesis, *"that"* referring to *"opinion"* (= reputation); or as following directly on *"opinion," i. e.* "the reputation we bring of making what we represent strictly in accordance with truth."—I. G.

Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And if you can be merry then, I 'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT FIRST

Scene I

London. An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door; at the other, the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Abergavenny.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since last we saw in France?
Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

1. *"Enter the Duke of Norfolk,"* etc.; Thomas Howard, the present duke of Norfolk, is the same person who figures as earl of Surrey in King Richard III. His father's rank and titles, having been lost by the part he took with Richard, were restored to him by Henry VIII in 1514, soon after his great victory over the Scots at Flodden. His wife was Anne, third daughter of Edward IV, and so, of course, aunt to the king. He died in 1525, and was succeeded by his son Thomas, earl of Surrey. The Poet, however, continues them as duke and earl to the end of the play; at least he does not distinguish between them and their successors.—Edward Stafford, the Buckingham of this play, was son to Henry, the Buckingham of King Richard III. The father's titles and estates, having been declared forfeit and confiscate by Richard, were restored to the son by Henry VII in the first year of his reign, 1485. In descent, in wealth, and in personal gifts, the latter was the most illustrious nobleman in the court of Henry VIII. In the record of his arraignment and trial he is termed, says Holinshed, "the floure and mirror of all courtesie." His oldest daughter, Elizabeth, was married to the earl of Surrey; Mary, his youngest, to George Neville, Lord Abergavenny.—H. N. H.

Buck. 'An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.
Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde;
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they 'lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four throned ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.
Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its. To-day the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain India: every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were

6. *"Those suns of glory"; i. e.* Francis I, King of France, and Henry VIII, King of England; Ff. 3, 4 read *"sons."*—I. G.

7. *"the vale of Andren." "'Twixt Guynes and Arde."* Guynes, a town in Picardy belonging to the English; Arde, a town in Picardy belonging to the French; the vale of Andren between the two towns was the scene of the famous "Field of the Cloth of Gold."—I. G.

17. *"Became the next day's master";* taught and transmitted its triumphs to the next day.—C. H. H.

As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labor
Was to them as a painting: now this masque
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in luster, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye
Still him in praise; and being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one, and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns—
For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds challenged
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believed.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honor honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;
Order gave each thing view; the office did

25. *"pride"*; splendid vesture.— C. H. H.
"their very labor was to them as a painting"; *i. e.* the exertion inflamed their cheeks.—C. H. H.
32. *"saw but one"*; their appearance was indistinguishable.—C. H. H.
40. *"tract"*; course.—C. H. H.
44. *"office"*; officers.—C. H. H.

Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There 's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;

48. *"element"* here is commonly explained to mean the *first principles* or *rudiments of knowledge.* Is it not rather used in the same sense as when we say of anyone, that he is out of his *element?* From Wolsey's calling, they would no more think he could be at home in such matters, than a fish could swim in the air, or a bird fly in the water.—In the original, the words, "as you guess," begin this speech, instead of closing the preceding.—H. N. H.

63. Capell's reading of F. 1, *"but spider-like, Out of his selfe-drawing web, O gives us note."* Further, Capell and Rowe substituted *"self-drawn"* for *"self-drawing."*—I. G.

A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him; let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honor
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honorable board of council out,
Must fetch him in the papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many

79, 80. *"The honorable . . . out, . . . him in the papers"*; Ff. 1, 2, read *"The Councell, out . . . him in, he papers,"* etc. Pope's explanation of these awkward lines is probably correct:—"His own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch him in whom he papers" (*i. e.* registers on the paper). Various emendations have been proposed; *e. g. "the papers"; "he paupers."*—I. G.

Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspired, and not consulting broke
Into a general prophecy: That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on 't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

84. *"have broke their backs"; "In the interview at Andren,"* says Dr. Lingard, "not only the two kings, but also their attendants, sought to surpass each other in the magnificence of their dress, and the display of their riches. Of the French nobility it was said that many *carried their whole estates on their backs:* among the English the duke of Buckingham ventured to express his marked disapprobation of a visit which had led to so much useless expense." And in a note he adds the following from Du Bellay's account of the matter: "Plusieurs y porterent leurs moulins, leurs forests, et leurs préz sur leurs épaules." Whence Shakespeare may have borrowed the expression in the text, if indeed he *borrowed* it, does not appear. The passage might be cited as going to show that his reading in English history was not confined, as some would have us believe, to Holinshed.—H. N. H.

86. *"minister communication";* Collier MS., *"the consummation";* but the phrase is Holinshed's.—I. G.

90. *"the hideous storm";* "On Mondaie, the eighteenth of June, was such an hideous storme of wind and weather, that manie coniectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortlie after to follow betweene princes" (Holinshed).—I. G.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenced?
Nor. Marry, is 't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchased
At a superfluous rate!
Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.
Nor. Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you—
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honor and plenteous safety—that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he 's revengeful, and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge; it 's long and 't may be said
It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel;
You 'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

97. *"The ambassador"; i. e.* the French ambassador at the English court. He was "commanded to keep his house [in silence] and not come in presence till he was sent for" (ib. 872; Halle, 632).—C. H. H.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha!
Where 's his examination?
First Sec. Here, so please you.
Wol. Is he in person ready?
First Sec. Aye, please your grace.
Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.
[*Exeunt Wolsey and his Train.*
Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood.
Nor. What, are you chafed?
Ask God for temperance; that 's the appliance only
Which your disease requires.

115. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor was his cousin, Charles Knevet, or Knyvet, grandson of Humphrey Stafford, First Duke of Buckingham.—I. G.

116. *"examination";* deposition.—C. H. H.

120. *"This butcher's cur";* there was a tradition that Wolsey was the son of a butcher. But his father, as hath been ascertained from his will, was a burgess of considerable wealth, having "lands and tenements in Ipswich, and free and bond lands in Stoke"; which, at that time, would hardly consist with such a trade. Holinshed, however, says,—"This Thomas Wolsie was a *poore man's sonne* of Ipswich, and there born, and, being but a child, verie apt to be learned: by his parents he was conveied to the universitie of Oxenford, where he shortlie prospered so in learning, as he was made bachellor of art when he passed not fifteen years of age, and was called most commonlie thorough the universitie the boie bachellor." —H. N. H.

"venom-mouth'd"; Pope's reading; Ff. read *"venom'd-mouth'd."* —I. G.

Buck. I read in 's looks
Matter against me, and his eye reviled
Me as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick: he 's gone to the king;
I 'll follow and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I 'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honor quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There 's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advised;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advised:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

134. *"Self-mettle"*; his own high spirits.—C. H. H.
138. *"Ipswich"*; Wolsey's birthplace.—C. H. H.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I 'll go along
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow—
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions—by intelligence
And proofs as clear as founts in July when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.
Nor. Say not 'treasonous.'
Buck. To the king I 'll say 't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both—for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform 't; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.
Nor. Faith, and so it did.
Buck. Pray, give me favor, sir. This cunning cardinal

152. *"Whom from the flow of gall I name not,"* etc.; *i. e.* "whom I mention, not because I am still angry," etc.—I. G.

167. *"rinsing,"* Pope's unnecessary emendation of the Folio reading *"wrenching,"* which is evidently an error for *"renching,"* a provincial English cognate of *"rinse,"* both words being ultimately derived from the same Scandinavian original, *rinse,* through the medium of French, *rench,* a direct borrowing; (Collier MS., *"wrensing"*).—I. G.

The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleased; and they were ratified
As he cried 'Thus let be,' to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead: but our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows—
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason—Charles the emperor,
Under pretense to see the queen his aunt—
For 'twas indeed his color, but he came
To whisper Wolsey—here makes visitation:
His fears were that the interview betwixt
England and France might through their amity
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menaced him: he privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow—
Which I do well, for I am sure the emperor
Paid ere he promised; whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd—but when the way was made
And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired,
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
As soon he shall by me, that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honor as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry

171. *"to as much end";* with as much useful effect.—C. H. H.
172. *"count-cardinal";* Pope proposed, *"court-cardinal."*—I. G.
176. *"Charles the Emperor,"* viz., Charles V, Emperor of Germany; Katherine was his mother's sister.—I. G.

To hear this of him, and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

197. *"Brandon."* This is perhaps meant for Sir Thomas Brandon, master of the king's horse, whom Holinshed and Halle mention as in the royal train the day before Henry's coronation (Stone, *Holinshed,* p. 430 n.).—C. H. H.

200. *"Hereford";* Capell's reading; Ff., *"Hertford."*—I. G.

201. The arrest of Buckingham took place April 16, 1521. The matter is thus related by Holinshed: "The cardinall, having taken the examination of Knevet, went unto the king, and declared unto him, that his person was in danger by such traitorous purpose as the duke of Buckingham had conceived in his heart, and shewed how that now there were manifest tokens of his wicked pretense; wherefore he exhorted the king to provide for his owne suertie with speed. The king hearing the accusation, inforced to the uttermost by the cardinall, made this answer: If the duke have deserved to be punished, let him have according to his deserts. The duke hereupon was sent for up to London, and at his comming thither was streightwaies attached, and brought to the Tower. There was also attached the foresaid Chartreux monke, maister John de la Car, *alias* de la Court, the dukes confessor, and sir Gilbert Perke priest, the dukes chancellor. After the apprehension of the duke, inquisitions were taken in divers shires of England, so that he was indicted of high treason, for certeine words spoken at Blechinglie to the lord of Abergavennie; and therewith was the same lord attached for concelement, and so likewise was the lord Montacute, and both led to the Tower."—H. N. H.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practice.
Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'tis his highness' pleasure
You shall to the Tower.
Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things! I obey.
O my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well!
Bram. Nay, he must bear you company. [*To Abergavenny*] The king
Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.
Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd!
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies

204, 206. The meaning of these unsatisfactory lines seems to be, as Johnson explained, "I am sorry to be present, and an eye-witness of your loss of liberty."—I. G.

211. *"Abergavenny"*; Ff., *"Aburgany,"* the usual pronunciation of the name.—I. G.

217. *"Montacute"*; Ff. read *"Mountacute"*; Rowe reads *"Montague."*—I. G.

This was Henry Pole, grandson to George duke of Clarence, and eldest brother to Cardinal Pole. He had married Lord Abergavenny's daughter. Though restored to favor at this juncture, he was executed for another alleged treason in this reign.—H. N. H.

Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—
Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot: no more, I hope.
Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.
Buck O, Nicholas Hopkins?
Bran. He.
Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun. My lord, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

219. *"chancellor";* Theobald's correction; Ff. 1, 2, read *"Councellour."*—I. G.

221. *"Nicholas Hopkins";* Theobald's correction (from Holinshed) of Ff., *"Michaell"* (probably due to printer's confusion of *"Nich"* with *"Mich"*).—I. G.

226. *"cloud puts on";* the old copies all read,—"Whose figure even this instant cloud puts *on*"; out of which it seems impossible to make any tolerable sense. The changing of *on* into *out* was proposed by Dr. Johnson, and approved by Sir William Blackstone; and, in default of anything better, some of the best editors, as Singer and Verplanck, have adopted it. With this change, of course the metaphor turns on the well-known propensity of the sun to cast shadows, and of such shadows to vanish when his shining is cut off. So that the meaning can be none other than this: Stripped of my titles and possessions, I am but the shadow of what I was, —no longer duke of Buckingham, but only Edward Stafford; and even this poor figure or shadow a cloud this very instant puts out, reduces to nothing, by darkening my sun of life.—H. N. H.

Scene II

The same. The council-chamber.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder; the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovell: the Cardinal places himself under the King's feet on his right side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choked it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's; in person
I 'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying 'Room for the Queen!' Enter Queen Katharine, ushered by the Duke of Norfolk, and the Duke of Suffolk: she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.
King. Arise, and take place by us: half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety ere you ask is given;
Repeat your will and take it.
Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love

13. *"Repeat"*; state.—C. H. H.

Not unconsider'd leave your honor nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: wherein although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you as putter on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master—
Whose honor heaven shield from soil!—even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears;
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation!

27. *"breaks the sides of loyalty";* passes the extremest verge of what loyalty permits.—C. H. H.

37. *"danger serves among them";* Warburton is full of admiration at this sudden rising of the poet "to a height truly sublime!" where

Wherein? and what taxation? My lord cardinal,
You that are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part in aught
Pertains to the state, and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. *Kath.* No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devised by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!
The nature of it? in what kind, let 's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. *Kath.* I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promised pardon. The subjects' grief

by the noblest stretch of fancy Danger is personified as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the government.—H. N. H.

43. To *"tell"* was used for to *count;* as in the phrase, "keep *tally,"* still in use.—H. N. H.

Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretense for this
Is named your wars in France: this makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did; and it 's come to pass,
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice, and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint

64. That is, *"obedience"* is *subdued,* forced to succumb, by individual will thus provoked.—H. N. H.

67. *"business";* Warburton's emendation of Ff., *"baseness."*—I. G.

Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our notion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber,
And though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission: pray, look to 't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. [*To the Secretary*] A word with you.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The grieved commons

Hardly conceive of me: let it be noised
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes; I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.
King. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd and a most rare speaker;
To nature none more bound; his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear—

110. *"in"*; into.—C. H. H.

This was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honor sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that if the king
Should without issue die, he 'll carry it so
To make the scepter his: these very words
I 've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergavenny, to whom by oath he menaced
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.

147. *"Henton"; i. e.* Nicholas Hopkins, "a monk of an house of the Chartreux Order beside Bristow, called Henton" (Holinshed); there is no need to emend the text.—I. G.

King. What was that Henton?
Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor, who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.
King. How know'st thou this?
Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; 'that oft,' says he,
'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued: Neither the king nor 's heirs,
Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke
Shall govern England.'

164. *"confession's seal"*; Theobald's emendation (following Holinshed) of Ff. *"commissions."*—I. G.

170. *"To gain"*; the reading of F. 4; Ff. 1, 2, 3 read *"To"*; Collier MS. reads *"To get"*; Grant White, *"To win."*—I. G.

171. *"shall govern England"*; the following from the *Chronicles*

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

will serve as an instance how minutely the Poet adheres to truth in this play: "The same duke, the tenth of Maie, in the twelfe yeare of the kings reigne, at London in a place called the Rose, within the parish of saint Laurence Poultnie, in Canwike street ward, demanded of the said Charles Knevet esquier what was the talke amongest the Londoners concerning the kings journie beyond the seas. And the said Charles told him that manie stood in doubt of that journie, least the Frenchmen meant some deceit towards the king. Whereto the duke answered, that it was to be feared, least it would come to passe according to the words of a certeine holie moonke. For there is, saith he, a Chartreux moonke, that diverse times hath sent to me willing me to send unto him my chancellor. And I did send unto him John de la Court my chapleine, unto whome he would not declare anie thing, till de la Court had sworne to keep all things secret, and to tell no creature living what hee should heare of him, except it were to me. And then the said moonke told de la Court that neither the king nor his heires should prosper, and that I should indeavour myselfe to purchase the good wils of the communaltie; for I the same duke and my bloud should prosper, and have the rule of the realme of England."—H. N. H.

175. *"I say, take heed";* the honorable part which Katharine is made to act in this scene is unwarranted by history, save that, such was the reverence inspired by her virtue and sagacity, she served generally as a check both upon the despotic temper of her husband, and the all-grasping rapacity of his minister; as appears by the king's becoming such an inexpressible compound of cruelty, meanness, and lust, when her influence was withdrawn. The matter to which she here alludes is thus narrated by Holinshed: "It chanced that the duke, comming to London to attend the king into France, went before into Kent unto a manor place which he had there. And whilest he staied in that countrie till the king set forward, greevous complaints were exhibited to him by his farmars and tenants against Charles Knevet his surveiour, for such bribing as he had used there

King. Let him on.
Go forward.
Surv. On my soul, I 'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceived; and that 'twas dangerous for him
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forged him some design, which, being believed,
It was much like to do: he answer'd 'Tush,
It can do me no damage;' adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.
King. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There 's mischief in this man; canst thou say further?
Surv. I can, my liege.
King. Proceed.
Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reproved the duke
About Sir William Bulmer,—
King. I remember
Of such a time: being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

amongest them. Whereupon the duke tooke such displeasure against him, that he deprived him of his office, not knowing how that in so dooing he procured his owne destruction, as after appeared."—H. N. H.

179. *"for him";* Capell's emendation of *"For this"* of the Ff.; Collier MS. reads *"From this,"* etc.—I. G.

190. *"Bulmer";* Ff. read *"Blumer";* Pope, *"Blomer."*—I. G.

Surv. 'If' quoth he 'I for this had been committed,
As to the Tower I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in 's presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.'

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom, 200
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

King. There 's something more would out of thee; what say'st?

199. *"would have put his knife into him";* it will have been observed that the business of this scene is carried with somewhat the precision of legal proceedings. The matter was derived originally from Hall who was himself a lawyer, was of a manly age at the time, and had access to the official records of the trial. Here, as in many other places, Holinshed copied Hall so closely as to leave it uncertain from which of them the Poet drew. The following passage will further illustrate the point of the preceding note: "The same duke, on the fourth of November, in the eleventh yere of the kings reigne, at east Greenwich in the countie of Kent, said unto one Charles Knevet esquier, after that the king had reprooved the duke for reteining William Bulmer knight in his service, that if he had perceived that he should have been committed to the Tower, hee would have so wrought, that the principall dooers therein should not have had cause of great rejoising. For he would have plaied the part which his father intended to have put in practise against king Richard the third at Salisburie, who made earenest sute to have come unto the presence of the same king Richard; which sute if he might have obteined, he, having a knife secretlie about him, would have thrust it into the bodie of king Richard, as he had made semblance to kneele downe before him. And in speaking these words he maliciouslie laid his hand upon his dagger, and said that if he were so evill used, he would doo his best to accomplish his purpose, swearing, to confirme his word, by the bloud of our Lord."—See *King Richard III,* Act V. sc. i.—H. N. H.

Surv. After 'the duke his father,' with the 'knife,'
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenor
Was, were he evil used, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.
King. There 's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial; if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none
Let him not seek 't of us: by day and night!
He 's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

An antechamber in the palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is 't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?
Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,

1. *"Enter Lord Chamberlain,"* etc.; Shakespeare has placed this scene in 1521. Charles Somerset, earl of Worcester, was then lord chamberlain, and continued in the office until his death, in 1526. But Cavendish, from whom this was originally taken, places this event at a later period, when Lord Sands himself was chamberlain. Sir William Sands, of the Vine, near Basingstoke, Hants, was created a peer in 1527. He succeeded the earl of Worcester as chamberlain.—H. N. H.

Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counselors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they 've worn out Christendom.

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

How now!
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none but the new proclamation
That 's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is 't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I 'm glad 'tis there: now I would pray our monsieurs

10. *"keep state so"*; affect such inordinate pomposity.—C. H. H.
13. *"Or springhalt"*; Verplank's (Collier conj.) emendation of Ff., *"A springhalt"*; Pope, *"And springhalt."*—I. G.
15. *"worn out"*; outlasted.—C. H. H.

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either,
For so run the conditions, leave those remnants
Of fool and feather that they got in France,
With all their honorable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,
Abusing better men than they can be
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, 'cum privilegio,' wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Aye, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are going,
For, sure, there 's no converting of 'em: now

30. *"The faith they have in tennis"*; the game was peculiarly in vogue among the French.—C. H. H.

34. *"wear"*; the reading of Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1 reads *"wee"*; Anon. conj. *"oui."*—I. G.

An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?

Lov. To the cardinal's:
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I 'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt he 's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord; has wherewithal: in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;

45. *"plain-song"*; simple melody, without variations.—C. H. H.
55. *"churchman"*; ecclesiastic.—C. H. H.
59. *"has wherewithal"*; Ff., *"ha's,"* probably an error for *"'has,"* *i. e.* "(*he*) *has.*"—I. G.

But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your lordship's.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

A ball in York Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guildford.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

63. *"My barge stays";* the speaker is now in the king's palace at *Bridewell,* from whence he is proceeding by water to York-Place.—H. N. H.

67. *"comptrollers"; i. e.* of the entertainment.—C. H. H.

6. *"As, first, good company";* so Ff. 1, 2, 3; F. 4 reads *"As, first good company";* Theobald, *"as, first-good company";* Halliwell, *"as far as good company,"* etc.—I. G.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas Lovell.

O, my lord, you 're tardy:
The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side; I 'll take the charge of this:
His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women placed together makes cold weather:
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies:
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;

I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.
[*Kisses her.*

Cham. Well said, my lord.
So, now you 're fairly seated. Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his state.

Wol. You 're welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady
Or gentleman that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*

Sands. Your grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbors.
Ladies, you are not merry: gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.
Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here 's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing—
Anne. You cannot show me.
Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon.
[*Drum and trumpet: chambers discharged.*
Wol. What 's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of ye. [*Exit Servant.*
Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you 're privileged.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is 't?
Serv. A noble troop of strangers:
For so they seem: they 've left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.
Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.
[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All rise, and tables removed.*

45. "*gamester*"; frolicsome fellow. Sands plays on the word.—C. H. H.

You have now a broken banquet; but we 'll
mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and once more
I shower a welcome on ye; welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King and others, as masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

64. *"A noble company";* the account of this banquet at York-Place was copied by Holinshed from *The Life of Master Thomas Wolsey* by Cavendish, in his *Gentleman-Usher.* The following will instance how little the Poet was here beholden to his invention: "The king came suddenlie thither in a maske with a dozen other maskers, all in garments like sheepheards, made of fine cloth of gold and crimson sattin paned, and caps of the same, with visards of good physnomie, their haires and beards either of fine gold-wire silke or blacke silke. He came by water to the water-gate without anie noise, where were laid diverse chambers charged, and at his landing they were shot off, which made such a rumble in the aire, that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, gentlemen, ladies, and gentlewomen to muse what it should meane, comming so suddenlie, they sitting quiet at a solemne banket. Then immediatelie the chamberlaine and comptroller were sent to looke what it should meane, as though they knew nothing of the matter; who looking out of the windowes into the Thames, returned and shewed him, that it seemed they were noblemen and strangers that arrived at his bridge, comming as ambassadours from some forren prince. With that quoth the cardinall, I desire you, because you can speake French, to go into the hall, there to receive them according to their estates, and to conduct them into this chamber, where they shall see us and all these noble personages being merrie at our banket, desiring them to sit downe with us and take part of our fare. At their entering into the chamber two and two togither, they went directlie before the cardinall, and saluted him reverentlie. To whome the lord chamberlaine for them said,—Sir, forasmuch as they be strangers, and cannot speake English, they have desired me to declare unto you, that they, having understanding of this banket, where was assembled such a number of excellent dames, could do no lesse under support of your grace, but to repaire hither, to view as well their incomparable beautie, as to accompanie them at mum-chance, and then to danse with them."—H. N. H.

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace, that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct
Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[*They choose. The King chooses Anne Bullen.*

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee! [*Music. Dance.*

Wol. My lord!

Cham. Your grace?

75. *"The fairest hand I ever touched";* this incident of the king's dancing with Anne Boleyn did not occur during the banquet at York-House, but is judiciously introduced here from another occasion. Which occasion was a grand entertainment given by the king at Greenwich, May 5, 1527, to the French ambassadors who had come to negotiate a marriage between their king, Francis I, or his son, the duke of Orleans, and the Princess Mary. First a grand tournament was held, and three hundred lances broken; then came a course of songs and dances. About midnight, the king, the ambassadors, and six others withdrew, disguised themselves as Venetian noblemen, returned, and took out ladies to dance, the king having Anne Boleyn for his partner. As Holinshed says nothing about this matter, the Poet probably derived it from Hall or Cavendish, who give detailed accounts of it. The latter thus describes the impression made by the queen and her ladies: "They seemed to all men to be rather celestial angels descended from heaven than flesh and bone. Surely, to me, simple soul, it was inestimable."—H. N. H.

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.
Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Whispers the Masquers.*

Wol. What say they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Wol. Let me see then.
By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I 'll make
My royal choice.
King. [*Unmasking*] Ye have found him, cardinal:
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I 'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.
Wol. I am glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.
King. My lord chamberlain,
Prithee, come hither: what fair lady 's that?
Cham. An 't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

79. *"this place"; i. e.* the seat of honor.—C. H. H.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.
Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
King. I fear, too much.
Wol. There 's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.
King. Lead in your ladies, every one. Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you. Let 's be merry,

96. *"And not to kiss you";* a kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner. Thus in *A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie, concerning the Use and Abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie:*

"But some reply, what foole would daunce,
If that when daunce is doon
He may not have at ladyes lips
That which in daunce he woon."—H. N. H.

102. *"in the next chamber";* according to Cavendish, the king, on discovering himself, being desired by Wolsey to take his place under the state or seat of honor, said "that he would go first and shift his apparel, and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber, where a great fire was made and prepared for him, and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the king's absence the dishes of the banquet were cleane taken up, and the tables spread with new and sweet perfumed cloths. —Then the king took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but set still as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the king's majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose were served two hundred dishes or above. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banquetting."—H. N. H.

Good my lord cardinal: I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let 's dream
Who 's best in favor. Let the music knock it.
[*Exeunt with trumpets.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Westminster. A street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. Whither away so fast?
Sec. Gent. O, God save ye!
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.
First Gent. I 'll save you
That labor, sir. All 's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.
Sec. Gent. Were you there?
First Gent. Yes, indeed was I.
Sec. Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd.
First Gent. You may guess quickly what.
Sec. Gent. Is he found guilty?
First. Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon 't.
Sec. Gent. I am sorry for 't.
First Gent. So are a number more.
Sec. Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?
First Gent. I 'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where to his accusations

He pleaded still not guilty, and alleged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney on the contrary
Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired
To have brought viva voce to his face:
At which appear'd against him his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

Sec. Gent. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?

First Gent. The same.
All these accused him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but indeed he could not:
And so his peers upon this evidence
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life, but all
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

Sec. Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself?

First Gent. When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty:
But he fell to himself again and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

Sec. Gent. I do not think he fears death.

First Gent. Sure, he does not;

29. *"was either pitied in him or forgotten"; i. e.* "either produced no effect, or only ineffectual pity" (Malone).—I. G.

He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.
Sec. Gent. Certainly
The cardinal is the end of this.
First Gent. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who removed,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.
Sec. Gent. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.
First Gent. At his return
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,

44. *"Lest he should help his father";* this was in April, 1520, and was immediately occasioned by the duke's opposition to Wolsey's projected meeting of Henry and Francis. Holinshed's account of it is so illustrative of Wolsey's character, that it may well be given: "The duke could not abide the cardinall, and had of late conceived an inward malice against him for sir William Bulmer's cause. Now such greevous words as the duke uttered came to the cardinals eare; whereupon he cast all waies possible to have him in a trip, that he might cause him to leape headlesse. But bicause he doubted his freends, kinnesmen, and allies, and cheeflie the earle of Surrie lord admerall, which had married the dukes daughter, he thought good first to send him some whither out of the waie. There was great enmitie betwixt the cardinall and the earle, for that on a time, when the cardinall tooke upon him to checke the earle, he had like to have thrust his dagger into the cardinall. At length there was occasion offered him to compasse his purpose, by the earle of Kildare his comming out of Ireland. For the cardinall, knowing he was well provided with monie, sought occasion to fleece him of part thereof. The earle, being unmarried, was desirous to have an English woman to wife; and for that he was a suter to a widow contrarie to the cardinals mind, he accused him to the king, that he had not borne himselfe uprightlie in his office in Ireland. Such accusations were framed against him, that he was committed to prison, and then by the cardinals good preferment the earle of Surrie was sent into Ireland as the kings deputie, there to remaine rather as an exile than as lieutenant, as he himself well perceived."—H. N. H.

45. *"envious";* malicious.—C. H. H.

And generally, whoever the king favors,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

Sec. Gent. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathoms deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy—

First Gent. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter Buckingham from his arraignment, tipstaves before him, the axe with the edge towards him, halberds on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands, and common people, &c.

Sec. Gent. Let 's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day received a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death;
'T has done upon the premisses but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:

54. *"Sir William Sands"*; Theobald's emendation (from Holinshed) of F. 1, *"Sir Walter Sands"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Walter Sands."*—I. G.

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that loved me
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end,
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice
And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offenses
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no black envy
Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace,
And if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him

71. *"only"*; alone.—C. H. H.
76. *"the long divorce of steel"*; the body-and-soul-divorcing axe. ("Divorce" is, as often, concrete = instrument of divorce.)—C. H. H.
86. *"mark"*; Warburton's emendation of Ff., *"make."*—I. G.

You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's, and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever beloved and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there;
The duke is coming: see the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for 't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,

99. *"furniture"*; equipment. Holinshed speaks of "cushions and carpet" on which Lovell desired the duke to sit down."—C. H. H.

103. *"now poor Edward Bohun"*; the name of the duke of Buckingham most generally known was *Stafford;* it is said that he affected the surname of *Bohun,* because he was lord high constable of England by inheritance of tenure from the Bohuns.—H. N. H.

105. *"I now seal it," i. e.* my truth,—with blood.—**I. G.**

Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succor to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honors, and out of ruins
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honor, name and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes: both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour

Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. I have done; and God forgive me! [*Exeunt Duke and Train.*

First Gent. O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

Sec. Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

First. Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

Sec. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

First Gent. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

Sec. Gent. I am confident;

136. *"Exeunt Duke"*; Buckingham was executed May 17, 1521. The duke of Norfolk presided at his trial, and passed sentence upon him. After relating which, Holinshed adds the following: "The duke of Buckingham said,—'My lord of Norffolke, you have said as a traitor should be said unto, but I was never anie. But, my lords, I nothing maligne you for that yau have doone to me; but the eternall God forgive you my death, as I doo! I shall never sue to the king for life; howbeit, he is a gracious prince, and more grace may come from him than I desire. I desire you, my lords, and all my fellowes to pray for me.' Then was the edge of the axe turned towards him, and he led into a barge. Sir Thomas Lovell desired him to sit on the cushions and carpets ordeined for him. He said,—'Nay; for when I went to Westminster I was duke of Buckingham; now I am but Edward Bohune, the most caitife of the world.' Thus they landed at the Temple, and led him through the citie, who desired ever the people to pray for him, of whom some wept and lamented."—H. N. H.

143. *"faith"*; good faith, secrecy.—C. H. H.

You shall, sir; did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?
First Gent. Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumor and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.
Sec. Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately;
As all think, for this business.
First Gent. 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him at his asking
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.
Sec. Gent. I think you have hit the mark: but is 't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.
First. Gent. 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let 's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

168. *"argue"*; discuss.—C. H. H.

Scene II

An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. 'My lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason: His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir.' I fear he will indeed: well, let him have them: He will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

6. *"by commission and main power";* in virtue of a warrant and by means of main force.—C. H. H.

12. [*"Enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk"*]; Charles Brandon, the present duke of Suffolk, was son of Sir William Brandon, slain by Richard at the battle of Bosworth. He was created duke of Suffolk in February, 1514, and in March, 1515, was married to Mary, youngest sister of the king, and widow of Louis the Twelfth of France. He had been her lover before her first marriage; and when the king would have contracted her a second time to a foreign prince, she told him plainly that she had married once to please him, and would do it now to please herself, or else take religious vows in a convent. Suffolk was reckoned among the most able and accomplished noblemen of his time, both in the cabinet and the field.—H. N. H.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.
Suf. How is the king employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What 's the cause?
Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'Tis so:
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God he do! he 'll never know himself else.
Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears and despairs; and all these for his marriage:
And out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years

21. *"That blind priest,"* etc.; Wolsey is Fortune's favorite, and like Fortune herself disposes blindly of human affairs.—C. H. H.

About his neck, yet never lost her luster,
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with, even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: and is not this course pious?
Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true
These news are every where; every tongue speaks 'em,
And every true heart weeps for 't: all that dare
Look into these affairs see this main end, 41
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.
Suf. And free us from his slavery.
Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honors
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.
Suf. For me, my lords, 50
I love him not, nor fear him; there 's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I 'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike; they 're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.

41. It was the main *"end"* or *object* of Wolsey to bring about a marriage between Henry and the French king's sister, the duchess of Alençon.—H. N. H.

Nor. Let 's in;
And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts that work too much upon him:
My lord, you 'll bear us company?
Cham. Excuse me;
The king has sent me otherwhere: besides,
You 'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.
Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain,

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain; and the King draws the curtain and sits reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.
King. Who 's there, ha?
Nor. Pray God he be not angry.
King. Who 's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?
Nor. A gracious king that pardons all offenses
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate, in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.
King. Ye are too bold:

62. [*"Exit Lord Chamberlain"*]; the stage direction in the old copy is singular—"Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King draws the curtain and sits reading pensively."—This was calculated for the state of the theater in Shakespeare's time. When a person was to be discovered in a different apartment from that in which the original speakers in the scene are exhibited, the artless mode of that time was, to place such person in the back part of the stage, behind the curtains which were occasionally suspended across it. These the person who was to be discovered drew back just at the proper time.—H. N. H.

Go to; I 'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

Enter Wolsey and Campeius, with a commission.

Who 's there? my good lord cardinal? O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king. [*To Camp.*] You 're welcome,
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us and it. [*To Wols.*] My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. [*To Nor. and Suf.*] We are busy; go.

Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*] Not to speak of:
I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] If it do,
I 'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*] I another.

[*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:

85. *"one have-at-him"*; F. 1, *"one; haue at him"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"one heave at him"*; Knight, *"one;—have at him."*—I. G.

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favor to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves:
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
The court of Rome commanding, you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant
In the unpartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where 's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your majesty has always loved her

94. *"Have their free voices," i. e.* "have liberty to express their opinions freely"; (Grant White, *"Gave" for "Have"*).—I. G.

So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Aye, and the best she shall have; and my favor
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,
Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit Wolsey.*

Re-enter Wolsey, with Gardiner.

Wol. [*Aside to Gard.*] Give me your hand: much joy and favor to you:
You are the king's now.

Gard. [*Aside to Wol.*] But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.

King. Come hither, Gardiner. [*Walks and whispers.*

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there 's an ill opinion spread then,
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me:

Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him,
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so grieved him

That he ran mad and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him! 130
That 's Christian care enough: for living murmurers
There 's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be griped by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
[*Exit Gardiner.*
The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business. 140
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience!
O, 'tis a tender place; and I must leave her.
[*Exeunt.*

130. *"ran mad and died";* "Aboute this time the king received into favour Doctor Stephen Gardiner, whose service he used in matters of great secrecie and weight, admitting him in the room of Doctor Pace, the which being continually abrode in ambassades, and the same oftentymes not much necessarie, by the Cardinalles appointment, at length he toke such greefe therewith, that he fell out of his right wittes" (Holinshed).—H. N. H.

Scene III

An ante-chamber of the Queen's apartments.

Enter Anne Bullen and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither: here 's the pang that pinches:
His highness having lived so long with her, and she
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonor of her—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing—O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthroned,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She 's a stranger now again.

14. *"that quarrel, fortune, do"*; F. 1 reads *"that quarrell. Fortune, do"*; Collier MS., *"that cruel fortune do"*; Keightley, *"that quarrel, by fortune, do"*; Lettsom conj. *"that fortunes quarrel do"*; Hanmer, *"that quarr'ler, fortune do,"* etc.—I. G.

17. *"stranger"*; alien.—C. H. H.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief
And wear a golden sorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our best having.
Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.
Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts—
Saving your mincing—the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth.
Old L. Yes, troth, and troth; you would not be a queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.
Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.
Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith, for little England
You 'ld venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were 't worth to know
The secret of your conference?
Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

46. *"little England";* Steevens pointed out that Pembrokeshire was known as *"little England";* and as Anne Bullen was about to be made Marchioness of Pembroke, there may be a special point in the phrase.—I. G.

48. *"Carnarvonshire";* as a mountainous and barren country of little value (an antithesis to the fertilizing "mud in Egypt" below, v. 92, as well as, probably, to the cultivated "little England" above).—C. H. H.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note 's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you, and
Does purpose honor to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallowed, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness,
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you. [*Aside*] I have perused her well;
Beauty and honor in her are so mingled
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem

78. "*may proceed a gem*"; the carbuncle was supposed by our an-

To lighten all this isle?—I 'll to the king,
And say I spoke with you.
Anne. My honor'd lord.
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh fish here—fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune!—have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open it.
Anne. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once, 'tis an old story,
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,

cestors to have intrinsic light, and to shine in the dark: any other gem may reflect light, but cannot give it. Thus in a Palace described in *Amadis de Gaule,* 1619: "In the roofe of a chamber hung two lampes of gold, at the bottomes whereof were enchafed two carbuncles, which gave so bright a splendour round about the roome, that there was no neede of any other light."—H. N. H.

84. *"Come pat betwixt too early and too late for any suit";* hit the right moment for presenting any petition.—C. H. H.

92. *"the mud in Egypt," i. e.* "the land fertilized by the Nile's overflow."—I. G.

That promises mo thousands: honor's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess: say,
Are you not stronger than you were

Anne. Good lady,

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you 've heard to her.

Old L. What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

A hall in Black-Friars.

Trumpets, sennet and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small dis-

["*Canterbury*"]; at this time, June 21, 1529, the archbishop of Canterbury was William Warham, who died in August, 1532, and was succeeded by Cranmer the following March.—The whole of this long stage-direction is taken *verbatim* from the original copy, and in most of its particulars was according to the actual event.—The "two priests bearing each a silver cross," and the "two gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars," were parts of Wolsey's official pomp and circumstance; the one being symbolic of his office as archbishop of York, the other of his authority as cardinal legate.—H. N. H.

tance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at arms bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
King. What 's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.
Wol. Be 't so. Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.
Crier. Henry King of England, &c.
King. Here.
Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.
Crier. Katharine Queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her*

chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behavior given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable,
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry
As I saw it inclined: when was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest

["*The Queen,*" etc.]; "Because she could come directly to the king for the distance which severed them, she took pain to go about unto the king, kneeling down at his feet" (Cavendish).—H. N. H.

With many children by you: if in the course
And process of this time you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honor aught,
My bond to wedlock or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away, and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advised, whose counsel
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled

41. *"Aught"* is understood before "Against your sacred person."—H. N. H.

48. *"one the wisest";* one of the wisest (an obsolescent partitive construction). Holinshed has the more current form, "one of the wittiest princes."—C. H. H.

To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless
That longer you desire the court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
It 's fit this royal session do proceed,
And that without delay their arguments
Be now produced and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir,

62. *"That longer you desire the court," i. e.* desire the court to delay its proceedings; F. 4, *"defer"*; Keightley conj. *"court delay'd"*; —I. G.

69. *"To you I speak"*; the acting of Mrs. Siddons has been much celebrated as yielding an apt and pregnant commentary on this passage. The effect, it would seem, must have been fine; but perhaps the thing savors overmuch of forcing the Poet to express another's thoughts. It is thus described by Mr. Terry: "Vexed to the uttermost by the artifices with which her ruin is prosecuted, and touched with indignation at the meanness and injustice of the proceeding, she interrupts Campeius, with the intention of accusing Wolsey, and of refusing him for her judge. Campeius, who had been urging immediate trial, imagines it addressed to him, and comes forward as if to answer. Here Mrs. Siddons exhibited one of those unequalled pieces of acting, by which she assists the barrenness of the text, and fills up the meaning of the scene. Those who have seen it will never forget it; but to those who have not, we feel it impossible to describe the majestic self-correction of the petulance and vexation which, in her perturbed state of mind, she feels at the misapprehension of Campeius, and the intelligent expression of countenance and gracious dignity of gesture, with which she intimates to him his mistake. And no language can convey a picture of her immediate reassumption of the fulness of majesty, when she turns round to Wolsey, and exclaims,—'To *you* I speak!' Her form seemed to expand, and her eyes to burn beyond human."—H. N. H.

I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so, certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I 'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;
Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
For you or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:

The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me; and the cure is to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
His highness shall speak in, if I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You 're meek and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favors,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers, and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell
You tender more your person's honor than

104. *"unthink your speaking"*; cancel in thought what you have said.—C. H. H.

Your high profession spiritual; that again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judged by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by 't: 'tis not well.
She 's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

Gent. Ush. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help!
They vex me past my patience. Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry, no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, and her attendants.*

King. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,

The queen of earthly queens. She 's noble
born,
And like her true nobility she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare in hearing
Of all these ears—for where I am robb'd and
bound,
There must I be unloosed, although not there
At once and fully satisfied—whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way which might
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word that
might
Be to the prejudice of her present state
Or touch of her good person?

King. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honor,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You 're excused:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never
desired
It to be stirr'd, but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it: on my honor,

144. *"require"*; entreat.—C. H. H.

I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me to 't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came; give heed to 't:
My conscience first received a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: i' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he,
I mean the bishop, did require a respite,
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble

166. *"I speak my good lord cardinal";* the king, having first addressed Wolsey, breaks off; and declares upon his honor to the whole court, that he speaks the cardinal's sentiments upon the point in question.—H. N. H.

172. *"The Bishop of Bayonne";* strictly it should be "the Bishop of Tarbes," but the mistake was Holinshed's.—I. G.

174. *"The Duke of Orleans,"* was the second son of Francis I, King of France.—I. G.

182. *"the bosom of my conscience";* Holinshed's use of *"secret bottom of my conscience"* justified Theobald's emendation of *"bosom"* to *"bottom."*—I. G.

The region of my breast; which forced such way
That many mazed considerings did throng
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought
I stood not in the smile of heaven, who had
Commanded nature that my lady's womb,
If it conceived a male-child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't than
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in 't by me: then follows that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy whereupon we are
Now present here together; that 's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience, which
I then did feel full sick and yet not well,
By all the reverend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd. First I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,

199. *"throe"*; Pope's emendation of Ff., *"throw."*—I. G.
204. *"yet not,"* i. e. not yet.—I. G.
209. *"moved you"*; broached the matter to you.—C. H. H.

When I first moved you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long: be pleased yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't
And consequence of dread, that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,
And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here.

King. I then moved you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present summons: unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,

213. *"Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,"* etc.; involving momentous issues and formidable consequences.—C. H. H.

214. *"committed the daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,"* etc.; instead of directly advising on the queen's case, Lincoln only advised further counsel. This is more clearly put by Holinshed, where the king says, addressing him: "for so much as then you yourself were in some doubt, you moved me to ask the counsel of all these my lords" (iii. 907).—C. H. H.

225. *"drive";* Pope's emendation of Ff., *"drives."*—I. G.

Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That 's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

King. [*Aside*] I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Prithee, return; with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court:
I say, set on.

[*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*

239. *"Prithee, return";* the king, be it observed, is here merely thinking aloud. Cranmer was at that time absent on a foreign embassy.—H. N. H.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

London. The Queen's apartments.

The Queen and her Women, as at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave working.

Song.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,

8. *"had made a lasting spring"*; so in all the old copies. In modern editions generally, *been* has strangely crept into the place of *made*, to the great marring, well nigh to the utter spoiling, in fact, of both sense and poetry. Doubtless the change occurred by mistake; it is too bad to have come otherwise.—In the preceding line, *as* is of course used for *as if*, or *as though*.—H. N. H.

Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!
Gent. An 't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.
Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?
Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.
Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favor?
I do not like their coming. Now I think on 't,
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter the two Cardinals, Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your highness!
Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.

23. *"hoods make not monks";* being churchmen they should be virtuous, and every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office: but all hoods make not monks. In allusion to the Latin proverb—*Cucullus non facit monachum,* to which Chaucer also alludes:

> *"Habite ne maketh monke ne frere;*
> But a clene life and devotion,
> Maketh gode men of religion."—H. N. H.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, so much I am happy
Above a number, if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have lived in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;

31. *"Deserves a corner"; i. e.* to be told secretly.—C. H. H.

38. *"and that way I am wife in"; i. e.* "concerning my conduct as a wife." (Rowe proposed *"wise"* for *"wife."*)—I. G.

40. *"Tanta est erga te mentis integritas regina serenissima";* "So great is our integrity of purpose towards thee, most serene princess."—I. G.

Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolved in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed,
And service to his majesty and you,
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant,
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honor every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow—
You have too much, good lady—but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you, and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honor'd madam,
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [*Aside*] To betray me.—
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove so!
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honor,
More near my life, I fear, with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,

In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids, full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men or such business.
For her sake that I have been—for I feel
The last fit of my greatness—good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless!
Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.
Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure—
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest—
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence
In mine own country, lords.
Cam. I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.
Q. Kath. How, sir?
Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He 's loving and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honor better and your cause;

86. "Though he (the Englishman) be grown so reckless as to be honest."—C. H. H.

87. *"And live a subject"; i. e.* and dare to live where Henry has sway.—C. H. H.

For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You 'll part away disgraced.
Wol. He tells you rightly.
Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge
That no king can corrupt.
Cam. Your rage mistakes us.
Q. Kath. The more shame for ye: holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye:
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries;
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.
Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.
Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! would you have me—
If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?

102. *"The more shame ye"; i. e.* if I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine, for I thought you good.—H. N. H.

Alas, has banish'd me his bed already,
His love, too long ago! I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. *Kath.* Have I lived thus long—let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? loved him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honor, a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. *Kath.* My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title

134. *"a constant woman";* a woman constant (to . . .).—C. H. H.
137. *"add an honor";* I will show a merit in addition to all hers.—C. H. H.

Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.
Wol. Pray, hear me.
Q. *Kath.* Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allow'd me: like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I 'll hang my head and perish.
Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You 'ld feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, aye, utterly

145. *"angels' faces";* perhaps an allusion to Gregory's "non Angli sed angeli" (Dyce).—C. H. H.

159. *"For goodness' sake";* in Shakespeare's time this was a solemn adjuration "for God's sake."—C. H. H.

Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: pray think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends and servants.

Cam. Madam, you 'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. *Kath.* Do what ye will, my lords: and pray forgive me,
If I have used myself unmannerly;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,

164. *"as terrible as storms"*; it was one of the charges brought against Lord Essex, that in a letter written during his retirement in 1598 to the lord keeper, he had said, "There is no tempest to the passionate indignation of a prince."—H. N. H.

That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Ante-chamber to the King's apartment.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be revenged on him.

Suff. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me I know;
What we can do to him, though now the time
Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot

8. *"the duke"; i. e.* Buckingham.—C. H. H.

10. *"uncontemned";* of course, the force of *not* implied in *uncontemn'd* extends over *strangely neglected.*—H. N. H.

Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in 's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he 's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true:
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, 'I do' quoth he 'perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts

And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now, all my joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to 't!

Nor. All men 's!

Suf. There 's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memorized.

Sur. But will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry amen!

Suf. No, no;
There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose

42. *"the king already hath married";* the date commonly assigned for the marriage of Henry and Anne is November 14, 1532; at which time they set sail together from Calais, the king having been on a visit to his royal brother of France. Lingard, following Godwin, Stowe, and Cranmer, says they were privately married the 25th of January, 1533, and that the former date was assigned in order to afford the proper space between their marriage and the birth of Elizabeth, which latter event took place the 7th of September following. The marriage was to have been kept secret till May; but the manifest making-ready of Anne to become a mother forced on a public acknowledgment of it early in April.—H. N. H.

Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and
Is posted as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried 'Ha!' at this.

Cham. Now God incense him,
And let him cry 'Ha!' louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions, which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.
The cardinal!

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

64. *"He is returned in his opinions," i. e.* having sent in advance the opinions he has gathered.—I. G.

66. *"Together with all famous colleges";* Rowe reads, *"Gather'd from all the famous colleges."*—I. G.

Nor. Observe, observe, he 's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave 't you the king?
Crom. To his own hand, in 's bedchamber.
Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?
Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me awhile. [*Exit Cromwell.*
[*Aside*] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen! No; I 'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There 's more in 't than fair visage. Bullen!
No, we 'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
Nor. He 's discontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!
Wol. [*Aside*] The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;

Then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer, one
Hath crawl'd into the favor of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on 's heart!

Enter King, reading of a schedule, and Lovell.

Suf. The king, the king!

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together? Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,

Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

King. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I required: and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

128. *"outspeaks possession of a subject";* this incident, in its application to Wolsey, is a fiction: he made no such mistake; but another person having once done so, he took occasion thereby to ruin him. It is quite likely, however, that his vast wealth had the effect of tempting the king's rapacity; his huge overgrowth thus helping on his overthrow. So that the Poet was very judicious in making his fall turn upon a mistake which in his hands had proved so fatal to another. The story is told by Holinshed of Thomas Ruthall, bishop of Durham; who was accounted the richest subject in the realm; and who, having by the king's order written a book setting forth the whole estate of the kingdom, had it bound up in the same style as one before written, setting forth his own private affairs. At the proper time the king sent Wolsey to get the book, and the bishop gave him the wrong one. "The cardinall, having the booke, went foorthwith to the king, delivered it into his hands, and breefelie informed him of the contents thereof; putting further into his head, that if at anie time he were destitute of a masse of monie, he should not need to seeke further than to the cofers of the bishop. Of all which when the bishop had intelligence, he was stricken with such greefe, that he shortlie ended his life in the yeare 1523. After whose death the cardinall, which had long gaped after the bishoprike, had now his wish in effect; which he the more easilie compassed, for that he had his nets alwaies readie cast, as assuring himself to take a trout."—H. N. H.

Nor. It 's heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.
King. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.
[*King takes his seat; whispers Lovell, who goes to the Cardinal.*
Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!
King. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.
Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.
King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!
King. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you:
He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But pared my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.
Wol. [*Aside*] What should this mean?
Sur. [*Aside*] The Lord increase this business!
King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?
Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavors: my endeavors
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet filed with my abilities: mine own ends
Have been mine so that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and

172. *"been mine so"*; so F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4 read *"been so."*—I. G.

The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: the honor of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honor, more
On you than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever labor'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be—

181. *"the honor of it does pay the act of it";* the honor attaching to such loyalty sufficiently rewards it.—C. H. H.

189. *"in love's particular";* besides your bond of duty as a loyal and obedient servant, you owe a particular devotion to me as your special benefactor.—H. N. H.

192. *"that am, have, and will be,"* etc.; the reading of the Folios of these lines, which have taxed the ingenuity of scholars; some two-dozen various emendations are recorded in the Cambridge Shakespeare, but probably the text as we have it represents the author's words; the meaning of the passage is clear, and the difficulty is due to the change in construction. Instead of *"that am, have, and will be,"* it has been proposed to read, *"that am your slave, and*

Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid—yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't. [*Giving him papers.*] Read o'er this;
And after, this: and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.
[*Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinal: the nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering.*

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger 's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so;
This paper has undone me: 'tis the account

will be"; this would get rid of the awkward *"have"*="have been," but probably the line is correct as it stands.—I. G.

210. *" 'tis the account,"* etc. Holinshed records that an inadvertence of this kind was committed by the Bishop of Durham in 1523, which

Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What 's this? 'To the Pope!' 220
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to 's holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter to Wolsey the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself 230

Wolsey used to procure his disgrace. Shakespeare, not without poetic justice, makes him here play his victim's part.—C. H. H.

214. *"cross"*; thwarting.—C. H. H.

To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.
Wol. Stay:
Where 's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.
Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it—
I mean your malice—know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded—envy:
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king,
Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honors,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents: now, who 'll take it?
Sur. The king, that gave it.
Wol. It must be himself, then.
Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours Surry durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succor, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honor,
That in the way of loyalty and truth

264. *"absolved him,"* etc.; we have already seen that the Poet continues the same persons duke of Norfolk and earl of Surrey through the play. Here the earl is the same who had married Buckingham's daughter, and had been shifted off out of the way, when that great nobleman was to be struck at. In fact, however, he who, at the beginning of the play, 1521, was earl, became duke in 1525. At the time of this scene the earl of Surrey was the much-accomplished Henry Howard, son of the former, born in 1520; a man of fine genius and heroic spirit, afterwards distinguished alike in poetry and in arms, and who, on the mere strength of royal suspicion, was sent to the block in 1547 by that brutal and merciless tyrant, from whose mean and malignant jealousy there was no refuge for man or woman but the grave.—H. N. H.

272. *"that . . . dare mate"; i. e.* I that . . . dare mate.—I. G.

Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the pope against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despised nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life. I 'll startle you

282. *"And dare us with his cap like larks";* "One of the methods of daring larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them" (Steevens).—I. G.

Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush and cry 'guilty,' cardinal,
You 'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my head. Have at you!
First that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then that in all your writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, 'Ego et Rex meus'
Was still inscribed; in which you brought the king

300. *"fairer and spotless";* the *more,* virtually implied in *fairer,* extends its force over *spotless;* "so much *more fair* and spotless."—H. N. H.

314. *"the king to be your servant";* these several charges are taken

To be your servant.

Suf. Then that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance—
By what means got, I leave to your own conscience—
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities, to the mere undoing

almost literally from Holinshed, where the second item reads thus: "In all writings which he wrote to Rome, or anie other forren prince, he wrote *Ego et rex meus,* I and my king; as who would saie that the king were his servant." In the Latin idiom, however, such was the order prescribed by modesty itself. And, in fact, the charge against Wolsey, as given from the records by Lord Herbert, and lately reprinted in the *State-Trials,* was not that he set himself above or before the king, but that he spoke of himself along with him: "Also, the said lord cardinal, in divers and many of his letters and instructions sent out of this realm, had joined himself with your grace, as in saying and writing,—*The king and I would ye should do thus;—The king and I give you our hearty thanks:* whereby it is apparent that he used himself more like a fellow to your highness, than like a subject."—H. N. H.

321. *"Cassado";* so Ff., following Hall and Holinshed; Rowe reads the correct form, *"Cassalis."*—I. G.

325. *"stamped on the king's coin";* this was one of the articles exhibited against Wolsey, but rather with a view to swell the catalogue than from any serious cause of accusation; inasmuch as the Archbishops Cranmer, Bainbridge, and Warham were indulged with the same privilege.—H. N. H.

Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
Cham. O my lord.
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.
Sur. I forgive him.
Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is—
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a præmunire—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.
Nor. And so we 'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.
[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*
Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,

343. *"Chattels"*; Theobald's emendation of Ff., *"Castles."*—I. G.

And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.

I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honor.
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That 's somewhat sudden:
But he 's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favor, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,

392. *"displeasure"*; disgrace.—C. H. H.

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That 's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.
O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited

399. *"a tomb of orphans' tears";* the chancellor is the general guardian of orphans. *"A tomb of tears,"* says Johnson, "is very harsh." Steevens has adduced an *Epigram of Martial,* in which the Heliades are said to "weep a tomb of tears" over a viper. Drummond, in his *Teares for the Death of Moeliades,* has the same conceit:

"The Muses, Phœbus, Love, have raised of their *teares*
A crystal tomb to him, through which his worth appears."
—H. N. H.

408. *"gone beyond me";* overreached me.—C. H. H.

411. *"the noble troops that waited";* the number of persons who composed Cardinal Wolsey's household, according to the authentic copy of Cavendish, was *five hundred.* Cavendish's work, though written soon after the death of Wolsey, was not printed till 1641, and then in a most unfaithful and garbled manner, the object of the publication having been to render Laud odious, by showing how far church power had been extended by Wolsey, and how dangerous that prelate was, who, in the opinion of many, followed his example. In that spurious copy we read that the number of his household was *eight hundred* persons. In other MSS. and in Dr. Wordsworth's edition, we find it stated at *one hundred and eighty* persons.—H. N. H.

Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forgo
So good, so noble and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service, but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,

430. *"truth"*; fidelity.—C. H. H.

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell.
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell. [*Exeunt.*

455. *"Had I but served my God,"* etc. Holinshed reports these words as addressed by Wolsey in his last hours to "Master Kingston." —C. H. H.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

A street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

First Gent. You 're well met once again.
Sec. Gent. So are you.
First Gent. You come to take your stand here and behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?
Sec. Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
First Gent. 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.
Sec. Gent. 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds—
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward—
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants and sights of honor.
First Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I 'll assure you, better taken, sir.

Sec. Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
First Gent. Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.
Sec. Gent. I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what 's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?
First Gent. That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorced,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick.
Sec. Gent. Alas, good lady!
[*Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming. [*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION

1. *A lively Flourish of Trumpets.*
2. *Then two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.*
4. *Choristers, singing.* *Musicians.*
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head he wears a gilt copper crown.*
6. *Marquess Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
9. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*

36. *"Garter, in his coat of arms"*; that is, his coat of office, emblazoned with the royal arms.—H. N. H.

10. *Certain ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*
They pass over the stage in order and state.

Sec. Gent. A royal train, believe me. These I know:
Who 's that that bears the scepter?
First Gent. Marquess Dorset:
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.
Sec. Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The Duke of Suffolk?
First Gent. 'Tis the same: high-steward.
Sec. Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk?
First. Gent. Yes.
Sec. Gent. [*Looking on the Queen*] Heaven bless thee!
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.
First Gent. They that bear
The cloth of honor over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.
Sec. Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.
First Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.
Sec. Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.

First Gent. No more of that.

[*Exit procession; and then a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! where have you been broiling?

Third Gent. Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedged in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

Sec. Gent. You saw
The ceremony?

Third Gent. That I did.

First Gent. How was it?

Third Gent. Well worth the seeing.

Sec. Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.

Third Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,—
Doublets, I think,—flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy

I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say 'This is my wife' there, all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

Sec. Gent. But what follow'd?

Third Gent. At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar, where she kneel'd and saint-like
Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly;
Then rose again and bow'd her to the people;
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen,
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music in the kingdom,
Together sung 'Te Deum.' So she parted,

92. *"together sung 'Te Deum'";* thus in Holinshed's description of the event: "When she was brought to the high place made in the middest of the church, she was set in a rich chaire. And after she had rested a while, she descended downe to the high altar, and there prostrate hirselfe, while the archbishop said certeine collects: then she rose, and the bishop anointed hir on the head and on the brest; and then she was led up again, where, after diverse orisons said, the archbishop set the crowne of saint Edward on hir head, and then delivered hir the scepter of gold in hir right hand, and the rod of ivorie with the dove in hir left hand, and then all the queere soong *Te Deum.*" The coronation of Anne took place June 1, 1533; the di-

And with the same full state paced back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.
First Gent. Sir,
You must no more call it York-place; that 's past;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost:
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.
Third Gent. I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.
Sec. Gent. What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?
Third Gent. Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,
The other, London.
Sec. Gent. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.
Third Gent. All the land knows that:
However, yet there is no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.
Sec. Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?
Third Gent. Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king has made him master

vorcement of Katharine having been formally pronounced the 17th of May.—H. N. H.

101. *"the one"*; viz. Gardiner.—C. H. H.

O' the jewel house,
And one, already, of the privy council.
Sec. Gent. He will deserve more.
Third Gent. Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way,
Which is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I 'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Kimbolton.

Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick; led between Griffith, her Gentleman Usher, and Patience, her woman.

Grif. How does your grace?
Kath. O Griffith, sick to death!
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a chair.
So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me
That the great child of honor, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

6. "*Cardinal Wolsey, was dead*"; Wolsey died November 29, 1530; and the events of this scene did not occur till January, 1536, which was more than two years after the event that closes the play. This transposition is amply justified, in that the design of the play required it to end with the birth and christening of Elizabeth; while

Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.
Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.
Kath. Alas, poor man!
Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his covent, honorably received him;
To whom he gave these words, 'O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!'
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness

the solemn pathos lingering about the injured Katharine equally required that the last scene of her life should be set forth in all the beauty that belongs to that model of a woman and a queen. The present scene is, in strictness, episodical; but what an episode! Even so what we chance upon in the race of life, is often worth more than the object for which we are running.—H. N. H.

14. *"to his answer";* to stand trial.—C. H. H.

16. *"sit his mule";* Cardinals generally rode on mules, as a mark perhaps of humility. Cavendish says that Wolsey "rode like a cardinal sumptuously upon his mule, trapped altogether in crimson velvet and gilt stirrups."—H. N. H.

17. *"roads,"* or *rodes,* here, is the same as *courses, stages,* or *journeys.*—H. N. H.

Pursued him still; and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.
Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair-play:
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning: he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing:
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.
Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness

44. *"The clergy ill example";* this speech was evidently founded upon the following, copied by Holinshed from Hall: "This cardinall was of a great *stomach,* for he compted himselfe equall with princes, and by craftie *suggestion* got into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced little on simonie, and was not pittifull, and stood affectionate in his own opinion: in open presence he would lie and seie untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning: he would promise much and perform little: he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie evill example."—H. N. H.

To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honor from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,

47. *"hear me speak his good."* Griffith's defense of Wolsey is based upon the character of him in Edmund Campian's *History of Ireland,* as quoted by Holinshed. The queen's indictment of him expresses the view conveyed by Halle, also quoted in Holinshed.—C. H. H.

58–59. *"Those twins of learning. . . . Ipswich and Oxford";* Wolsey's College, Ipswich, of which the gateway still remains, was founded by Wolsey. Christ Church College, Oxford, was founded by Wolsey: it was first called Cardinal College.—I. G.

60. *"the good that did it";* Pope reads, *"the good he did it";* Collier MS., *"the good man did it";* Staunton, *"the good that rear'd it,"* etc. The words, if not corrupt, must mean the "good man (or the goodness) that caused it, *i. e.* founded it."—I. G.

And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honors to his age
That man could give him, he died fearing God.
Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honor from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honor: peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.
[*Sad and solemn music.*
Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let 's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.

68. *"died fearing God";* this speech is formed on the following passage in Holinshed: "This cardinall (as Edmund Campian in his *Historie of Ireland* described him) was a man undoubtedly born to honour; exceeding wise, faire-spoken, high-minded, full of revenge, vitious of his bodie; loftie to his enemies, were they never so big, to those that accepted and sought his friendship wonderful courteous; a ripe schooleman; thrall to affections, brought a-bed with flatterie; insatiable to get, and more princelie in bestowing; as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrown with his fall, the other unfinished, and yet as it lyeth, for an house of studentes incomparable throughout Christendome.—He held and injoied at once the bishoprickes of Yorke, Duresme, and Winchester, the dignities of lord cardinall, legat, and chancellor, the abbaie of St. Albans, diverse priories, sundrie fat benefices *in commendam.* A great preferrer of his servants, and advauncer of learning, stoute in every quarrel, never happy till this his overthrow; wherein he shewed such moderation, and ended so perfectlie, that the houre of his death did him more honour than all the pomp of his life passed." —H. N. H.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent curtsies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
Grif. None, madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not even now a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the music leave;
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*
Pat. Do you note
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn! how pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold! Mark her eyes!
Grif. She is going, wench: pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An 't like your grace,—
Kath. You are a saucy fellow: 100
Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behavior: go to, kneel.
Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.
[*Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.*

Re-enter Griffith, with Capucius.

If my sight fail not,

103. *"go to, kneel";* Queen Katharine's servants, after the divorce at Dunstable, were directed to be sworn to serve her not as *queen* but as *princess dowager.* Some refused to take the oath, and so were forced to leave her service; and as for those who took it and stayed, she would not be served by them, by which means she was almost destitute of attendants.—H. N. H.

You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same; your servant.
Kath. O, my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me;
But now I am past all comforts here but prayers.
How does his highness?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom! Patience, is that letter,
I caused you write, yet sent away?
Pat. No, madam.
[*Giving it to Katharine.*
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver

This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding—
She is young and of a noble modest nature:
I hope she will deserve well—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,—
And now I should not lie—but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A rich good husband, let him be a noble:
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is, for my men; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by:
If heaven had pleased to have given me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.

146. *"let him be a noble";* even if he should be.—H. N. H.

These are the whole contents: and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be used with honor: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading Katharine.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

London. A gallery in the palace.

Enter Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gar. It 's one o'clock, boy, is 't not?
Boy. It hath struck.
Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!
Whither so late?
Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?
Gar. I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.
Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I 'll take my leave.
Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What 's the matter? 10
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offense belongs to 't, give your friend

3. *"not for delights";* Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delights at which he hints seem to be the king's diversions, which keep him in attendance.—H. N. H.

Some touch of your late business: affairs that walk,
As they say spirits do, at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen 's in labor,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd
She 'll with the labor end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She 's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you 're a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beside that of the jewel house, is made master

34. *"is"*; Theobald, *"he's."*—I. G.

O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of moe preferments,
With which the time will load him. The archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventured
To speak my mind of him: and indeed this day,
Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have
Incensed the lords o' the council that he is—
For so I know he is, they know he is—
A most arch-heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved
Have broken with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He 's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord: I rest your servant. [*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;

My mind 's not on 't; you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
King. But little, Charles,
Nor shall not, when my fancy 's on my play.
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desired your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.
King. What say'st thou, ha?
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?
Lov. So said her woman, and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.
King. Alas, good lady!
Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!
King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.
King. Charles, good night. [*Exit Suffolk.*

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.
King. Ha! Canterbury?
Den. Aye, my good lord.
King. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?
Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.
King. Bring him to us.
[*Exit Denny.*
Lov. [*Aside*] This is about that which the bishop spake:
I am happily come hither.

Re-enter Denny, with Cranmer.

King. Avoid the gallery. [*Lovell seems to stay.*]
Ha! I have said. Be gone.
What! [*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*
Cran. [*Aside*] I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All 's not well.
King. How now, my lord! you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.
Cran. [*Kneeling*] It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.
King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,

Grievous complaints of you: which, being consider'd,
Have moved us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There 's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up:
Prithee, let 's walk. Now, by my holidame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers, and to have heard you,
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread liege,

106. *"you a brother of us," i. e.* being a Privy Councillor.—I. G.

The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? Such things have been done.
You are potently opposed, and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjured witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see

You do appear before them. If they shall
chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man
weeps!
He 's honest, on mine honor. God's blest
mother!
I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*]
He has strangled
His language in his tears.

156. *"strangled his language in his tears";* this is taken almost literally from Fox, who makes the king speak to the archbishop as follows: "'Doe not you know what state you be in with the whole world, and how manie great enemies you have? Do you not consider what an easie thing it is to procure three or four false knaves to witnesse against you? Think you to have better lucke that wai than your master Christ had? I see by it you will run headlong to your undoing, if I would suffer you. Your enemies shall not so prevaile against you, for I have otherwise devised with myselfe to keepe you out of their hands. Yet notwithstanding, to morrow, when the councell shall sit and send for you, resort unto them, and if in charging you with this matter they do commit you to the Tower, require of them, because you are one of them, a councellor, that you may have your accusers brought before them without any further indurance, and use for yourselfe as good perswasions that way as you may devise; and if no intreatie will serve, then deliver unto them this my ring, and say unto them, *if there be no remedie, my lords, but that I must needs go to the Tower, then I revoke my cause from you, and appeale to the kings owne person, by this his token unto you all:* for, so soon as they shall see this my ring, they shall under-

Enter Old Lady; Lovell following.

Gent. [*Within*] Come back: what mean you?
Old L. I 'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!
King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, aye, and of a boy.
Old L. Aye, aye, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! 'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.
King. Lovell!
Lov. Sir?
King. Give her an hundred marks. I 'll to the queen. [*Exit.*
Old. L. An hundred marks! By this light, I 'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now,
While it is hot, I 'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

stand that I have resumed the whole cause into mine owne hands.' The archbishop, perceiving the kings benignitie so much to himwards, had much ado to forbeare teares. 'Well,' said the king, 'go your waies, my lord, and do as I have bidden you.' "—H. N. H.

167. *"and to be"; i. e.* and you to be.—C. H. H.

Scene II

Before the council-chamber.

Pursuivants, Pages, &c. attending.

Enter Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman
That was sent to me from the council pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Ho!
Who waits there? Sure, you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?

Enter Doctor Butts.

Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.
Cran. So.
Butts. [*Aside*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily: the king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*
Cran. [*Aside*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician: as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,

This is of purpose laid by some that hate me—
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice—
To quench mine honor: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-councilor,
'Mong boys, grooms and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts at a window above.

Butts. I 'll show your grace the strangest sight—
King. What 's that, Butts? 20
Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.
King. Body o' me, where is it?
Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages and footboys.
King. Ha! 'tis he, indeed:
Is this the honor they do one another?
'Tis well there 's one above 'em yet. I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,

18. [*"at a window above"*]; the suspicious vigilance of our ancestors contrived windows which overlooked the insides of chapels, halls, kitchens, passages, etc. Some of these convenient peepholes may still be seen in colleges, and such ancient houses as have not suffered from the reformations of modern architecture. In a letter from Matthew Parker, archbishop of Canterbury, 1573, printed in Seward's *Anecdotes:* "And if it please her majestie, she may come in through my gallerie, and see the disposition of the hall in dynner time, *at a window opening thereinto.*"—H. N. H.

At least good manners, as not thus to suffer
A man of his place and so near our favor
To dance attendance on their lordship's pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there 's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The council-chamber.

Enter Lord Chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for Canterbury's seat; Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at lower end, as secretary. Keeper at the door.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:

34. *"draw the curtain";* that is, the curtain of the balcony or upper stage, where the king now is. The matter of this passage is thus given by Fox: "On the morrow, about nine of the clock before noone, the councell sent a gentleman usher for the archbishop, who, when hee came to the councell chamber doore, could not be let in, but of purpose, as it seemed, was compelled there to wait among the pages, lackies, and serving men al alone. Doctor Buts, the kings physician, resorting that way, and espying how my lord of Canterbury was handled, went to the kings highnesse and said, 'My lord of Canterbury, if it please your grace, is well promoted: for now he is become a lackey or a serving man; for yonder he standeth this half hower at the councell chamber doore amongst them.' 'It is not so,' quoth the king, 'I trowe; nor the councell hath not so little discretion as to use the metropolitan of the realm in that sort, specially being one of their own number. But let them alone,' sayd the king, 'and we shall heare more soone.'"—H. N. H.

Why are we met in council?
Crom. Please your honors,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.
Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
Keep. Without, my noble lords?
Gar. Yes.
Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.
Chan. Let him come in.
Keep. Your grace may enter now.
[*Cranmer enters and approaches the council-table.*
Chan. My good lord archbishop, I 'm very sorry
To sit here at this present and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,—
For so we are inform'd,—with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,

11–12. *"frail and capable of our flesh";* Keightley, *"culpable and frail,"* etc.; Pope, *"and capable Of frailty";* Malone, *"incapable; Of our flesh";* Mason conj. *"and culpable: Of our flesh,"* etc.—I. G.

And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honor, this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as of late days our neighbors,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.
Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labor'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living,
I speak it with a single heart, my lords,
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment

22. *"pace 'em not in their hands"; i. e.* "leading them by the bridle."—I. G.

30. *"The Upper Germany";* alluding to Thomas Munzer's insurrection in Saxony (1521–1522), or to the Anabaptist rising in Munster (1535); the passage is from Foxe.—I. G.

Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a councilor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you;
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end;
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

59. *"pass"*; prevail.—C. H. H.
66. *"Lay," i. e.* "though ye lay."—I. G.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary;
That 's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.
Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favor, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.
Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honor mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.
Crom. Why, my lord?
Gar. Do not I know you for a favorer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.
Crom. Not sound?
Gar. Not sound, I say.
Crom. Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.
Gar. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.
Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.
Gar. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Chan. Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith

85. *"This is too much";* the Folios give the speech to the Chamberlain, evidently due to confusion of *"Cham."* and *"Chan."*—I. G.

You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?
Gar. What other
Would you expect? you are strangely trouble-some.
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?
Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.
Cham. This is the king's ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,

102. *"This is the king's ring";* it seems to have been a custom, begun probably before the regal power experienced the restraints of law, for every monarch to have a ring, the temporary possession of which invested the holder with the same authority as the owner himself could exercise. The production of it was sufficient to suspend the execution of the law; it procured indemnity for offenses committed, and imposed acquiescence and submission to whatever was done under its authority. The traditional story of the earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth, and the countess of Nottingham, long considered as an incident of a romance, is generally known, and now as generally credited.—H. N. H.

When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on 't!

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince,
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church

113. *"now have at you"*; so in Fox: "Anone the archbishop was called into the counsaille chamber, to whome was alledged as before is rehearsed. The archbishop answered in like sort as the king had advised him; and in the end, when he perceived that no maner of perswasion or intreatie could serve, he delivered them the kings ring, revoking his cause into the kings hands. The whole councell being thereat somewhat amazed, the earle of Bedford with a loud voice, confirming his wordes with a solemn othe, said, 'When you first began the matter, my lords, I tolde you what would come of it. Do you thinke that the king will suffer this mans finger to ake? Much more, I warrant you, will hee defend his life against brabling varlets. You doe but cumber yourselves to heare tales and fables against him.' And so, incontinently upon the receipt of the kings token, they all rose, and caryed the king his ring, surrendering that matter, as the order and use was, into his own hands."—H. N. H.

The chief aim of his honor; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence
They are too thin and bare to hide offenses.
To me you cannot reach you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou takest me for, I 'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.
[*To Cranmer*] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that 's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

125. *"bare";* Malone's emendation of Ff., *"base."*—I. G.

133. *"becomes thee not";* the original here reads,—"Think *his* place becomes thee not," which is commonly retained in modern editions. Congruity of sense carries the mind at once to the seat Cranmer has just taken, as the place meant. And Mr. Dyce has shown, what is familiar enough to experienced proof-readers, that the misprint of *his* for *this* is one of the commonest.—We must quote again from Fox's narrative: "When they were all come to the kings presence, his highnes with a severe countenance said unto them, 'Ah, my lords, I thought I had wiser men of my councell than now I find you. What discretion was this in you, thus to make the primate of the realm, and one of you in office, to waite at the councell chamber doore amongst serving men? You might have considered that he was a counsellor as wel as you, and you had no such commission of me as to handle him. I was content that you should trie him as a councellor, and not as a mean subject. But now I well perceive that things be done against him maliciously, and if some of you might have had your minds, you would have

Sur. May it please your grace,—
King. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man,—few of your deserve that title,—
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a councilor to try him,
Not as a groom: there 's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have while I live.
Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed

tried him to the uttermost. But I doe you all to wit, that if a prince may bee beholding unto his subject, by the faith I owe to God, I take this man here, my lord of Canterbury, to be above all other a most faithfull subject unto us, and one to whome wee are much beholding;' giving him great commendations otherwise. And with that one or two of the chiefest, making their excuse, declared that in requesting his indurance, it was rather meant for his triall and purgation against the common fame and slander of the world, than for any malice conceived against him. 'Well, well, my lords,' quoth the king, 'take him and use him well, as he is worthy to be, and make no more adoe.' And with that every man caught him by the hand, and made faire weather altogethers which might easily be done with that man."—H. N. H.

Concerning his imprisonment, was rather,
If there be faith in men, meant for his trial
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
I 'm sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him and use him well; he 's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords! My Lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism;
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honor: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you 'ld spare your spoons: you shall have two noble partners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please you?
Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart
And brother-love I do it.

165. *"You 'ld spare your spoons," i. e.* "you wish to save your spoons"; alluding to the old custom of giving spoons as christening presents.—I. G.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart:
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus: 'Do my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honor gain.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

The palace yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You 'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.
[*Within*] 'Good master porter, I belong to the larder.'

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue! Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em. I 'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible—
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons—
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Powle's as stir 'em.
Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?
Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—
You see the poor remainder—could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.
Port. You did nothing, sir.
Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,
To mow 'em down before me: but if I spared any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her!
[*Within*] 'Do you hear, master porter?'
Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah.
Man. What would you have me do?
Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the

28. *"And that I would not for a cow, God save her!"* a proverbial expression still used in the South of England.—I. G.

35. *"some strange Indian."* Five American Indians came to London in 1611. Nearly at the same time Shakespeare, in *The Tempest*, II. ii., speaks of the popular curiosity excited even by "a dead Indian."—C. H. H.

great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in 's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out 'Clubs!' when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succor, which were the hope 'o the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place: at length they came to the broomstaff to me; I defied 'em still: when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honor

51. *"a haberdasher's wife of small wit";* probably with a play on the phrase "haberdasher of small wit," *i. e.* dealer in trifling jests.—C. H. H.

in and let 'em win the work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here. Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand, fellows!
There 's a trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An 't please your honor,

69, 70. *"The tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse."* There is no evidence for finding in these words the names of Puritan congregations, as commentators have supposed; the alternative phrases are sufficiently expressive without any such supposition, and were perhaps coined for the occasion; they are not found elsewhere.—I. G.

79. *"made a fine hand";* played a pretty game.—C. H. H.

We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule' em.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for 't, I 'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: ye 're lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They 're come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly, or I 'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I 'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail;
I 'll peck you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The palace.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls

87. *"lay by the heels"*; put in the stocks.—C. H. H.

1. *"Standing-bowls"* were bowls elevated on feet or pedestals.—H. N. H.

for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a Lady; then follows the Marchioness Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen.
My noble partners and myself thus pray:
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord. 10
[*The King kisses the child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant—heaven still move about her!—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be—
But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mold up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be loved and fear'd: her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her:
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

27. *"piece"*; creation,—"mighty" in virtue of her destiny.—C. H. H.

Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but, as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir
As great in admiration as herself,
So shall she leave her blessedness to one—
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness—
Who from the sacred ashes of her honor
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honor and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him. Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die;
She must; the saints must have her; yet a virgin,

41. *"maiden"; i. e.* mateless.—C. H. H.

53. *"new nations";* on a picture of King James, which formerly belonged to Bacon, and is now in the possession of Lord Grimston, he is styled *imperii Atlantici conditor.* In 1612 there was a lottery for the plantation of Virginia. The lines probably allude to the settlement of that colony.—H. N. H.

61. *"yet a virgin";* we here follow a suggestion of Mr. Dyce, in so pointing the passage as to make Cranmer express regret at his

A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man! never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.
I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding;
I have received much honor by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords:
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
Has business at his house; for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

foreknowledge that Elizabeth was to die *childless,* not that she was to *die;* which latter is the meaning given by the usual pointing, thus:

> "'Would I had known no more! but she must die,
> She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
> A most unspotted lily shall she pass," &c.—H. N. H.

71. *"And your good brethren";* Thirlby's conjecture, adopted by Theobald; Ff. read *"and you good brethren."*—I. G.

76. *"has"; i. e.* he has; Ff., *"'Has."*—I. G.

THE EPILOGUE

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They 'll say 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abused extremely, and to cry 'That 's witty!'
Which we have not done neither; that, I fear,
All the expected good we 're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd 'em: if they smile,
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abergavenny, (*vide* Note); I. i. 211.

Abhor, protest strongly against; (according to Blackstone, a technical term of the canon law = Latin *detestor*, but Holinshed has *"Abhor, refuse, and forsake"*); II. iv. 81.

Aboded, foreboded; I. i. 93.

Admit, permit, allow; IV. ii. 107.

Advertise, inform; II. iv. 178.

Advised; "be a.", be careful, reflect; I. i. 139.

After, afterwards; III. ii. 202.

Alike; "things known a.", *i. e.* equally to you as to the others; I. ii. 45.

Allay, subdue, silence; II. i. 152.

Allegiant, loyal; III. ii. 176.

Allow'd, approved; I. ii. 83.

An, if; III. ii. 375.

Anon, presently; I. ii. 107.

A-pieces, in pieces; V. iv. 84.

Appliance, application, cure; I. i. 124.

Approve, confirm; (Collier MS., *"improve"*); II. iii. 74.

Arrogancy, arrogance; (F. 1, *"Arrogancie"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Arrogance"*); II. iv. 110.

As, as if; I. i. 10.

Asher-house; Asher was the old spelling of Esher, a place near Hampton Court; III. ii. 231.

At, with; V. i. 131.

Attach, arrest; I. i. 217.

——, seized; I. i. 95.

Attainder, disgrace; (Ff. 1, 2, *"Attendure"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"Attaindure"*); II. i. 41.

Avaunt; "give her the a.", bid her begone; II. iii. 10.

Avoid, quit, leave; V. i. 86.

Baiting, drinking heavily; V. iv. 89.

Banquet, dessert; "running b.", *i. e.* hasty refreshment; used figuratively; I. iv. 12.

Bar, prevent; III. ii. 17.

Beholding, beholden; I. iv. 41.

Beneficial, beneficent; "beneficial sun," *i. e.* the King; I. i. 56.

Beshrew me, a mild asseveration; II. iii. 24.

Beside, besides; Prol. 19.

Bevis, alluding to the old legend of the Saxon hero Bevis, whom William the Conqueror made Earl of Southampton; he was credited with performing incredible deeds of valor; he conquered the giant Ascapar; I. i. 38.

Bevy, company of ladies; (originally a flock of birds, especially quails); I. iv. 4

Blister'd, slashed, puffed; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"blistred"*; F. 4, *"bolstred"*); I. iii. 31.

Blow us, blow us up; V. iv. 51.

Bombards, large leathern vessels to carry liquors; V. iv. 89.

Book, learning; (Collier MS., *"b r o o d"*; Lettsom conj. *"brat"*); I. i. 122.

Bootless, useless; II. iv. 61.

Bores, undermines, over-reaches; (Becket conj. *"bords"*); I. i. 128.

Bosom up, inclose in your heart; I. i. 112.

Bow'd; "a three-pence b." *i. e.* bent; perhaps alluding to the old custom of ratifying an agreement by a bent coin; or merely equivalent to a "worthless coin"; II. iii. 36.

Brake, thicket; I. ii. 75.

Brazier, used quibblingly in double sense of (i.) a worker in brass, (ii.) a portable fireplace; V. iv. 44.

Broken with, broached the subject to; V. i. 47.

Broomstaff, broomstaff's length; V. iv. 61.

Buzzing, whisper; II. i. 148.

By day and night! an exclamation; an oath; I. ii. 213.

Camlet, a light woolen stuff originally made of camel's hair; (Ff., *"Chamblet"*); V. iv. 97.

Capable of; susceptible to the temptations of; V. iii. 11.

Cardinal, (dissyllabic; F. 1, *"Cardinall"*); II. ii. 97.

Carried, carried out; managed; I. i. 100.

Caution, warning; II. iv. 186.

Censure, judgment; I. i. 33.

Certain, certainly; II. iv. 71.

Certes, certainly; I. i. 48.

Chafed, angry, enraged; (Ff. 1, 2, *"chaff'd"*); I. i. 123.

Challenge, the legal right of objecting to being tried by a person; II. iv. 77.

Chambers, small cannon discharged on festal occasions; I. iv. 49.

Cherubins, cherubs; I. i. 23.

Cheveril, kid-skin, used adjectively; II. iii. 32.

Chiding, noisy, clamorous; III. ii. 197.

Chine, joint of beef; (Collier MS., *"queen"*); V. iv. 27.

Churchman, ecclesiastic; I. iii. 55.

Cited, summoned to appear; IV. i. 29.

Clerks, clergy; II. ii. 92.

Clinquant, glittering with gold or silver lace; I. i. 19.

Clothiarius, one of the Merovingian kings of France; taken as a type of antiquity; I. iii. 10.

Clubs! "In any public affray, the cry was *Clubs! Clubs!* by way of calling for persons with clubs to part the combatants" (Nares); clubs were the weapons of the London apprentices; V. iv. 56.

Coasts, creeps along, like a vessel following the windings of the coast; III. ii. 38.

Colbrand, the Danish giant who, according to the old legend, was slain by Sir Guy of Warwick; V. iv. 23.

Cold, coldness; (Collier MS., *"coldness"*; S. Walker, *"color"*); IV. ii. 98.

Color, pretext; I. i. 178.

Come off, get out, escape; III. ii. 23.
Commends, delivers; II. iii. 61.
Commissions, warrants; I. ii. 20.
Compell'd, thrust upon one, unsought; II. iii. 87.
Complete, accomplished; I. ii. 118.
Conceit, conception, opinion; II. iii. 74.
Conceive, think, look upon; I. ii. 105.
Conclave, "the holy c.", *i. e.* the College of Cardinals; II. ii. 100.
Confederacy, conspiracy; I. ii. 3.
Confident; "I am c.", I have confidence in you; II. i. 146.
Conjunction; the technical term in astrology for the "conjunction" of two planets; III. ii. 45.
Consulting; "not c.," *i. e.* not c. with each other spontaneously; I. i. 91.
Contrary, contradictory; III. ii. 26.
Convented, convened, summoned; (Johnson, *"convened"*); V. i. 52.
Cope; "to c.", of encountering; I. ii. 78.
Covent, convent; IV. ii. 19.
Crab-tree, crab apple tree; V. iv. 8.
Credit, reputation; III. ii. 265.
Cum privilegio, "with exclusive right"; I. iii. 34.
Cure, curacy; I. iv. 33.

Dare, make to cower in fear; (*v.* note); III. ii. 282.
Dear, dearly; II. ii. 111.
Deliver, relate, report; I. ii. 143.
Demure, solemn; I. ii. 167.
Derived, drawn upon, brought upon; II. iv. 32.
Desperate, reckless, rash; III. i. 86.
Did, (*v.* Note); IV. ii. 60.
Difference, dissension; I. i. 101.
Discerner, critic; I. i. 32.
Discovers, reveals, betrays; V. iii. 71.
Disposed, used, employed; I. ii. 116.
Due; "due o' the verdict," right verdict; (Ff. 1, 2, *"dew"*); V. i. 131.
Dunstable, Dunstable Priory; IV. i. 27.

Easy roads, easy journeys, stages; IV. ii. 17.
Element, component part; I. i. 48.
Emballing, investment with the ball; one of the insignia of royalty used at a coronation; II. iii. 47.
Embracement, embrace; I. i. 10.
End; "the e.", at the bottom; (Long MS., *"at the end"*); II. i. 40.
Envy, malice, hatred; II. i. 85.
Equal, impartial; II. ii. 108.
Estate, state; II. ii. 70.
Even, pure, free from blemish; III. i. 37.
Ever; "not e.", *i. e.* not always; V. i. 129.
Exclamation, reproach, outcry; I. ii. 52.
Exhalation, meteor, shooting star; III. ii. 226.

Fail, failure of issue; I. ii. 145.
Fail'd, died; I. ii. 184.
Faints, makes faint; II. iii. 103.
Faith, fidelity; II. i. 145.
Father, father-in-law; II. i. 44.
Fearful, afraid, full of fear; V. i. 88.

Fellow, equal; I. iii. 41.
Fellows, comrades; II. i. 73.
Fierce, excessive; I. i. 54.
File, list; I. i. 75.
Filed with, kept pace with; (Ff., *"fill'd"*); III. ii. 171.
Fine hand, nice business; V. iv. 79.
Fire-drake, fiery dragon, meteor, will o' the wisp; V. iv. 48.
Fit; "fit o' the face," grimace; I. iii. 7.
Fit, suitable; II. ii. 117.
Flaw'd, broken; I. i. 95; made rents in, wrought damage; I. ii. 21.
Fool and feather, alluding to the grotesque plume of feathers in the jester's cap; I. iii. 25.
For, as for; II. ii. 50.
Force, urge; III. ii. 2.
Foreign man, one employed in foreign embassies; II. ii. 129.
Forged, framed, planned; I. ii. 181.
Forty hours, used for an indefinite time; III. ii. 253.
Forty pence, a sum commonly used for a trifling wager; II. iii. 89.
Frame, plan; I. ii. 44.
Free, freely; II. i. 82.
Free of, unaffected by; II. iv. 99.
Fret, eat away; III. ii. 105.
From, of; III. ii. 268.
Front, am in the front rank; I. ii. 42.
Fullers, cloth cleaners; I. ii. 33.
Furnish'd, suitably appointed, arranged; II. ii. 141.

Gainsay, deny; II. iv. 96.
Gait, walk; (Ff., *"gate"*); III. ii. 116.
Gall'd, wounded; III. ii. 207.
Gap, passage; V. i. 36.
Gaping, bawling, shouting; V. iv. 3.
Gave; "My mind g. me," *i. e.* gave me to understand, I had a misgiving; V. iii. 109.
Gavest, didst impute to; III. ii. 262.
Gives way, makes way, gives opportunity; III. ii. 16.
Gladded, gladdened; II. iv. 196.
Gladding, gladdening; V. i. 71.
Glistering, glistening, shining; II. iii. 21.
Gloss; "painted g.", highly colored comment, rhetorical flourish; V. iii. 71.
Go about, intend to do; I. i. 131.
Going out, expedition; I. i. 73.
Good, goodness, (? wealth; or, good man) merit (Johnson conj. *"ground"*); V. i. 22; (*vide* Note); IV. ii. 60.
Gossips, sponsors; V. v. 13.
Government, self-control; II. iv. 138.
Grief, grievance; I. ii. 56.
Grosser, coarser, ruder; I. ii. 84.
Guarded, trimmed, ornamented; Prol. 16.
Guy, the famous Sir Guy of Warwick, the hero of the old romances; V. iv. 23.

Hall; "the hall," *i. e.* Westminster Hall; II. i. 2.
Happiest; "h. hearers," *i. e.* best disposed, most favorable; Prol. 24.
Happily, haply, perhaps; IV. ii. 10.
Hardly, harshly, unfavorably; I. ii. 105.
Hard-ruled, not easily managed; III. ii. 101.
Have-at-him, attack, thrust; (*vide* Note); II. ii. 85.

HAVE AT YOU; an exclamation of warning in attacking; III. ii. 309.

HAVING, possession, wealth; II. iii. 23.

HE, man; V. iii. 131.

HEART; "the best h.", the very essence, core; I. ii. 1.

HEDGES, creeps along by hedgerows; (Warburton, *"edges"*); III. ii. 39.

HEIGHT; "to the h.", in the highest degree; I. ii. 214.

HELD, *i. e.* have it acknowledged; I. iii. 47.

——, did hold good; II. i. 149.

HIRE, (dissyllabic); II. iii. 36.

HOLIDAME; "by my h.", an oath; (Ff., *"holydame"*; Rowe, *"holy Dame"*); V. i. 116.

HOURS, (dissyllabic); V. i. 2.

HULLING, floating to and fro; II. iv. 199.

HUSBAND; "an ill h.", a bad economist or manager; III. ii. 142.

IN, concerning; II. iv. 103.

INCENSED, incited, made to believe; (Nares, *"insens'd" i. e.* informed); V. i. 43.

INDIFFERENT, impartial, unbiased; II. iv. 17.

INDURANCE, durance, imprisonment; V. i. 121.

INNUMERABLE; "i. substance," untold wealth, immense treasure; (Hanmer, *"i. sums"*); III. ii. 326.

INTERPRETERS; "sick i.", prejudiced critics; I. ii. 82.

ISSUES, sons; III. ii. 291.

ITEM, again, further; used in enumeration; III. ii. 320.

ITS, its own; (Ff., *"it's"*); I. i. 18.

JADED, treated like jades, spurned; III. ii. 280.

JUSTIFY, confirm, ratify; I. ii. 6.

KEECH, the fat of an ox or cow, rolled up by a butcher in a round lump, hence a name given to Wolsey, the butcher's son; (F. 4, *"Ketch,"*); I. i. 55.

KIMBOLTON, Kimbolton Castle in Huntingdon; now the seat of the Duke of Manchester; (F. 1, 2, *"Kymmalton"* probably the contemporary pronunciation of the word); IV. i. 34.

KNOCK IT, beat time; I. iv. 108.

LAG END, latter end; I. iii. 35.

LARGE COMMISSION, warrant exercising full power; III. ii. 320.

LATE, "lately considered valid"; IV. i. 33.

LAY, resided, dwelt; IV. i. 28.

LAY BY THE HEELS, put in the stocks; V. iv. 87.

LAY UPON, charge, impute; III. ii. 265.

LEARNEDLY, like one learned in the law; II. i. 28.

LEAVE, leave off, desist; IV. ii. 94.

LEGATINE, pertaining to a legate (F. 1, *"Legatiue"*; Ff. 2, 3, *"Legantive"*; F. 4, *"Legantine"*); III. ii. 339.

LEISURE, time at one's own disposal; (Collier MS., *"labour"*); III. ii. 140.

LET; "let him be," even though he be; IV. ii. 146.

LETTERS-PATENTS (the correct Anglo-French form of *literæ patentes*), letters patent; III. ii. 250.

LEVEL, aim; I. ii. 2.

LIKE IT, may it please; I. i. 100.

LIMBO PATRUM, prison; strictly the place where the souls of the Fathers of the Old Testament remained till Christ's descent to hell; V. iv. 72.
LINE, equator; V. iv. 47.
LIST, pleases; II. ii. 22.
LITTLE; "in a l.", in few words, briefly; II. i. 11.
'LONGING, belonging; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"longing"*); F. 4, *"longing"*; I. ii. 32.
LOOK FOR, expect; V. iv. 11.
LOOSE, free of speech; II. i. 127.
LOP, the smaller branches of a tree cut off for faggots; I. ii. 96.
LOSE, forget; II. i. 57.

MAIDENHEAD, maidenhood; II. iii. 23.
MAIN, general; IV. i. 31.
MAKINGS; "royal m.", ensigns of royalty; IV. i. 87.
MANAGE, training; V. iii. 24.
MARK, a coin worth 13s. 4d.; V. i. 170.
MARSHALSEA, the well known prison; afterwards used as a debtors' prison; V. iv. 94.
MAY, can; I. ii. 200.
MAY-DAY MORNING; "in the month of May, namely, on May-day in the morning, every man except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods; there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savor of sweet flowers, and with the noise of birds, praising God in their kind" (Stowe); V. iv. 16.
MAZED, amazed, bewildering; II. iv. 185.
MEAN, means; V. iii. 146.
MEASURE, a slow stately dance; I. iv. 106.
MEMORIZED, made memorable; III. ii. 52.
MERE, utter, absolute; III. ii. 329.
MINCING, affectation; II. iii. 31.
MIND, memory; III. ii. 138.
MINDS, "their royal m.", their devotion to the king"; (Pope, *"loyal"*); IV. i. 8.
MISTAKEN, misjudged; I. i. 195.
MISTAKES, misunderstands; III. i. 101.
MO, more; II. iii. 97.
MODEL, image, copy; IV. ii. 132.
MODEST, moderate; V. iii. 69.
MODESTY, moderation; IV. ii. 74.
MOIETY, half; I. ii. 12.
MOORFIELDS, a place of resort where the trainbands of the city were exercised; V. iv. 34.
MOTIONS, motives, impulses; I. i. 153.
MOUNTING, raising on high; I. ii. 205.
MOUNTS, makes to mount; I. i. 144.
MUSIC, musicians; IV. ii. 94.
MYSTERIES, artificial fashions; I. iii. 2.
NAUGHTY, wicked; V. i. 138.
NEW-TRIMM'D, newly fitted up; I. ii. 80.
NOISED, rumored, reported; I. ii. 105.
NOTE, notice; "gives n.", proclaims; I. i. 63; information; I. ii. 48.
NOTED, noticed, observed; II. i. 46.
NOTHING, not at all; V. i. 125.

O', off from; V. iv. 97.
OBJECTIONS, accusations; III. ii. 307.

Offer, opportunity; III. ii. 4.
Office; "the o.", *i. e.* the officers (Roderick conj. *"each office"*); I. i. 44.
Omit, miss, neglect; III. ii. 3.
On, of; I. i. 94.
Once, at one time; I. ii. 82.
On's, of his; III. ii. 106.
Open; "in o.", openly, in public; III. ii. 404.
Opinion, reputation (*Vide* note); Prol. 20.
Opposing, placing face to face; (Long MS., *"exposing"*); IV. i. 67.
Other, otherwise; I. iii. 58.
Outgo, go beyond, surpass; I. ii. 207.
Out of, except; III. ii. 13.
Outspeaks, exceeds; III. ii. 127.
Outworths, exceeds in value; I i. 123.

Pace, put through their paces; V. iii. 22.
Pain, pains; III. ii. 72.
Painting; "as a p.", *i. e.* of the cheeks; I. i. 26.
Pales, palings, enclosure; V. iv. 98.
Panging, inflicting great pain; II. iii. 15.
Papers, sets down on the list; (Campbell, *"the papers"*; Staunton conj. *"he paupers"*); (*vide* Note); I. i. 80.
Paragon'd, regarded as a model or pattern; II. iv. 230.
Parcels, parts, items; III. ii. 125.
Pared, diminished; III. ii. 159.
Paris-garden, the celebrated bear-garden on Bankside, Southwark (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Parish Garden"*); V. iv. 2.
Part away, depart; III. i. 97.
Parted, departed; IV. i. 92; shared, V. ii. 28.
Particular, special ground; III. ii. 189.
Part of, in part, partly; III. i. 24.
Peck, pitch, fling; (Johnson, *"pick"*); V. iv. 98.
Pepin, one of the Carlovingian Kings of France, taken as a type of antiquity; I. iii. 10.
Period; "his p.", the end he wishes to attain; I. ii. 209.
Perk'd up, made smart, dressed up; II. iii. 21.
Perniciously, hatefully, to the death; II. i. 50.
Phœnix; "maiden p.", so called because the bird was sexless and did not reproduce itself in the ordinary course of nature, but arose from its ashes; V. v. 41.
Pillars, the insignia of cardinals; II. iv. (stage direction).
Pinked, pierced with holes; V. iv. 53.
Pitch, height, dignity; (Warburton, *"pinch"*; Theobald conj. *"batch"*); II. ii. 50.
Pity, subject for compassion; II. iii. 10.
Plain-song, simple melody, without variations; I. iii. 45.
Play; "make my play"; *i. e.* "win what I play for"; I. iv. 46.
Pluck off, abate from the rank; II. iii. 40.
Porringer, cap shaped like a porringer or porridge bowl; V. iv. 53.
Powers, people of highest power and authority; (Vaughan conj. *"peers"*); II. iv. 113.
Powle's, *i. e.* St. Paul's Cathe-

dral; (Ff. 1, 2, *"Powles"*; F. 3, *"Poule's"*; F. 4, *"Pauls"*); V. iv. 17.

Practice, plot, artifice; I. i. 204.

Præmunire, a writ issued against any one who has committed the offense of introducing foreign authority into England; (probably a corruption of *præmonere*); III. ii. 340.

Prayers (dissyllabic); II. i. 77.

Preferr'd, promoted; IV. i. 102.

Presence, presence-chamber; III. i. 17; King's presence, IV. ii. 37.

Present, present moment; V. iii. 9.

Present, immediate; I. ii. 211.

Press, crowd, mob; (Ff. 1, 2, *"preasse"*; F. 3, *"preass"*); V. iv. 92.

Prime, first; III. ii. 162.

Primer, more urgent, more pressing; I. ii. 67.

Primero, an ancient game of cards, fashionable in those days; V. i. 7.

Private, alone; II. ii. 12.

Privily, privately; I. i. 183.

Privity, concurrence, knowledge; I. i. 74.

Proof; "in p.", when brought to the test; I. i. 197.

Proper, fine, (used ironically); I. i. 98.

Purse; "the p.", *i. e.* the bag containing the great seal carried before him as Lord Chancellor; I. i. 114–115.

Put off, dismissed; I. ii. 32; discard, dismiss; II. iv. 21.

Putter on, instigator; I. ii. 24.

Quality, nature; I. ii. 84.

Queen, play the queen; II. iii. 37.

Raised head, levied an army; II. i. 108.

Range, rank; II. iii. 20.

Rankness, exuberance; IV. i. 59.

Rate, estimation, scale; III. ii. 127.

Read, learn, take example; (Collier conj. *"tread"*); V. v. 38.

Receipt, reception; "such r. of learning"=the reception of such learning; II. ii. 139.

Respect; "dear r.", *i. e.* intense regard; V. iii. 119.

Rinsing, (*vide* Note); I. i. 167.

Rub, obstacle, impediment; (a term in bowling); II. i. 129.

Run in; "is r. in," has run into, incurred; I. ii. 110.

Saba, the queen of Sheba; (the Vulgate *"Regina Saba"*); V. v. 24.

Sacring bell, the bell rung at mass at the elevation of the Host; (Rowe, Pope, *"scaring bell"*); III. ii. 295.

Salute, touch, affect, exhilarate; (Collier MS., *"elate"*); II. iii. 103.

Saving, with all due respect to; II. iii. 31.

Saw, "we s."; *i. e.* saw each other, met; (Ff. 3, 4, *"saw y'"*); I. i. 2.

Sectary, dissenter; V. iii. 70.

Seeming, show, appearance; II. iv. 108.

Sennet, a set of notes on the trumpet or cornet, played at the entry or exit of a procession; II. iv. (stage direction).

Set, sitting; III. i. 74.

Set on, set forward; II. iv. 241.

Shot; "loose s.", random shooters, skirmishers; V. iv. 63.

Shrewd, ill, ill-natured; V. iii. 178.

Shrouds, sail-ropes, rigging of a ship; IV. i. 72.

Sick, sick with pride; II. ii. 83; feeble, III. i. 118.

Sicken'd, impaired; (Theobald conj. *"slacken'd"*); I. i. 82.

Sign, set a stamp on; II. iv. 108.

Silenced; "the ambassador is s.", *i. e.* "commanded to keep his house in silence," (Hall's *Chronicles*); I. i. 97.

Single, sincere, untainted; V. iii. 38.

Slept upon, been blinded to the faults of; II. ii. 43.

Slightly, smoothly, rapidly; (S. Walker conj. *"lightly"*); II. iv. 112.

Solicited, informed, moved, stirred; I. ii. 18.

Something, somewhat; I. i. 195.

Sometimes, sometime, at one time; II. iv. 181.

Sooth, truth; II. iii. 30.

Sought, gave occasion for, incurred; V. ii. 15.

Sound, proclaim; V. ii. 13.

Sounder, more loyal; III. ii. 274.

Spaniard; "the S.", *i. e.* the Spanish court; II. ii. 90.

Spann'd, measured, limited; I. i. 223.

Sparing, niggardliness; I. iii. 60.

Spavin, a disease in horses; I. iii. 12.

Speak, bear witness; II. iv. 166; describe, III. i. 125.

Spinsters, spinners; I. ii. 33.

Spleen, malice, enmity; I. ii. 174.

Spleeny, hot-headed; III. ii. 99.

Spoil, destroy, ruin; I. ii. 175.

Springhalt, a disease in horses; I. iii. 13.

Stand on, rely upon; V. i. 122.

State, chair of state, throne; I. ii.; canopy; I. iv. (stage direction).

Staying, waiting; IV. ii. 105.

Still, continually, constantly; II. ii. 126.

Stirs against, is active against; (Collier MS., *"strives"*); V. iii. 39.

Stomach, pride, arrogance; IV. ii. 34.

Stood to, sided with; II. iv. 86.

Strains, embraces; IV. i. 46.

Strove, striven; II. iv. 30.

Suddenly, immediately; V. iv. 87.

Sufferance, suffering, pain; II. iii. 15.

Suggestion, underhanded practice, craft; IV. ii. 35.

Suggests, incites; I. i. 164.

Tainted, disgraced; IV. ii. 14.

Take peace, make peace; II. i. 85.

Talker, a *mere* talker (as opposed to one who performs his promise); II. ii. 80.

Temperance, moderation, self-restraint; I. i. 124.

Tendance, attention; III. ii. 149.

Tender, have care, regard for; II. iv. 116.

That, so that; I. i. 25.

This, (Ff. *"his"*); V. iii. 133.

Throughly, thoroughly; V. i. 110.

Tied, brought into a condition of bondage; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Ty'de"*; F. 4, *"Ty'd"*; Hanmer, *"Tyth'd"*); IV. ii. 36.

Time, present state of things; V. i. 37.

To, against; III. ii. 92.

To be, as to be; III. i. 86.

Top-proud, proud in the highest degree; I. i. 151.
Touch, hint; V. i. 13.
Trace, follow; (Clark MS., *"grace"*); III. ii. 45.
Tract, course, process; I. i. 40.
Trade, beaten track; (Warburton *"tread"*); V. i. 36.
Trembling; "a tr. contribution," a c. so great that it makes the giver tremble, (or, (?) makes us tremble); (Collier MS., *"trebling"*); I. ii. 95.
Trow; "I t.", I believe; (Ff. 1, 2, *"troa"*); I. i. 184.
Truncheoners, men with clubs or truncheons; (Ff. 3, 4, *"Truncheons"*); V. iv. 57.
Types, distinguishing marks, signs; I. iii. 31.

Undertakes, takes charge of; II. i. 97.
Unhappily, unfavorably; I. iv. 89.
Unpartial, impartial; II. ii. 107.
Unwittingly, unintentionally; III. ii. 123.
Use; "make u.", take advantage of the opportunity; III. ii. 420.
Used myself, behaved, conducted myself; III. i. 176.

Vacant, devoid, empty; V. i. 125.
Values; "not v.", is not worth; I. i. 88.
Virtue; "by that v."; by virtue of that office; V. iii. 50.
Visitation, visit; I. i. 179.
Voices; "free v.", candid opinion; II. ii. 94.
Voice, vote; I. ii. 70; rumor, general talk, III. ii. 405.
Vouch, testimony, attestation; I. i. 157.

Wag, move; I. i. 33.
Was, "w. too far"; *i. e.* went beyond proper bounds; III. i. 65.
Way, way of thinking, religious belief; V. i. 28.
Ween, deem, imagine; V. i. 135.
Weigh, value; V. i. 124.
Weigh out, outweigh; III. i. 88.
Well said, well done; I. iv. 30.
Whoever, whomsoever; II. i. 47.
Will, desire; I. ii. 13.
Will'd, desired; III. i. 18.
Wit, understanding; III. i. 72.
Withal, with; III. ii. 130.
Witness, testimony; V. i. 136.
Work, outwork, fortification; V. iv. 65.
Worship, noble rank, nobility; I. i. 39.
Wot, know; III. ii. 122.

You, yourself; I. iv. 20.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. What is the evidence as to the first enactment of the play? What as to the probable time of its composition?

2. For what occasion may it have been completed?

3. Are there other hands than Shakespeare's evident in it? What are the criteria to this effect? Cite passages in support of the opinion.

4. What characteristics of Henry are made plain in the drama?

5. What portrait is drawn of Anne Bullen? What impression do we get of her character?

6. What are the strong points in the drawing of Katharine?

7. From what was the historical matter of the play derived?

8. What strong point is brought out through the reverses of those in power in the play? How are their characters shown through them?

9. Were there other plays in which Cardinal Wolsey was a central figure?

ACT I

10. What great pageant has taken place, as referred to by Buckingham, Norfolk, and Abergavenny in scene i? What do they complain about it?

11. What does Buckingham say of the Cardinal of York that is significant of the latter's political methods? What do we also learn of his claim to power?

12. What is Buckingham's attitude of mind at the time of his arrest that adds to the dramatic effect?

13. What others are arrested with him, and why? Who has instigated the arrests?

14. What measure of deference to Katharine as Queen is shown by Henry in scene ii?

15. What plea does Katharine bring to the King? How does Wolsey evade the issue, in this connection?

16. What is related of Buckingham before the King and Queen?

17. How is Katharine's attitude toward Wolsey and toward the tales against Buckingham shown, in this scene?

18. What is said of the lavishness in entertaining, of Wolsey, in scene iii?

19. What main purpose in the drama does the introduction of the revels at York Place serve?

ACT II

20. Detail the report concerning Buckingham, at his trial.

21. What were Wolsey's reasons for sending Surrey to Ireland? In this connection what further is said of Wolsey's methods with whoever came into the king's favor?

22. What is revealed as the cause of Wolsey's wish to stir the king towards a divorce from Katharine?

23. What instance of the Cardinal's tyrannical rapacity is given in the opening of scene ii?

24. What is hinted as the cause of Henry's "troubled conscience"?

25. How does Norfolk speak of the matter of the divorce,—and of the Queen?

26. What is apparent of the nobles' feeling towards Wolsey?

27. What personal manner does Henry display in scene ii?

28. What does Campeius say to Wolsey of the people's gossip relative to the installation of Gardiner? What does this show of incidents that made for eventual sentiment against Wolsey?

29. What impression of Anne Bullen's sincerity is given through the remarks of the Old Lady, in scene iii?

30. Relate the substance of Katharine's lines in the trial-scene, and describe the personal impression it conveys. What is said of Mrs. Siddons' acting of this passage?

31. How does the Queen express herself towards Wolsey? How does he receive her speeches to him?

32. Wherein is the note of hypocrisy in Henry's speeches after Katharine's withdrawal from the Court?

ACT III

33. Describe the opening of scene i, and its dramatic effect with regard to Katharine's state of mind?

34. How does she meet the two Cardinals? What is the tenor of her talk with them?

35. What letter falls into Henry's hands to the undoing of Wolsey? Which of the Lords take advantage of it? and why?

36. What had been the errand of Cranmer for the King? What is predicted for him on account of its performance?

37. Was the incident of the King's discovery of Wolsey's appropriation of public moneys a true one as regarded Wolsey? What were the facts of it?

38. What were the several articles of the charge against Wolsey?

39. How does Wolsey accept his degradation? In what ways is the effect of it upon himself made to appear salutary?

ACT IV

40. How are we introduced to the action of Act IV?

41. What is related of the situation as regards Katharine?

42. Describe the pageant of the Coronation.

43. Why is the transposition of the dates of Wolsey's and Katharine's deaths necessary to the best dramatic order of events in the play?

44. Describe the scene of Katharine's last hours.

45. What two aspects of Wolsey do the lines of Katharine and Griffith counterpose?

46. What colleges were founded by Wolsey? How has Edmund Campian, in his *Historie of Ireland*, described Wolsey? How does this description tally with that developed in the drama?

47. How did it happen that Katharine was left poorly attended at Ampthill?

48. What did she recommend to the King in her last letter to him by Capucius?

ACT V

49. What is the main matter of Act V?

50. What was Gardiner's reason for expressing less good will toward Anne Bullen than toward her newborn child?

51. Through what passages is there presage of the religious factions that were eventually to disturb England?

52. What do Gardiner and his faction plan against Cranmer?

53. What incident makes the King suspect them of malice as well as enmity?

54. What advice did Henry give to Cranmer to assist him against the other faction? What token did he give him to obtain a revoke? What was the historic power of such a token?

55. What methods of secret vigilance did our ancestors devise in the building of their houses, and why?

56. How does Cranmer meet the charges brought against him in the council chamber?

57. How is this matter related by Fox? How does the King resolve it in the drama, upon his entrance?

58. Describe the pageant of the christening.

59. What is the prophecy of Cranmer with regard to the child Elizabeth?